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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. 129.

PUBLISHED IN

JULY & OCTOBER, 1870.

L O N D O N :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1870.

100397

LONDON:

Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS, Duke Street, Stamford Street,
and Charing Cross.

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NOTE to No. 256, p. 424.—In the Article on 'Sir Charles Eastlake and the English School of Painting' in our last number, we stated that Sir Charles Eastlake's picture of Napoleon on board the 'Bellerophon' had disappeared. We have since been informed that this picture is in the possession of Lord Clinton at Heanton Satchville, Beaford, Devonshire, and that it is in good preservation.

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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*History of England, comprising the Reign of Queen Anne until the Peace of Utrecht.* By Earl Stanhope.

THE Age of Augustus, the Age of Louis Quatorze, the Elizabethan Age, the Age of Queen Anne! Why do these four ages or epochs emerge so prominently from the broad current of history or stand like land-marks in the intellectual progress of mankind? To penetrate to the occult causes of such social phenomena might prove as difficult as to show why good seasons alternate with bad seasons, or why one particular year in a century is marked by exceptionally good harvests or the reverse. But there is one property or circumstance common to each of them. They one and all succeeded revolutionary times; times when the minds of men had been agitated and disturbed, when the crust of old opinions had been broken, when thought had been cast in new moulds, when popular energies had been roused and stimulated, when latent forces had been called forth and put in action by ambition, religion, cupidity, vanity, or fear. The coming of the vivifying influence was invariably marked by the troubling of the waters: in Rome, by the death-struggles of the Republic; in France, by the Fronde; in the England of the sixteenth century, by the Reformation; in the England of the beginning of the eighteenth, by the Revolution of 1688.

It may be doubted whether any of these ages owed much to the exalted personage with whose name it is imperishably linked. As regards Augustus and Louis, it is to be observed that the influence of arbitrary power is benumbing, not inspiring. A constellation of genius was never yet created by patronage; and if poets are improved by basking in royal favour (which we doubt) historians, orators, warriors, statesmen, and philosophers, are pretty sure to be deteriorated by the atmosphere of a court. Augustus, prompted by Mæcenas, admitted Virgil and Horace to his intimacy: it was his proudest boast, not devoid of plausibility, that he found Rome brick and left it marble: but he

found it palpitating with vigour and vitality; he left it torpid and inanimate, with nothing coming on to replace what was going off, with all the springs of future excellence poisoned or dammed up, with public and private virtue cankered in the bud. The Grand Monarque dealt like Augustus with the intellectual capital accumulated to his hand by the stir and turmoil of his nonage. It wasted away apace under the absolutism of his settled and matured authority. His great qualities—and he had many—offered no compensation for the independence of thought and action which he destroyed; and if he condescended to make Racine and Molière contribute to his amusement, it will be remembered that one of the last acts of his reign was the exile of Voltaire.

No reader of Motley or Froude will give Elizabeth credit for the worthies and celebrities of her reign: for Drake, Raleigh, and Sydney; for Shakespeare, Spenser, and Ben Jonson, or even for the Cecils and Walsingham. The utmost praise that can be conceded to her on their account is, that she grudgingly accepted their homage or their services, and allowed them to envelope her in a flood of light which has hitherto been accepted as personal glory. It was hopelessly beyond the range of loyalty, flattery, or subserviency, to perform the same kind of office for Queen Anne—to connect her otherwise than nominally or discredibly with the characters and achievements which illustrate her times. Her place in history is fixed by that single sentence of Voltaire:—‘A few pairs of gloves of a singular fashion, which the Duchess (of Marlborough) refused to the Queen, a bowl (*jatte*) of water that she let fall in her presence, by an affected stumble, on Mrs. Masham’s gown, changed the face of Europe.’* It is difficult to imagine a duller more commonplace couple than her Majesty and her spouse, Prince George of Denmark, with their seventeen children, not one of whom survived to maturity. She was imperfectly fitted by nature to play the humblest of feminine parts, ‘to suckle fools and chronicle small beer;’ and it was the severest satire on royalty to see her exerting a volition of her own. That she generally meant well, did not much mend the matter; indeed, rather aggravated the mischief; for what is more to be deprecated in state policy than the obstinate, narrow-minded unreasoning desire to act rightly or do good?

At the epoch in question a female sovereign liable at any moment to be set in motion by a prejudice or a caprice, capable of

* Scribe’s clever comedy ‘*Un Verre d’Eau*’ is based upon this incident.
displacing

displacing a commander or upsetting a ministry to pique or please a favourite, was one element of disturbance and uncertainty: an unsettled dynasty was another. To play the grand game of war, politics, or diplomacy, it was essential to have access to the backstairs of St. James's, and to keep up a good understanding at St. Germain's. The public life of England centred in intrigue, and public men were, almost all, more or less tainted with treachery, dissimulation, or duplicity. Loyalty, as understood and practised by the principal actors on the scene, was loyalty in the abstract, a kind of loyalty unattached. The doggrel that became popular in the Georgian era would have suited them to a hair:

'God bless the King, God bless the Faith's Defender,
God bless us all, and keep out the Pretender,
Which that Pretender is, and which that King,
God bless my soul, is quite another thing.'

Discarding principle, men sought to rise by energy, audacity, capacity, and versatility. Never was the competition for place and power more keen, more exciting, or more unscrupulous; no means or instruments were left unemployed; and one marked result was the temporary elevation of a class which has usually occupied a far inferior place in the warfare of party. Journalism was raised, socially and politically, to a height to which it had never before approximated: wits, satirists, poets, and essayists—the classics of our tongue—were pitted against each other in the newspapers; whilst fighting side by side, or living together on a recognised footing of equality, were seen the leading orators and statesmen and the ablest of their coadjutors in the press.

'In the reign of Queen Anne,' says Lord Stanhope, in his Preface, 'the main figure in war and politics, around which it may be said that all the others centre, is undoubtedly Marlborough.' We do not altogether agree in this remark. The hero of Blenheim is the main figure, but hardly the one around which all the others centre. He stands alone, in insulated, unapproachable, unassociated glory. The mention of his name evokes no other illustrious English name: *cedant arma togæ*; the group which we instinctively evoke when reverting to this reign is mostly made up of statesmen and authors—of Harley and St. John, of Godolphin, Somers and Walpole, of Swift, Pope, Prior, Arbuthnot, De Foe, Atterbury, Addison, and Steele. It was they who stamped its peculiar impress on the age, and they no more centered round Marlborough than Canning and Brougham,

Byron, Scott, Moore, Wordsworth, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Grote, and Hallam, centered round Wellington. The warrior who partook most of the intellectual spirit of the age was not he whose achievements were sung by Addison in a poem made to order, but he whose genial companionship was eagerly commemorated by Pope:

'There my retreat the best companions grace,
 Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place,
 There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
 And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
 Now forms my quincunx and now ranks my vines,
 Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain
 Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain.'

He (Peterborough) did not conquer Spain, though he would have conquered it if he had been let alone, and there was no stubborn plain to tame on the river bank at Twickenham; but the verses no less vividly illustrate the composition and occupations of the group.

What an age for Macaulay! How his rich imagination would have luxuriated over such materials! What *tableaux vivans* he would have composed! What gorgeous colours he would have laid on! What startling contrasts of light and shade he would have produced! How luminous would have been the pages which glowed and sparkled with such names! It was the epoch of all others to which he was pressing forward with eager anticipation and proud self-consciousness. It was the promised land on which he was looking down and mentally appropriating, when—*nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae*—the scene was overclouded; his earthly course was run; the contemplated masterpiece was left a fragment, and (such were the expectations formed of it and him) the pen he let drop bade fair to remain like the bow of Ulysses which no one else could bend, or the spear of Achilles, not to be touched but by Peleides' hand.

At length, after a long pause of respectful admiration, that pen has been grasped with a hand that shows no signs of tremulousness. 'This volume' (says Lord Stanhope in the Preface to the work before us) 'has been written in accordance with the wish expressed to me by several persons, as a connecting link between the close of Lord Macaulay's "History of England" and the commencement of that from the peace of Utrecht, which I published whilst still bearing the title of Mahon.' These several persons, representing the 'friends' by whom the reluctance of coy authors is conventionally overcome, when they desiderated a connecting-link,

ing more than a consecutive narrative follow the train of events, the un- the Revolution of 1688, with to the peace of Versailles, with They could never have regarded the channel between two cliffs or banksurchison would call geological affinities, territory between two countries similarly nate, scenery, and vegetation. To pass from to the other, is like passing from a wild to a well-cultivated plain—from the tropics to one—from the region of scorching suns, water- hues, and luscious fruits, to that of refreshing rain age. They had next to nothing in common. Their st qualities were essentially distinct, and the most service an admirer could do for either was to force them tation or engage one as the supplement of the other. will the comparison be altogether to the disadvantage of one who, at the first blush, might be expected to suffer most m it. If Lord Stanhope is less dazzling, he is most trust- worthy; if less captivating as a companion, he is far safer as a guide. If his portraits and descriptions do not equally fasten on the memory or the imagination, let it not be forgotten that they are rarely overcharged. If he does not snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, neither does he strive at effects beyond the bounds of accuracy. 'He has undoubtedly some of the most valuable qualities of a historian, great diligence in examining authorities, great judgment in weighing testimonies, and great impartiality in weighing characters.' This was written of him at the commencement of his literary career by the illustrious writer to whose succession he has been encouraged to aspire. We should be inclined to go further. He has lived on terms of intimacy with all the most celebrated of his contemporaries, warriors, statesmen, authors, and wits; his rank and connexions have given him access to peculiar sources of information, oral and documentary; he has been admitted to French archives by imperial mandate; he has corresponded about the military genius of Marlborough with Wellington, and about the administrative ability of Walpole with Peel; he has heard from the lips of an octogenarian Grenville the curious anecdotes of Wolfe's wild bearing at Lord Temple's dinner-table and his recital of Gray's 'Elegy' in the boat on the St. Lawrence. None of these or similar opportunities have been thrown away upon Lord Stanhope. His memory is stored with striking traits and incidents,

dents, which he introduces with tact and felicity, so that few works of a strictly historical character are more legitimately entertaining than his. We say legitimately; because the most obstinate stickler for the dignity of history must admit that nothing really illustrative of character, however light, can be deemed alien from it. If, therefore, the work before us should prove inferior to its predecessors from the same pen, the comparative failure must be owing to the self-imposed conditions under which it has been composed.

Lord Stanhope had gone over much of the same ground in his *History of the War of the Succession*, and Lord Macaulay had followed him in a brilliant review of that History; so that he has no longer the stimulant of novelty, and, perforce, comes repeatedly into competition with both Lord Macaulay and himself. Nor is this all. One or both had already painted highly-finished portraits of the principal personages who figure in the connecting link—of Marlborough, Godolphin, Somers, Harley, St. John, and Swift, amongst the rest. These could not be ignored or kept back; the sole alternative lay between reference and repetition; and the reader is quietly sent back to 'another history,' or suddenly looks up in the midst of a fine description or vivid narrative, exclaiming, 'Pray, have I not read something like that before?' The life, character, and romantic career, of Lord Peterborough occupy a prominent space in the *'History of the War of the Succession.'* They supplied Lord Macaulay with a congenial subject, on which he has eloquently expatiated in his review of that work; and room is notwithstanding found for a pointed summary of them in this supplemental History. These defects of plan, however, will be hardly perceptible to the reader whose attention is concentrated on the individual work; and they are so far redeemed by the merits of the execution, that the author may be honestly congratulated on having decidedly improved his high position in that class of literature, to shine in which has been the praiseworthy ambition of his life.

If we were required to name the portion in which he best displays his capacity for clear, continuous, and thoughtful narrative, we should select his account of the Union with Scotland, which he has compressed within less than twenty pages (pp. 269-288), including the terms, the proceedings, and the results. But it would be spoiled by abridgment, and such space as we can afford must be devoted to more attractive subjects. The Duke of Marlborough is one which will never weary till the precise truth shall be known and declared concerning him; till, at any rate, his name shall be cleared from the cloud of obloquy by which its brightness

brightness is obscured, or till his admiring countrymen shall be one and all prepared to say with Bolingbroke, in reference to one of his alleged weaknesses, 'He was so great a man, that I forgot he had that defect.' Lord Stanhope approaches the topic with the best intentions, and in the best possible spirit:—'To judge him (the Duke) rightly we should avoid both that eagerness in his depreciation which Lord Macaulay shows, and that servile spirit in which certain other writers (Coxe and Alison, to wit) have striven to conceal his faults, and to flatter his descendants. We should neither seek to dim the lustre of his glory, nor yet be dazzled by its rays.' So far, so good; but Lord Stanhope is too uncompromising an admirer of Lord Macaulay to be able to shake off his authority at will, and he has either openly adopted or tacitly confirmed the most damaging charges levelled with all the force of rhetorical exaggeration against the Duke. If we knew nothing of him but what may be collected from these two noble writers, we should infer that, although never unequal to any position or situation in which he was placed, his opportunities of distinction were procured by a succession of lucky accidents, by intrigue, by treachery, or by feminine favour and caprice.

Turning to Macaulay for the earlier stages of the career of Marlborough, we are led to believe that it began in no very creditable fashion:

'Soon after the Restoration, in the gay and dissolute times which have been celebrated by the lively pen of Hamilton, James, young and ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, had been attracted by Arabella Churchill, one of the maids of honour who waited on his first wife. The young lady was plain: but the taste of James was not nice: and she became his avowed mistress. . . . The necessities of the Churchills were pressing: their loyalty was ardent; and their only feeling about Arabella's seduction seems to have been joyful surprise that so homely a girl should have attained such high preferment. Her interest was indeed of great use to her relations: but none of them was so fortunate as her eldest brother John, a fine youth, who carried a pair of colours in the Foot Guards. He rose fast in the Court and in the army, and was early distinguished as a man of fashion and of pleasure.'

Charles II., referring to the ugliness of his brother's mistresses, was wont to say that they were assigned him by his confessor as penances; but the story told by the lively pen of Hamilton of the manner in which the personal attractions of Arabella Churchill became known, proves that his selection in this instance did no discredit to his taste, and the date of the adventure
is

is inconsistent with the ingenious theory that her brother was indebted to it for the pair of colours which he carried in the Foot Guards. The same interest that gained her the appointment of maid of honour to the Duchess, had gained him that of page to the Duke; and the usual change from page to ensign is traditionally reported to have been accelerated by the eager inclination for the military profession which he exhibited when in attendance on his royal patron at a review. He received his first commission in his sixteenth year, long before 'such high preferment' was conferred on his sister; and another depreciating story related of him is also discredited by the dates:

'He was, during a short time, the object of the violent but fickle fondness of the Duchess of Cleveland. On one occasion he was caught with her by the King, and was forced to leap out of the window. She rewarded this hazardous feat of gallantry with a present of five thousand pounds. With this sum the prudent young hero *instantly* bought an annuity of five hundred a year, well secured on landed property.'

The principal authority is Lord Chesterfield, whom Lord Macaulay pronounces an unexceptionable witness; 'for the annuity was a charge on the estate of his grandfather, Halifax;' adding, 'I believe there is no foundation for a disgraceful addition to the story which may be found in Pope:

"The gallant, too, to whom she paid it down,
Lived to refuse his mistress half-a-crown."

About as much foundation as for the main incident. Coxe found amongst the Blenheim papers the original agreement, dated in 1674, stating that *Colonel* Churchill had purchased from Lord Halifax an annuity of 500*l.* per annum for the sum of 4500*l.*; and Lord Chesterfield's version (adopted by Lord Macaulay) is that 'while he (Churchill) was an *Ensign* in the Guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, struck by these very graces, gave him 5000*l.*, with which he *immediately* bought an annuity of 500*l.* a year of my grandfather Halifax, which was the foundation of his subsequent fortune.' The foundation of his fortune was laid before the purchase of the annuity by personal merits of the most unexceptionable kind. After serving with credit at the siege of Tangiers, he formed one of the detachment of British troops which, under the command of the Duke of Monmouth, was sent to co-operate with the troops of Louis under Turenne and Condé in 1672, and it was under French masters that he perfected himself in the art by which he was destined to humiliate France. At the siege of Nimeguen, in 1673, being then a Captain of Grenadiers, he was
with

with the storming party which, led by the Duke of Monmouth in person, effected a lodgment on the ramparts. A mine was sprung, and the French, taking advantage of the confusion, had recovered the work, when the Duke and Churchill, with only twelve men, again drove them from it, and in the thick of the *mêlée* the captain, who was wounded, had the good fortune to come opportunely to the rescue of his general. For this service he received the thanks of Louis Le Grand at the head of the army, and Monmouth presented him to Charles II. saying, 'To the bravery of this gallant officer I owe my life.'

Lord Stanhope has printed amongst his *Miscellanies* this brief note from the Duke of Wellington :

'MY DEAR LORD MAHON,

'Strathfieldsaye, February 19, 1837.

'Did you ever know that application was made to Louis XIV. to make Lord Marlborough a Colonel in his service. I send you a copy. I can send you a facsimile of the letter.

'Ever your most sincerely,

'W.'

The letter, dated Paris, March 29, 1674, is from Lockhart to the War Minister, and runs thus:—'This will be delivered to you by Mr. Churchill, whom I yesterday presented to his Most Christian Majesty, on the part of the king of Great Britain, with a request for the grant of a commission of Colonel of Infantry in his Majesty's service.' Although Lord Stanhope prints the Duke's letter and document without comment, he could hardly have forgotten Coxe's statement that, on the 3rd April, 1674, three days after the date of Lockhart's letter, Churchill was appointed by Louis to the colonelcy of the English regiment vacated by the resignation of Lord Peterborough. As colonel of this regiment he served in the ensuing campaign under Turenne. When he returned to England, it was with an established name and rank; nor, considering his saving habits, do we see anything suspicious in the circumstance that he was able to invest four or five thousand pounds in an annuity in 1674.

The only palliation—*valeat quantum*—for Marlborough's secret correspondence with St. Germain's, is that he was not more culpable in this respect than many of his most honoured contemporaries, and we are rather surprised that Lord Stanhope should persevere in aggravating his guilt by reverting in the genuine Macaulay spirit to his disclosure of the 'expedition to Brest' as 'a disclosure by which, *as is well known*, the expedition was defeated, and several hundred English lives were lost.' It is well known that the disclosure was so timed as to be utterly
ineffective,

ineffective, that the expedition would have been defeated and the lives lost just the same, if his disclosure had never been made at all; and it is an abuse of words to confound a mere make-believe of good-will towards the dethroned sovereign with a fixed design to bring about the national disaster that ensued.

There is a well-authenticated tradition, recorded by Lediard and adopted by succeeding biographers, that William, shortly before his death, recommended Marlborough in the strongest terms to Anne, as 'the properest person to command her armies and encounter the genius of France.' Nor is this at all improbable, considering that, on the 1st of June, 1701, William had named him General of the Foot and Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces in Holland, and, on the 28th of the same month, Ambassador Extraordinary at the Hague. Although, therefore, there can be no doubt that the extraordinary height of favour and influence to which he rose immediately on the accession of Anne was owing in a great measure to the influence of his wife, this circumstance ought not, in fairness, to be urged in diminution of his merits or his fame.

Lord Stanhope has done full justice in general terms to the military genius of Marlborough, but beyond indicating a few points of contrast between 'our two greatest military chiefs,' has shrunk from the difficult duty of assigning him his precise place amongst the captains or commanders who stand highest on the beadrill of Fame. Yet something of this sort should have been attempted, if only to neutralise the effect of M. Thiers' last and best chapter, in which he passes in review all the warriors, ancient or modern, whom he deems worthy of being named in the remotest relation to Napoleon, including those who have introduced marked improvements in strategy or the art of war, as well as those who have fought and won the decisive battles of the world. He places Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederick, and Napoleon in the first rank; Gustavus Adolphus, the princes of Nassau, Condé, Turenne, and Vauban in the second: Marlborough and Wellington are nowhere: they are not so much as named; which, as regards Marlborough, is as unaccountable as it is inexcusable, for Napoleon was one of his most ardent admirers, and actually caused to be written the clearest and most intelligible account of his campaigns.*

* *Histoire de Jean Churchill, Duc de Marlborough, Prince du Saint Empire, &c., &c., &c. A Paris, de L'Imprimerie Impériale, 1808.* In three volumes. According to M. de Quétard (*La France Littéraire*), this work was printed by order of the government at the imperial press. It was partly composed by M. Madgett, and completed and edited by the Abbé de Dutens.

Some years since, Lord Stanhope published in his 'Miscellanies' a curious memorandum by the Duke of Wellington, in which he honestly endeavours to cast the balance between Marlborough and himself. The essential points are that, though he himself had no Dutch deputies to control his movements, he had to co-operate with troops on whom he could not rely, had much more difficulty in procuring supplies, and generally commanded an army inferior not only in reference to the description of troops but even in numbers to the enemy; whilst Marlborough experienced no such difficulty, and generally commanded an army superior to his opponent in the field. 'I quite agree (he states) that the Duke of Marlborough is the greatest man that ever appeared at the head of a British army.' But it happens oddly enough that, in the campaigns by which he won his laurels, the Duke of Marlborough was never at the head of a British army at all. The English contingent formed a small proportion of the allied armies which he successively commanded. At Blenheim, they numbered less than 10,000 in an army of 56,000 (made up of seven nations), opposed to 60,000 French and Bavarians. The allied troops, it must be admitted, were all of excellent quality; whilst no reliance could be placed on more than two-thirds of the so-called English army at Waterloo. Indeed, the Duke is reported to have said that, if it had been composed like his peninsular army, the battle would not have lasted two hours.

Assuming their equality in the field, it must be remembered that Marlborough had German princes as well as Dutch deputies to manage; and we constantly find him, before the commencement of a campaign, hurrying from court to court to ensure the required co-operation in his plans. He could not have done what he did without being a great statesman as well as a great commander, and the superiority of his military genius lay in the same direction as Napoleon's, of whom M. Thiers says:—'Constantly stretched upon his maps, he did what is too rarely done by military men, what they did still less before his time; he was continually meditating on the disposition of the ground where the war was to be carried on.' This was equally the practice of Marlborough; and the plan by which (in 1704) he transferred the scene of operations from the Low Countries to the valley of the Danube, where he won Blenheim, is quite as distinguished by breadth, boldness, and originality, as that in pursuance of which Napoleon suddenly broke up his camp at Boulogne and dashed across Germany to the crowning triumph of Austerlitz.

M. Thiers

M. Thiers gives Frederick the Great credit for one of those progressive changes in the art of war which mark the highest order of military genius. 'Instead of abiding by the traditional proportions and dispositions of the three arms, he increased his infantry and artillery, and ranged his cavalry according to the ground, instead of placing it on the wings.' Neither of the English captains under examination were reformers or inventors. Marlborough was obliged to do his best with the troops at his disposal, and the Iron Duke, a sworn foe to innovation, died in the belief that British glory might be upheld, as it was gained, by Brown Bess. On a cursory perusal of Marlborough's battles, it would seem as if they were gained by personal prowess, by charges of cavalry which he led in person; and that his cavalry was to him what the Guard (Old or New) was to Napoleon, the arm on which he depended for striking the decisive blow at the critical moment. But it was not dash or brilliancy to which he was indebted for success; he placed no reliance on happy accidents or on his star; and the use he made of his cool intrepidity, his absolute insensibility to danger, his unshaken presence of mind in the most startling emergencies, was to carry out his preconceived plans, to execute the movements which formed part of them, and repair on the instant the errors or misconduct of his allies or subordinates. Again and again we find him hurrying from one part of the field to another to rally a broken squadron or brigade, or bring up fresh troops to fill an unexpected gap in his line, and then calmly resuming the place which he had originally chosen as best adapted for guidance and command—

'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was prov'd,
That in the midst of charging hosts unmov'd,
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To saluting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleas'd the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.*

* *The Campaign*.—When the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Boyle) waited on Addison by desire of the Lord Treasurer (Godolphin) to engage him to write this poem, he occupied what Lord Macaulay calls a garret, up three pair of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket.

The battle of Blenheim gave occasion for the display of Marlborough's finest qualities as a great soldier, and its main features may be easily grasped. The army of the allies, under Marlborough and Eugene, is computed at about fifty-six thousand men of various nations, English, Dutch, Danes, Prussians, Hanoverians, Wirtembergers, and Hessians, with fifty-one guns. The opposing army, under Marshal Tallard and the Elector of Bavaria, is computed at about sixty thousand, of whom forty-five thousand were French troops of the best quality, with a marked superiority in guns. Lord Stanhope says ninety against sixty-six, the French writer, ninety or a hundred against fifty-two. The two armies confronted each other in a plain or valley, about six miles long and from two to three miles broad at the broadest part, lying between the Danube and a forest. They were separated by two or three small streams with high banks, and by morasses which were impassable without fascines. If the allies, therefore, ventured an attack, they did so at the risk of suffering severely whilst struggling with the difficulties of the ground from the superior artillery of their opponents, and of being charged in detail before they could form on reaching the firmer portion of the plain. Assuming equal generalship, the attack was next to hopeless; yet the position of the allies was such as to render an attack imperative. They must dislodge the enemy, for their supplies were failing and their communications were threatened. It was a by-word in the French army that every day which passed without a battle, might be counted as a battle gained. Although general after general painted the dangers to be incurred in the strongest colours, Marlborough held firm: 'I am well aware,' was his uniform reply, 'of all the difficulties, but the attack is not the less necessary.'

He and Eugene ascended a tower to take a careful survey of the field, and they speedily discovered a fatal defect in the dispositions of the French-Bavarian army, the right of which, the French, rested on the Danube; the left, the Bavarians, on the forest; whilst the connecting centre was a long weak line, mostly composed of cavalry. Marlborough saw at once that, if the wings could be occupied so as to prevent them from strengthening the centre, the centre might be broken and the army cut in two. His plan was formed accordingly; but as it required a simultaneous advance of his whole army, he was obliged to wait until Eugene, who was to encounter the Bavarians, could bring up his forces. This operation required time, and Marlborough gave orders for public prayers. The scene is graphically described by Lord Macaulay, who drew on his own fertile imagination for the details.

details.* According to Lediard, Marlborough declared after the battle, that he had prayed to God oftener on that day than all the chaplains of all the numerous and varying bodies serving under him put together.

When the prayers were over, Marlborough rode along the front to inspect the lines. The cannonade had already begun, and a ball struck the ground so close to him as to cover him with the earth, to the great alarm of his staff, until relieved by his unruffled mien. He was at breakfast on the grass, between twelve and one, with his principal officers, when an aide-de-camp came spurring up with tidings that Eugene was ready. 'Now, gentlemen, to your posts,' cried Marlborough, as he rose and mounted his horse. '*Aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera.*' It does not appear whether the French marshal was equally zealous in his appeals for divine aid, but he certainly exhibited neither the same alertness nor the same knowledge of his profession on this day. When morning broke, he was so little in expectation of an attack that he had dispatched his cavalry on foraging parties. He made the worst possible disposition of his forces; for instead of strengthening his centre, or preparing to dispute the passage of the streams and morasses, he massed his best infantry in the village of Blenheim,† so closely that the advantage of numbers was thrown away. Either from not being aware of the strength of the village thus occupied, or desirous to mask his movements against the centre, Marlborough made Blenheim the first object of attack. The assailing division was commanded by Lord Cutts, surnamed the Salamander from his disregard of fire, and the leading regiment by General Rowe, who did not give the order to fire until he had stuck his sword into the palisades. The men were exposed to a severe fire as they advanced, and the palisades proving too strong to be forced or broken down, they were driven back, leaving a full third of their number, including Rowe, his lieutenant-colonel and his major, killed or wounded on the ground. The assault was renewed with various alternations of fortune, until Marlborough, finding that he was sacrificing his best men uselessly, directed Cutts to

* See the essay (reprinted amongst his works) on Mr. Gladstone's 'The State in its Relations to the Church.' When he speaks of Capuchins encouraging the Austrian squadrons and praying to the Virgin for a blessing on the arms of the holy Roman empire, he forgets that the whole of the Austrians and Imperialists were struggling through the morasses with Eugene.

† Blenheim is a corruption of Plintheim, the name of a village on the left bank of the Danube. The battle is called the battle of Höchstett, from a neighbouring town and castle, by the French and other continental writers.

confine himself to distant platoon firing so as to prevent the troops in the village from being withdrawn, and then proceeded to get the cavalry under his own immediate command across the morass.

Eugene in the mean time had not been more successful than Cutts. His cavalry was broken and routed; he narrowly escaped being shot by a Bavarian dragoon in an attempt to rally them, and he was so exasperated by their cowardice that he shot two of the runaways dead with his own hand. Marlborough, quitting his own allotted sphere of action, assisted in rallying Eugene's troops and re-establishing their communication with his own, which at length were ranged on firm ground and about to come to blows on equal terms with the French. There was a time, therefore, when the battle was going against him at all points; when his left (under Cutts) was repulsed; his right (under Eugene) in disorder, and his centre struggling through difficult ground in the face of a powerful artillery and a numerically superior force in set array. Lediard relates that Tallard, on being told that the allies were preparing to pass the stream, exclaimed: 'If they have not bridges enough, I will send them some; let them pass by all means: the more that come, the more we shall kill.' His countrymen acquit him of this absurdity, justly observing that certain *mots* are attributed to person after person similarly situated, and that this *mot* has been given to many, amongst others to Marshal de Créquy and St. Ruth. Still, the fact remains that Marlborough was permitted to draw up his cavalry in two lines in a meadow on the French side of the stream, and choose his own time for the charge which he led in person about five in the evening. The French cavalry were ten thousand against eight; they were posted on an ascent, and supported by three brigades of infantry. They had the advantage at first, and drove back the allies sixty paces, but on Marlborough's renewed advance they unaccountably lost heart, recoiled, and fled in confusion, leaving their infantry to be surrounded and cut to pieces:—

'The rout begins, the Gothic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun,
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd
Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirl-pools drown'd.'*

* *The Campaign.*—The catastrophe is thus described by a contemporary and rival poet:—

'Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
And each man mounted on his capering beast,
Into the Danube they were shoved by shoals.'

Lord Stanhope makes Marlborough hurry to the support of Eugene before the decisive charge. The French writers say that his victory was already declared when he learnt the precarious condition of his right, which it was necessary to strengthen, if only to confirm his own success and prevent the exposure of his flank; adding that, on being pressed by Marlborough and bearing the entire defeat of Tallard, the Elector and Marsin, who were opposed to Eugene, immediately sounded a retreat, which was effected in good order and with small loss. There remained the 11,000 troops shut up in Blenheim, the best troops of France, as they were described by Tallard, who, although some of them did their *devoir* bravely, fell short of the expectations of their countrymen. When the Baron de Sirot, who commanded the French reserve at Rocroy, was told that the battle was lost, he exclaimed, 'No, no; it is not lost, for Sirot and his companions have not yet fought.' Unluckily, M. de Clérambault, who commanded in Blenheim, was of a different temperament. He had gone in the emergency to ask for orders, and, on finding that the Commander-in-Chief was a prisoner, he took fright, lost his head, plunged into the Danube, and was drowned. His absence did not prevent a brilliant display of French valour on the part of his subordinates, one of whom, M. de Dénonville, the colonel of a crack regiment, beat back the English and kept them at bay till he was overpowered and compelled to surrender to Lord Cutts. After the defeat of the centre, without waiting for the surrender of the troops in Blenheim, Marlborough wrote and despatched a pencil note to the Duchess:—

'I have not time to say more but to beg you will give my duty to the Queen and let her know her army has had a glorious victory. Monsieur Tallard and two other Generals are in my coach; and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp Colonel Parke, will give her an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two by another more at large. MARLBOROUGH.'

'This note' (adds Coxe) 'is preserved in the family archives at Blenheim as one of the most curious memorials which perhaps exists. It was written on a slip of paper, which was evidently torn from a memorandum book, and contains on the back a bill of tavern expenses. The book may probably have belonged to some commissary, as there is an entry relative to bread furnished to the troops.' In a subsequent letter to the Duchess, Marlborough states that he was seventeen hours on horseback,—two more than the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo; and in the course of a visit of condolence which the two victorious commanders

manders paid to their prisoner Marshal Tallard, Eugene said, 'I have not a squadron or battalion which did not charge four times, at least.'

The battle of Ramillies was won nearly in the same manner by adroitly taking advantage of the faulty dispositions of the enemy. The French, according to Lord Stanhope, may be reckoned at 60,000, and the allies at 62,000. The French historians state that the troops of Villeroy were disposed as Marlborough himself would have desired. The whole of the left wing, covered and inclosed by a small river and morasses, was absolutely useless: it could neither attack nor be attacked; it resembled James I. in his padded silk armour, when he congratulated himself that nobody could hurt him and he could hurt nobody. Besides this radical defect, the rest of the army was arranged in the form least adapted for co-operation and support. Seeing at a glance that he had nothing to apprehend from the French left, Marlborough, before the battle began, drew off a large portion of the forces originally opposed to it, with the view of outnumbering and overpowering their right. To describe the disposition of the two armies (remarks M. Madgett) is to announce beforehand that no triumph was in store for Villeroy. A lieutenant-general, M. de Gassion, vehemently remonstrated with him: 'All is lost if you do not change your order of battle: weaken your left to strengthen your right; close up your lines; a minute more and there will be no resource left.'

Now, it is curious that none of the English writers lay stress on this faulty disposition of the French left; only one of them (Gleig) even incidentally alludes to it. They one and all make the battle turn on the brilliant manœuvres of the Duke, including a feint against the French left, which (they say) induced Villeroy to draw off more troops from his right and centre—the real objects of attack. Lord Stanhope goes the length of saying that Villeroy was 'well prepared' to receive his assailants, and that, whilst he was drawing out his army, he was joined by his colleague, the Elector of Bavaria, who 'approved the selection' and acknowledged the strength of the ground. One thing is clear, the battle was won by superiority of tactics, by the concentration of a superior force on the point, or successive points, of attack; by bringing the whole of the allied army effectively into action, whilst a full third of the French stood motionless till they were required to cover the retreat. Voltaire states that, when Villeroy presented himself at Court, the great King's first words were: '*Monsieur le*

Maréchal, on n'est plus heureux à notre âge.' This was one of the occasions in which the descendant of St. Louis contrasts most favourably with the *parvenu* Emperor.

Nothing could be finer or bolder than the plan of operations which led to the battle of Oudenarde. It included the crossing of the Scheldt after a toilsome march of fifteen miles, and the immediate attack of an army superior in numbers with every advantage of ground. It consequently involved great risks, which were fortunately averted by the divided counsels of the adversaries. The Commander-in-Chief of the French-Bavarian army was the Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of Louis, a young prince unacquainted with war, who was expected to submit to the guidance of the Duc de Vendôme, one of the ablest generals of the age. Unluckily they differed in everything, and cordially disliked each other, so that whatever Vendôme proposed, was either disregarded or reluctantly and ineffectively carried out. The allies, coming up by detachments, were placed for a time in much the same condition as the English at Quatre Bras, and Vendôme proposed to attack their van-guard before the arrival of the main body. He was overruled, and when he sent an order to charge the allied left before it was joined by the rear-guard, the order was countermanded by his superior, under the pretence that there was a non-existent morass to pass. 'Your Majesty,' wrote Vendôme in his report, 'will be so good as to observe that this place, which was called impassable, was passed by the enemy without hindrance, and had not upon it either a thicket or a ditch.' Again, as at Blenheim and Ramillies, a large part of the French army was not brought into action at all; and a high French authority, Feuquières, says: 'This battle is of the second kind of great actions, since there was in it but a front of our army, which necessarily attacked a front stronger and more extended than ours.' Vendôme wished to renew the battle the next morning, and reluctantly consented to the retreat.

Gleig prefaces an animated and detailed account of the battle of Malplaquet, by remarking, that, since the commencement of the war, two such armies had never been brought into the field, adding, that all the chivalry of Europe seemed to have taken part on one side or the other.* According to Lord Stanhope, they were nearly equal in numbers, each more than 90,000 strong—Gleig thinks 100,000. The French assert that they were outnumbered by at least 10,000 and inferior in artillery, but they

* 'Lives of the Most Eminent British Military Commanders.' By the Rev. G. R. Gleig (the Chaplain-General). In 'Lardner's Cabinet Encyclopædia.'

were strongly entrenched behind field-works and abbatis of trees, so strongly that the allied troops were heard to murmur, 'So we have still to make war upon moles.' Marlborough and Eugene were opposed to Villars and Boufflers. Their plan was to turn the left and break through the centre. They succeeded, after a prolonged struggle, and remained masters of the field; but their loss very much exceeded that of their adversaries, being computed at not less than 20,000 killed and wounded against 12,000 on the side of the French. Villars, whose extravagant computation was 30,000 to 6000, wrote to Louis: 'If God vouchsafes us the grace of losing another such battle, your Majesty may reckon on your enemies being destroyed.' Boufflers wrote more modestly that never had misfortune been accompanied with more glory: 'It is blood usefully shed; it should count for much to have re-established the national honour.' Bolingbroke's remark in his 'Letters on History' is: 'A deluge of blood was spilt to dislodge them, for we did no more at Malplaquet.'

We hardly know whether we ought to smile or feel sad at finding the condition of mind to which the great Commander had been reduced by his termagant wife when he fought this battle. He wrote to her the day before:

'I can take pleasure in nothing so long as you continue uneasy and think me unkind. I do assure you, upon my honour and salvation, that the only reason why I did not write was that I am very sure it would have had no other effect than that of being shown to Mrs. Masham. . . . In the mean time I cannot hinder saying to you that though the fate of Europe, if these armies engage, may depend upon the good or bad success, yet your uneasiness gives me much greater trouble.'

On the evening of the battle he added by way of post-script:—

'I am so tired that I have but strength enough to tell you that we have had this day a very bloody battle; the first part of the day we beat their foot and afterwards their horse. God Almighty be praised it is now in our power to have what peace we please, and I may be pretty well assured of never being in another battle, but that, nor nothing in the world, can make me happy if you are not kind.'

The English captain of the age who came next to Marlborough was Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough. Indeed, in military genius, originality of conception, fertility of resource, and chivalrous intrepidity, this eccentric personage has been rarely equalled, never excelled. A striking parallel might be drawn between him and the late Earl of Dundonald, better known

as Lord Cochrane, the hero of Basque Roads, of whom it was said that he performed greater actions, with smaller means, than any other captain or commander recorded in history. Take, for example, the capture of a Spanish frigate (the 'Gamos') of thirty-two heavy guns and 319 men, with the 'Speedy' of 158 tons, fourteen 4-pounders, and a crew of forty-seven, officers and boys included. The frigate was carried by boarding, a portion of the boarders being directed to blacken their faces and board by the head. 'The greater part of the Spaniards' crew (he reports) was prepared to repel boarders, but stood for a few moments, as it were, transfixed to the deck by the apparition of so many diabolical-looking figures emerging from the white smoke of the bow-guns; whilst our other men, who boarded from the waist, rushed on them from behind before they could recover from their surprise at the unexpected phenomenon.'
 'In this and other successes against odds, I have no hesitation in saying that success in no slight degree depended on out-of-the-way devices, which the enemy not suspecting, were in some measure thrown off their guard.'

Lord Peterborough proceeded on the same principle and obtained the most surprising successes by setting overwhelming odds at defiance, by deliberately encountering apparently desperate but really well-considered and carefully calculated risks. In dealing with Spaniards he was as ready as Cochrane to turn their national peculiarities to good account. Their superstitious credulity was such, that, a few hours before the French army entered Zaragossa, in 1707, and was actually in sight, the people were persuaded by the governor that it was a mere apparition raised by magic, and the priests in procession performed the office of exorcism from the walls according to the most approved forms.

Peterborough's stunning surprises and make-believe tactics never failed. With twelve hundred men he undertook to raise the siege of a place, San Mateo, besieged by 7000. He sent two spies, one of whom was to be captured with a letter to the commander of the garrison announcing his approach at the head of a very large army; the other to go over to the enemy and carry the same intelligence under the guise of treachery. He could rely on their obedience, for, says Dr. Freind, 'my lord never made use of any Spaniards without getting the whole family in his possession to be answerable for them he employed.' The Spaniard fell into the trap, and, on seeing English outposts advancing on the summits of the hills above his camp as he was led to expect by the spies, he at once raised the siege in confusion

fusion after spiking his guns; and thus (says Lord Stanhope) did Peterborough's twelve hundred men, driving seven thousand before them, enter in triumph the walls of San Mateo. He followed in pursuit till he had only 200 cavalry in a condition to proceed; with these, after cutting a detachment to pieces, he appeared before Nules, a strongly walled town garrisoned by a thousand armed citizens. He rode up to the gate, after running the gauntlet of a fire of musketry, and demanded to speak with the chief magistrate or a priest. On some priests appearing, he told them that he would allow only six minutes, and that unless he was admitted within that time he would bring up his artillery (having none), batter down the gate, and put the whole population to the sword. The town was instantly surrendered without a blow.

The capture of Barcelona was his masterpiece. His army consisted of 7000 men; and ten times that number was required to invest so large a place in form. The hopelessness of the undertaking was almost self-evident, when it struck him that the strong fort or citadel of Montjuich, which commands the city, might prove accessible to a surprise; the more so that it was deemed impregnable if assailed first. He accordingly re-embarked all his heavy guns, and both publicly and privately announced his intention of raising the siege. One night when the inhabitants of Barcelona were celebrating their expected release with festivities, he suddenly presented himself at the quarters of his colleague, the Prince of Darmstadt (with whom he was not on speaking terms) at the head of 1200 foot and 200 horse, and told his Serene Highness that he was on his way to make an attempt upon the enemy. 'You may now, if you please, be a judge of our behaviour, and see whether my officers and soldiers really deserve the bad character which you of late have so readily imputed to them.' The Prince immediately called for his horse and joined the party, which arrived by a circuitous route unperceived before the fort. As it was still two hours before daylight, a night attack was taken for granted by both officers and men, when Peterborough explained to them that his plan required daylight, as its only chance of success depended on the Spaniards being tempted into the outward ditch, when his soldiers might leap in upon them, drive them back, and enter the works along with them. All fell out as he anticipated; the first attack made him master of the bastion; and following up his success by a marvellous exertion of coolness, readiness, and personal ascendancy, he speedily became master of the fort. Barcelona held out till intelligence reached him that he would be supported by an insurrectionary

rectionary party within the walls. He instantly mounted his horse, rode up to one of the gates attended by some officers, and demanded admittance. The guard, frightened or surprised, admitted him, and he came just in time to rescue a beautiful lady, the Duchess of Popoli, whom he met flying with dishevelled hair from the populace. The formal surrender of the city followed.

Instance upon instance might be accumulated of this extraordinary man's genius, energy, versatility, and magnanimity; but he marred all by an insatiable vanity and an ungovernable temper. He offended and repelled all whom he should have conciliated and attracted; the intensity of his own self-love made him utterly careless about wounding the self-love of others; and he was so little a respecter of persons that the very king he came to serve, and did serve so effectually, could hardly endure the sight of him, and thwarted instead of forwarding his plans. He had no greater difficulties in the shape of jealousy, or dilatory and divided counsels, to encounter than Marlborough; and with a tithe of Marlborough's temper and tact he might have performed really great, as well as startling and brilliant, actions in Spain; but he persevered in being impracticable till he abandoned the field of his exploits in a pet; writing on his way home, 'I have overcome all my enemies but lies, and these I have papers enough with me to defeat.' To return with a grievance, instead of the clustering honours of a conqueror confirmed by royal gratitude, was a lame and impotent conclusion at the best. If he and General Stanhope had co-operated like Marlborough and Eugene—and it was not Stanhope's fault that they did not—the war of the Succession might have proved as unfavourable to France as the campaigns in Germany and the Low Countries.*

The political and parliamentary history of the period, with its bearings on the military and constitutional history, is accurately sketched and curiously illustrated by Lord Stanhope. In reference to the events of November, 1710, he writes:—

'Thus fell the great Whig administration of Queen Anne. Considering its high fame in history it is remarkable for how short a period it endured. The changes in Godolphin's government bringing it round from Tory to Whig took place, as we have seen, by slow degrees; but the latter party can scarcely be thought to have gained an entire ascendancy until the resignation of Blackier in the spring of 1708. According then to this computation the Whigs were dominant

* The exploits of Lord Peterborough are related by Captain George Carleton and Dr. Friend, personally present.

for a period of but two years and a half. So far as regards the great battles of this war, the two parties, looking only to their tenure of power, are entitled to divide the credit between them. The Tories held office during Blenheim and Ramillies; the Whigs held office during Oudenarde and Malplaquet. But as regards the policy which led to these successes the praise, as I conceive, belongs almost wholly to the Whigs. It was that war-policy aimed at the ambition of Louis XIV. which King William had pursued with more spirit than success—that policy which Somers and Somers' friends had consistently maintained—that policy brought at last to a triumphant issue by the genius of Marlborough and Eugene.

Whatever weakened the power of Louis, lessened the chances of the exiled family and proportionally dispirited their adherents and well-wishers. The successes of Marlborough were therefore received by the Jacobite Tories of his day much as, towards the commencement of the Peninsular War, the successes of Wellington were received by the Whigs. To understand the contest of parties, it should be remembered that governments were then frequently composed of the most heterogeneous materials; that Whigs and Tories were constantly found sitting in the same Cabinet: that the Prime Minister's power was limited, and that he was not expected to resign simply because he was out-voted or overruled. It was usual for the sovereign to attend the debates in the House of Lords, to preside at meetings of the Cabinet, and to bestow or refuse offices from motives of personal preference or dislike. The Queen, therefore, easily held the balance of parties, except when public opinion was exceptionally aroused; and the narrowness of her understanding placed her completely under the control of favourites. She had always a natural hankering for her nearest relatives—the Stuarts; but so long as her dear Freeman (the Duchess of Marlborough) remained her closet companion, the Tories were obliged to rest content with a divided empire; it was only when Abigail Hill, Lady Masham, gained the ascendant, that the Whigs and their policy finally and conclusively kicked the beam. The ministerial crisis in 1708 may be taken as a specimen. Godolphin (the Lord-Treasurer) and Marlborough had resolved to get rid of Harley, and had intimated their wishes to the Queen, who, set on by her Abigail, was bent on retaining him. A Cabinet had been summoned for the 8th February:—

‘That same morning Godolphin and Marlborough waited on the Queen to state that Harley still continuing in office they could not attend the Cabinet nor take any further part as Her Majesty’s Ministers. Anne allowed them to depart and went to the Cabinet as usual. There Harley produced his papers as Secretary of State and began

began to open the business of his department. But around him he saw grim faces and he heard half-muttered complaints. As he paused the Duke of Somerset rose and said, "I do not see how we can deliberate to any purpose when neither the General nor the Treasurer are present." This observation he repeated twice, and with some vehemence, while the other Ministers expressed their agreement by their looks. The Queen remained silent but presently withdrew, leaving the business of the day undone.'

The matter remained undecided till the 11th, when, Harley having in good earnest pressed the Queen to accept his resignation, she, 'with much hesitation and still more reluctance,' complied. St. John and Harcourt retired with him, and the brief reign of the Whigs, fixed by Lord Stanhope at two years and a half, began. Pausing at the meeting of Parliament, on the 15th November, 1709, he says:—

'Parties seemed at rest and the dominion of the Whigs might be thought securely established. They had struck down the Tories. They had overpowered the Queen. They had dictated their own terms to the Treasurer and the General-in-Chief. They had conquered the last remaining stronghold in the administration by the appointment of Lord Orford and his Admiralty Board. Yet so strange are the vicissitudes of Fortune that in almost the very same month in which the Gazette announced this final conquest, this new Admiralty Board, they took a resolution upon another subject which at no long interval produced the eclipse of their party and the downfall of their power.'

This resolution was one to give Sacheverel, a foolish Doctor of Divinity, who had preached a foolish sermon in support of divine right and passive obedience, the coveted notoriety of an impeachment by the House of Commons and a trial by the House of Lords. These proceedings set the whole kingdom in a flame. The cries of 'Church and State,' and 'The Church in Danger,' became the popular cries; the Whig ministry went down before the storm, and in the ensuing election a decided majority declared for the Tory ministry by which they had been replaced. It was in the height of this contest, before the popular verdict had been pronounced, that the men of letters joined heart and hand with the politicians. 'Talents,' says Lord Macaulay, 'such as had seldom before been displayed in political controversy, were enlisted in the service of the hostile parties. On one side was Steele, gay, lively, drunk with animal spirits and with factious animosity, and Addison, with his polished satire, his inexhaustible fertility of fancy, and his graceful simplicity of style. In the front of the opposite ranks appeared a fiercer spirit, the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the

the perjured lover, a heart burning with hatred against the whole human race, a mind richly stored with images from the dunghill and the lazaret-house.'

This is a characteristic passage. Swift is painted in these repulsive characters, without one qualifying phrase of admiration or regret, because he took part against the gods of Lord Macaulay's idolatry, the Whigs. With regard to the 'apostate politician,' with whom alone we have to deal in this place, his apostasy mainly consisted in changing one set of friends or companions for another. On the great question of the hour—the Church and State question—he agreed with the Tories; and on his first arrival in London (September, 1710), before he had seen Harley or St. John, he refused to pledge Lord Halifax, who proposed as a toast 'The Resurrection of the Whigs,' unless he would add 'and their Reformation.' No doubt the branch of their conduct and policy which most needed reformation in his eyes was their treatment of himself. He had been inconsiderately neglected, and the temptation to make them feel the full value of what they had thrown away, to taste, in short, the sweetest description of revenge, was irresistible, when his pride could be simultaneously gratified with his vindictiveness. It is strange that, whilst accumulating opprobrious epithets to stigmatise him, Lord Macaulay makes no mention of the Dean's weakness, little removed from vulgar vanity, in affecting an overdone and unbecoming familiarity with the great. The sole payment he would at first accept for his services was social intimacy with the party leaders, in which he could indulge any passing whim or fancy without restraint; and they humoured him to the top of his bent. Within a month after his arrival he sets down in the 'Journal to Stella,' 'I stand with the new people better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed.' He complacently records how he sent the Lord Treasurer (Harley) into the House of Commons to call out the Secretary of State (St. John) only to let him know that he (Swift) would not dine with him if he dined late. There was more sense and equal freedom in his remark when St. John showed him the bill of fare: 'Pooh, pooh, show me your bill of company.'

His talent for popular poetry was first laid under contribution; and 'Sid Hamet's Rod' (a satire on Godolphin) was followed up by a variety of lampoons in prose and verse, which produced a marked effect on the public mind. But his aid was most needed and most effectively bestowed in the conduct of the 'Examiner,' a weekly organ of the new ministry, to which Prior, Freind, King, and St. John himself were contributors. It was in the fourteenth week of its existence that Swift undertook the editorship,

editorship, which he retained for a space of seven months (from 10th November, 1710, to 14th June, 1711), during which time, says Scott, 'in the language of Homer, he bore the battle upon his single shield, and, by the vigour of his attack and dexterity of his defence, inspired his own party with courage, and terrified or discomfited those champions who stepped from the enemy's ranks for the purpose of assailing him.' It is a mistake, however, into which Dr. Johnson, and apparently Lord Macaulay, fell, to suppose that Swift ever came into personal conflict with Addison. The Whig 'Examiner,' to which Addison was a contributor, ceased three weeks before Swift entered the field of journalism; and Addison took no part in the 'Medley,' which then became the organ of the Whigs.

It was during the fiercest war of faction, and for a political purpose, that 'Cato' was brought upon the stage. Four acts had long been finished, when, as ironically observed by Johnson, 'those who affected to think liberty in danger affected likewise to think that a stage-play might preserve it; and Addison was importuned in the name of the tutelary deities of Britain to show his courage and his zeal by finishing his design.' Although the house was carefully packed, the author came to the ordeal with hesitation and trepidation. 'The danger was soon over. The whole nation was on fire with faction. The Whigs applauded every line in which Liberty was mentioned as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed every clap to show that the satire was unfelt. The story of Bolingbroke is well known. He called Booth to his box, and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cause of Liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The Whigs, said Pope, design a second present when they can accompany it with as good a sentence.'

The distinctive essential policy of Harley and St. John's administration was a peace-at-any-price policy. The prolongation of the war was not simply opposed to their Tory principles and Jacobite tendencies; it involved the continuance of Marlborough in a position, as commander-in-chief, which, favoured by circumstances, might enable him at any moment to regain or restore the lost influence of the Whigs. Negotiations, therefore, were secretly set on foot, and the pen of Swift was employed to pave the way for what were likely to prove unpopular concessions to France, by expatiating on the sacrifices incurred by England and the ungrateful return she got for them from her allies. This was the burthen of his 'Conduct of the Allies,' which sold with unprecedented rapidity, and produced a corresponding effect. The Duke saw his danger, and hurried home to make, if possible, his own and his wife's peace with
the

the Queen, or come to some sort of compromise with the ministry. The Duchess had tried what could be done by bullying, and it was now his turn to try whether prostration and humiliation would serve their ends. The Queen had peremptorily required the surrender of the Gold Key, which the Duchess held as Mistress of the Robes. In an audience obtained with difficulty, the Duke actually threw himself upon his knees to pray that her Majesty would relent; and the only answer he got was that she would have the Gold Key, and *that* within two days; adding, when he broached a personal grievance, 'I will talk of no other business till I have the Key.' On his informing his exemplary helpmate, whose temper had got him into the scrape, that the Queen insisted on the Key, she tore it with a violent action from her side and threw it into the middle of the room, bidding him take it up and carry it to whom he pleased.

She was dismissed from all her offices, but the Duke retained his, and commanded in another campaign, which, although not marked by any memorable action, caused no diminution of his fame. It was not until he was no longer wanted and the preliminaries of peace were under discussion, that the crowning and long-meditated affront was put upon him, mainly through Harley. On the 31st December, 1711, the Queen appeared at the Council, and ordered an entry to the effect that he was dismissed from all his employments in order that a dishonouring charge brought against him might have an impartial examination! The same Gazette which made known this entry announced the creation of the twelve peers, of whom Lord Wharton, on their first joining in a division, inquired whether they were to vote singly or by their foreman. Samuel Masham, the husband of the favourite, was one. He was ennobled contrary to the royal wish. 'I never,' said the Queen, 'had any design to make a great lady of her, and I should lose a useful servant about my person, for it would give offence to have a peeress lie upon the floor and do several other inferior offices.' Her Majesty consented, on condition that the new peeress should remain her dresser. Yet this woman overthrew Marlborough, Somers, and Godolphin, and set up Harley and St. John. When, again, Harley and St. John quarrelled, it was she who cast the balance, and gave St. John his shortlived triumph. 'The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday, the Queen died on Sunday. What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us!' wrote Bolingbroke to Swift. The Queen died on the 1st August, 1714; and as if by the waving of a magician's wand, the whole state of public affairs was suddenly reversed.

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The best illustration of Paley's famous pigeon theory is the English monarchy under Queen Anne. All that was valuable in Church or State hung for thirteen years on the bodily and mental state of a dull corpulent woman, worn out with child-bearing, fond of flattery, crammed with prejudices, who (as Swift said) had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time, and (he might have added) invariably chose that one object ill. In May, 1714, he wrote to Lord Peterborough: 'The Queen is pretty well at present; but the least disorder she has puts us all in alarm, and when it is over, we act as if she were immortal.' Immediately on her death, Atterbury proposed to Bolingbroke to proclaim James at Charing Cross, offering to head the procession in his lawn sleeves, and when Bolingbroke shrank from so desperate an enterprise, the Bishop is reported to have exclaimed, with an oath: 'There is the best cause in Europe lost for want of spirit.' The cause was lost when (the day before the Queen's death) the Dukes of Argyll and Somerset forced their way into the Council Chamber and wrested the executive government out of Bolingbroke's grasp.

The chapter in which Lord Stanhope puts forth all his strength is the concluding one, entitled 'The Age of Anne;' and he here deals with topics on which no man is better qualified to speak with information and authority:—

'Certainly it was an illustrious period, a period not easily paralleled elsewhere, that could combine the victories of Marlborough with the researches of Newton—the statesmanship of Somers with the knight-errantry of Peterborough—the publication of Clarendon's History with the composition of Burnet's—the eloquence of Bolingbroke in Parliament and of Atterbury in the pulpit, with the writings in prose and verse of Swift and Addison, of Pope and Prior.'

The researches of Newton, the statesmanship of Somers, the writings in prose and verse of Swift, Pope, and Prior, cannot be wholly appropriated for this period. But what can be exclusively claimed for it are the essayists—the 'Tatler,' the 'Spectator,' and the 'Guardian'—the influence of which on taste and style in English literature was eminently beneficial, although we cannot agree with Lord Stanhope that all the modern improvements in prose fiction can be traced to them:—

'But the Spectator has yet another claim of merit. In the very short but light and graceful stories, or the vivid sketches of character which it comprises, lies perhaps the germ of the modern novel. There was scarce any work deserving of that name in its higher sense when Queen Anne commenced her reign. There was scarce anything beyond licentious tales like those of Mrs. Behn, or interminable romances, describing in fact the manners of Versailles, though in
name

name the manners of Persia and Babylon, as above all in the Grand Cyrus translated from the French of Mademoiselle de Scudery. It was reserved for Addison especially to show the English people how prose-fictions may be made most interesting without any admixture of loose scenes, or being drawn out in all the pomp of Eastern story. Not that the existing defects were at once removed. We find them still subsist, though greatly mitigated, in the next ensuing age. We find ample traces of the former English grossness in "Roderick Random" and "Tom Jones." We find as ample traces of the former French *longueurs* in the six volumes of "Sir Charles Grandison" and the seven of "Clarissa Harlowe." But *passing by these instances* and looking to the English novel-writers of the present century, we may perhaps acknowledge that Addison and others in Queen Anne's reign laid the slight foundation on which so vast a superstructure has been raised.'

Light and graceful stories existed in almost every European literature long prior to the 'Spectator.' If Lord Stanhope objects to Boccaccio or the 'Contes de la Reine Marguerite,' what does he say to the stories interspersed by Cervantes and Le Sage in their masterpieces, which again must have had a good deal to do with the progress of prose fiction? * We cannot consent to pass by instances which are almost decisive of the argument. If Addison confessedly produced no effect on Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson, it is difficult to believe that we are indebted to him for Miss Austen or Miss Burney—for the author of 'Waverley' or the author of 'Eugene Aram'—for 'Pickwick,' 'Vanity Fair,' 'Jane Eyre,' or 'Adam Bede.' The tone of the novel of manners depends on the degree of refinement prevalent at the time: the grossness in 'Roderic Random' and 'Tom Jones' was faithfully imitated from contemporary conversation; country squires talked like Squire Western; and what Lord Stanhope attributes to the 'Spectator' is really owing to the general amelioration of society. The conclusive answer to his ingenious theory is the fact that people went on talking and writing grossly and tediously for nearly a hundred years after Addison's model fictions

* Speaking of 'Le Diable Boiteux,' published in 1707, Scott says: 'To relieve the reader from uniformity, Le Sage has introduced several narratives in the Spanish taste, such as the "History of the Count de Belflor," and the novel called the "Force of Friendship." Cervantes had set the example of varying a long narrative, by the introduction of such novels or *historiettes*.'—*Life of Le Sage*. Addison was rather a copyist than an originator in this respect. This theory of the origin of the modern novel may have been suggested by Lord Macaulay in his essay on Addison: 'We have not the least doubt that, if Addison had written a novel on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists.' This questionable conclusion is based not on the scattered stories, but on the character of the essays as a whole, 'and a whole which has the interest of a novel.'

were before the world; and it might be quite as plausibly argued that the comparative propriety of the modern stage is owing to papers in the 'Spectator,' or to the chastisement inflicted on Dryden and Congreve by Jeremy Collier in 1698.

Laying aside or forgetting for the moment his own hereditary honours—

'Avos et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi
Vix ea nostra voco—'

Lord Stanhope pauses with honourable pride to note 'how frequent was the intercourse and how familiar the friendship in those days between the leaders of political parties and the men in the front rank of intellectual eminence. Since Queen Anne there has not been found in England the same amount of intimacy between them, or anything like the same amount.' A little reflection may induce him to qualify this remark. The mass of journalists and authors in Queen Anne's time had no more intimacy with the leaders of political parties than the corresponding class has now. The founders of the 'Edinburgh Review,' when merely known as writers, were received on a perfect footing of equality at Holland House, Devonshire House, and Lansdowne House. Sydney Smith was as familiar with Lord Grey, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Russell, as Swift with Harley and St. John. Who could be more intimate with party leaders than Scott? Should it be objected, when we instance Lord Macaulay, that his social *status* was owing to his parliamentary or official rank, the same may be said of Addison, who sat for many years in the House of Commons and became Secretary of State in 1717. Lord Stanhope himself is intimately acquainted with authors and journalists who would be somewhat surprised to learn that their familiar intercourse with political leaders is dashed by the smallest consciousness of social superiority on the one side or social inferiority on the other.

Lord Macaulay (in his Essay on Addison) accounts for the position of literary men under Queen Anne—especially for the rise of Addison, after his utter failure as a speaker, to be successively Chief Secretary for Ireland and Secretary of State—by the circumstance that, prior to the publication of the parliamentary debates, it was only by means of the press that the public without doors could be influenced. 'A speech made in the House of Commons at four in the morning is on thirty thousand tables before ten. A speech made on Monday is read on the Wednesday by multitudes in Antrim and Aberdeenshire. The orator, by the help of the shorthand writer, has, to a great extent, superseded the pamphleteer. It was not so in the reign of Queen Anne.'

Anne.' Nor was it so in the reigns of George I. and George II., nor in the first decade of the reign of George III.; but although, whilst this state of things lasted, political writers may have been proportionally more influential and important, they were far from being received on the same footing as Swift and Addison by their contemporaries. There were full three generations of literary men subsequently to Queen Anne, whose standing in society proves Lord Macaulay's solution of the problem to be incomplete. 'Pulteney, when leader of the Opposition, and possessed of thirty thousand a year, edited the "*Craftsman*." Walpole, though not a man of literary habits, was the author of at least ten pamphlets, and retouched and corrected many more. These facts sufficiently show of how great importance literary assistance then was to the contending parties.' Granted; but what was the position of the literary men employed on either side? Which of them held high office? Which of them was the constant guest and companion of the great? *

For a man of large experience and wide range of thought, wonderfully free from prejudice and illiberality, Lord Stanhope is unaccountably prone to depreciate the present and elevate the past. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view. He fixes his gaze on the sunlit summit of a mountain, and makes no account of the cracks on the surface or the tangled brakes and morasses at the base. He insists that the age of Anne was not only the brilliant age—the literary age, the age of arts and arms—but the moral age, the contented age, the happy or true golden age, when the tenth Commandment was equally respected with the seventh—when no man coveted another man's wife or envied another man's position—when every man was content to dwell under his vine and his fig-tree, or, in default of a vine and fig-tree, under his own oak or apple-tree. Lord Chesterfield is the chief, indeed the sole, authority for the limited and chastened intercourse between the sexes in high life:—

'Queen Anne had always been devout, chaste, and formal; in short, a prude. She discouraged, as much as she could, the usual and even the most pardonable vices of Courts. Her Drawing Rooms were more respectable than agreeable, and had more the air of solemn places of worship than the gaiety of a Court. . . . Public and crowded assemblies, where every man was sure of meeting every woman, were not known in those days. But every woman of fashion kept what was

* 'To the virtues of Sir Robert Walpole I feel regret in not being able to add that he was the patron of letters and the friend of science. But he unquestionably does not deserve that honourable appellation, and in this instance his rank in the Temple of Fame is far inferior to that of Halifax, Oxford, and Bolingbroke. . . . Nor can it be denied that his neglect of men of letters was highly disadvantageous to his administration, and exposed him to great obloquy.'—*Coxe*.

called

called "a Day," which was a formal circle of her acquaintances of both sexes, unbroken by any card-tables, tea-tables, or other amusements. There the fine women and fine men met perhaps for an hour *and if they had anything particular to say to one another it could be only conveyed by the language of the eyes.* The other public diversion was merely for the eyes, for it was going round and round the ring in Hyde Park and bowing to one another slightly, respectfully, or tenderly, as occasion required. No woman of fashion could receive any man at her morning toilet without alarming the husband and his friends. If a fine man and fine woman were well enough disposed to wish for a private meeting, the execution of their good intentions was difficult and dangerous.

Was it ever otherwise? And why, if fine women and fine men met for an hour, could anything particular they had to say to one another be only conveyed by the language of the eyes? Lord Chesterfield goes on to say that all these difficulties were in a great measure removed by the accession of the House of Hanover: 'King George I. loved pleasures, and was not delicate in the choice of them.' It may be admitted that Queen Anne's Court was more decent than her successor's, and that the vice of her times did not run in the direction of matrimonial infidelity, without admitting their positive purity or morality. Public opinion must have been in a somewhat lax state when it could tolerate in leading statesmen such an open unblushing defiance of propriety as was displayed by Bolingbroke in his commerce with loose women, or such a habit of drinking as was indulged by him and Oxford, who every evening of his life might be seen 'flustered with claret.' This habit, indeed, was universal, and was accompanied, as it commonly is, by gaming, street-riots, and debauchery. The question of comparative happiness comes next:—

'There can scarcely be named any point in knowledge and science, or in their practical application, which has not received great improvement since the reign of Queen Anne. Manufactures and trade, the Fine Arts, public teaching in all its branches, the repeal of barbarous penalties, the order and rule of prisons, the speed and security of travelling, the comforts and appliances of daily life—all these have immensely advanced; and there are new discoveries which in former days even the wildest flights of fancy could never have surmised. But perhaps the same amount of research which serves to bring forward these results in full detail may convince the mind of the inquirer, as it has my own, that the people of Queen Anne enjoyed much the larger measure of happiness.'

With all due deference to Lord Stanhope, this sounds very like a paradox. It implies that discomfort, bodily suffering, bodily fear, poverty, oppression, bad laws, constitute no deduction from

from individual or national happiness; that good laws, improvements in all the arts of life, with ample securities for life, limb, and character, add nothing to it. A man of moderate means who undertook a journey was obliged to travel (like Roderick Random and Strap) in a waggon, subject to the imminent risk of being robbed, beaten and stripped by highwaymen, and flung naked (like Joseph Andrews) into a ditch. Any one who chose to swear the smallest debt against another might have him arrested and immured in a prison with common felons, when the chances were that he caught the gaol fever before he was bailed out. Lord Stanhope will hardly deny that the happiness of authors was more or less affected by the law of libel. No satirical or ironical writer was safe. For his 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' on a charge that he meant seriously what he obviously proposed humourously, Defoe was fined, pilloried, and sent to Newgate in 1703. For two equally harmless productions he was fined 800*l*. and sent to Newgate in 1713. 'Miserable is the fate of writers,' exclaims Lady Mary Wortley Montague, at this halcyon period; 'if they are agreeable they are offensive, and if dull they starve:'

'Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Shebbcares,
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.

* * * * *

Earless on high stands unabashed Defoe.'

It is not recorded that Defoe did actually lose his ears, but he must have been under constant dread of being deprived of those appendages. After describing Sir Roger de Coverley's wish to go to the theatre, with his fear of the Mohocks and Captain Sentry's coming to accompany him after putting on the sword which he drew at Steinkirk, the 'Spectator' proceeds:—

'Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master on this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at the left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of the footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the playhouse.'

Was the liability to encounter the Mohocks and other ruffians similarly banded, no deduction from happiness? Was it nothing for a decent citizen who ventured into the streets after nightfall to be 'pinked' and 'sweated,' or for a decent woman to be brutally insulted?

'Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you step from home,

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Some

Some fiery fop with new commission vain,
 Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,
 Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,
 Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.'

But Lord Stanhope hopes that 'the same amount of research which serves to bring forward these results in full detail may convince the mind of the inquirer, as it has my own,' and he proceeds to bring forward these results:—

'It is to be observed in the first place how far more widely spread was in those days the spirit of contentment. Men were willing to make the best of the present without a feverish anxiety for the past or for the future—without constantly longing that yesterday might come back, or that to-morrow might come on. *The laws were not so good, but the people were better satisfied with them. The Church was less efficient, but was more cheerfully maintained.*

'My meaning may be further illustrated. The tendency of the people in Queen Anne's reign was I think, according to the figure of speech which we find in the First Book of Kings, "to dwell safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree." The tendency of the present age, unless I much mistake it, would be rather to contend by ingenious arguments that the vine and fig are not the best of all possible fruit-trees—that we ought immediately to root them up and to plant in their stead some saplings of another kind. It may not be wholly prejudice that views this disposition with regret. Is there any real happiness in such constant yearning and striving for something other than exists? *Is it good to live in an age when everything is being improved away off the face of the earth?*'

Surely this is very much like begging the question or arguing in a circle. We ask for proofs of the alleged happiness, and we are told that the people were content; in other words, happy. How do we know this? How do we know that they were better satisfied with their bad laws, or how does it appear that the Church was more cheerfully maintained? The truth is, the nation was too much agitated by political and religious dissension to think of social and material improvements or reforms. A man in a fever forgets all minor maladies. The tacit endurance of real evils is no indication of soundness at the core, and one of the best signs of national well-being is the tendency to cry out at small. A single robbery or act of violence will now compel the notice of parliament and the press. During the whole of Queen Anne's reign a hundred robberies or acts of violence might have been committed without exciting a sensation; which proves, according to Lord Stanhope, that the people were content. We must do him the justice to say that he does give one instance of the things that have been improved off the face of the earth:—

'But

‘ But let us view the question in more detail. If we look to the country districts we shall judge perhaps that in Queen Anne’s time the harsh features of the feudal system had passed away while some of the milder ones remained. In other words there was no trace of serfdom or compulsory service, but there lingered the feeling of protection due by the lord of the soil to his retainers in sickness or old age. Labour was then no mere contract of work done for value received. Service was still in some degree required even when it ceased to be performed. As between landlord and tenant also a more cordial spirit, a more intimate relation, appears to have prevailed. There was wholly absent that main cause of alienation whenever at present alienation does occur—the excessive preserving of game. We find it laid down in the *Spectator* as an admitted truth, that “the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at.” In those days and in days much later, the return of the shooting season was hailed with pleasure not by the landlord only but by the farmer also. The young squire would cheerily step into the homestead for his midday meal; and sit down with a well-earned appetite to a dish of eggs and bacon, with a glass—or it might be two—of the honest home-brewed, instead of the luxurious luncheon-baskets which according to the present fashion would be spread before him.’

We entirely agree with Lord Stanhope in his condemnation of the *battue*; but that the game was ever otherwise than a cause of alienation between the occupier and the landowner, or a temptation to crime amongst the labouring class, we deny;* and his young squire sitting down to eggs and bacon with a glass, or it might be two, of the honest home-brewed, is not to our minds a worthy object of regret. He recalls Squire Richard, or Tony Lumpkin, or Squire Western in his youth, and is advantageously replaced by the polished gentleman educated at a public school and a university, despite of the luncheon-basket and the *battue*. Lord Stanhope forgets that his young squire had to administer justice at petty and quarter sessions, or rather justice-ship, for (as Fielding suggests) it was commonly a syllable more than justice. Passing to the towns, Lord Stanhope quietly assumes that there was ‘much less wealth, but much less also of abject poverty,’ and that conflicts between labour and capital were unknown:—

‘ It would seem, so far as negative evidence can show it, as if under Queen Anne the handi-craftsman and the labourer had no difficulty in obtaining employment without dispute as to the hours of

* One of the most oppressive of the repealed Game Laws was the 4 Anne, c. 15. The ‘*Spectator*,’ No. 131 (from which Lord Stanhope quotes his ‘admitted truth’), begins: ‘It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbours.’

work or the rate of wages. Most grievous is the change in that respect which has since ensued.'

Ample evidence is accumulated by Lord Macaulay to prove that the poor bore a greater proportion to the rich in the olden times than they bear now, and that the capitalist or employer was equally an object of envy and complaint. 'The more carefully (he adds) we examine the history of the past, the more reason shall we find to dissent from those who imagine that our age has been fruitful of new social evils. The truth is that the evils are, with scarcely an exception, old. *That which is new is the intelligence which discerns and the humanity which remedies them.*'*

In Defoe's 'Giving Alms no Charity,' published in 1704, we find:—

'I make no difficulty to promise on a short summons to produce above a thousand families in England, within my particular knowledge, who go in rags, and their children wanting bread, whose fathers can earn their 15s. to 25s. a week, but will not work. . . . I can give an incredible number of examples in my own knowledge.' . . . 'I once paid six or seven men together on a Saturday night, the least 10s. and some 30s. for work, and have seen them go with it directly to the alehouse, lie there till Monday, spend it every penny, and run in debt to boot, and not give a farthing of it to their families, though all of them had wives and children. From hence comes poverty, parish charges, and beggars.'

The National Debt was thought to depend on the Protestant succession, and the Pretender was allegorically represented in the 'Spectator' as a young man, whom a citizen suspects of carrying a sponge in his left hand. Was the serene contentment of the monied and mercantile classes in nowise ruffled by this insecurity?

'As regards the liberal professions and the employments in the Civil Service it may be deemed, from the absence at least of any indications to the contrary, that under Queen Anne there was more of equality between the supply and the demand. The number of men of good character and good education who desired to enter any career was not disproportioned to the number of openings which that career presented. It followed that any person endowed with fair aptitude and common application, and engaging in any recognized walk of life, was in due time certain or nearly certain of a livelihood. Riches and distinction were of course, as in every state of society, the portion of

* 'History of England,' chap. iii. Lord Macaulay quotes a popular ballad of the time of Charles II. as 'the bitter cry of labour against capital.' It is strange to find two writers, who might be expected to work in harmony, diametrically opposed on the vitally important and all-pervading question of the influence of improved civilisation on the happiness of mankind. Lord Stanhope betrays no consciousness of the fact.

the few, but there was competence for the many. How greatly the times have changed !'

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'It is certainly a great practical hardship, such as we do not trace under Queen Anne or under the first Georges, that a young man entering life with a good character and careful education should see every profession overcrowded, every avenue of advancement hemmed in, that he should be unable in so many cases to earn his bread, and be cast back for subsistence on his family. There is something very grievous both to himself and others in this not his wilful but his compulsory idleness.'

The population principle is steady and invariable in its operation. Nothing can prevent a superfluity of hands and brains at any period but prudence, foresight, and self-denial; and there is no reason to suppose that any given class in Queen Anne's reign were less prone than now to have more sons and daughters than they could provide for or establish in their own walk of life. Lord Stanhope has no right to call upon us to prove a negative; but in point of fact there is no want or absence of what he calls indications to the contrary. The shifts to which educated men were put to get a livelihood are notorious. Look at the position of Swift in the household of Sir William Temple; or that of Addison 'when (to quote the very words of Johnson), he returned to England (in 1702) with a meanness of appearance, which gave testimony of the difficulties to which he had been reduced;' or that of Johnson when he came to London after vainly endeavouring to earn a living as a schoolmaster:—

'Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from Letters to be wise,
Then mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.'

Patron was substituted for the original word 'garret.' The only literary men who did not starve were those who lived by patronage; and without money or interest it was idle to expect preferment in the army, the navy, or the church. The higher grades were reserved for the sons of the landed gentry and nobility; the lower were not unfrequently bestowed on their domestics and hangers-on. The boy-colonel and the sexagenarian half-pay lieutenant of the novel and the drama were drawn from life; as was Captain Weasel, Roderick Random's travelling companion in the waggon, an ex-valet who had obtained a commission by marrying the cast-off mistress of his master. Mrs. Seagrim, the wife of Black George, the gamekeeper, and Mrs. Honour the waiting-maid (in 'Tom Jones'), boast of their descent from clergymen, who must have flourished about the reign
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of Queen Anne, and (we fear) experienced the same difficulty in bringing up their families which Lord Stanhope thinks peculiar to the reign of Queen Victoria. If the Church was cheerfully maintained, it must be owned that her ministers were scurvily treated and indifferently provided for. Here again Lord Stanhope and Lord Macaulay pull different ways instead of pulling together.

The first sentence of a paper in the 'Spectator' by Addison (No. 21), on the redundancy of the three professions, runs thus:—

'I am sometimes very much troubled when I reflect upon the three great professions of Divinity, Law, and Physic; how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen *that starve one another*.'

When Lord Stanhope states that the number of claimants or expectants has indefinitely augmented, he forgets that the number of callings which a gentleman's son may fill without losing caste has indefinitely augmented too. In fact, there is hardly a conventional restraint left on honest industry. A peer's son may be not merely a civil engineer, or the keeper of a sheep-walk in Australia, but a wine merchant, a coal merchant, or a stock broker. As to the clerkships in some of the public offices, they have been so multiplied and so monopolised by young men of family and connection as to constitute a new description of aristocracy.

There is one marked feature in the social life of the first half of the eighteenth century which alone might have disenchanted Lord Stanhope; namely, the institution of the led-captain, the never failing dependent on the lord or squire in the shape of a poor relation or chaplain, and the menial offices performed by them without murmur or complaint; as when Squire Western sends Parson Supple from London to Bagshot for a tobacco-box. We cannot believe that men well born or well educated would have submitted to such degradation if honourable employment was to be had for the asking.* In the 'Spectator' (No. 108), Addison describes his meeting with Will Wimble at Sir Roger de Coverley's:—

'He (Will Wimble) is now between forty and fifty; but, being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his brother (a baronet) as superintendent of his game. . . Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family who had

* The fashion for hangers-on is caricatured by Fielding in his description of the suite of a travelled man of fortune in 'Joseph Andrews':—'The gentlemen of cur-like disposition who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing-master.'

rather

rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary.'

It is unlucky and disagreeable to be obliged to differ so often from a writer whom we respect and admire, who so ardently desires truth if he misses it; who writes so eloquently, and with such laudable elevation of tone, when he is wrong. But the occasions in which we are the least justified in shrinking from the discharge of our critical duties are when what we think error is plausibly or ingeniously expressed; and we were the more anxious to discuss Lord Stanhope's views and speculations because, being presented in a popular and pleasing manner, they cannot fail to add to the attractiveness of his work.

ART. II.—1. *The Church and the Age: Essays on the Principles and present Position of the Anglican Church.* Edited by Archibald Weir, D.C.L., Vicar of Forty Hill, Enfield; and William Dalrymple Maclagan, M.A., Rector of Newington, Surrey. London, 1870.

2. *Principles at Stake. Essays on Church Questions of the Day.* Edited by George Henry Sumner, M.A., Rector of Old Alresford, Hants, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Winchester. Second Edition. London, 1868.

IT has become the fashion of late years for parties religious, political, and social, to send forth a manifesto in the shape of a collection of Essays. Ritualists, Reformers, Economists, Educators, have all had their say in this fashion, and now we have before us two substantial volumes representing the opinions held by the two most numerous and important parties in the Church of England, the parties which we may call, if we must have names, the Moderate Evangelical and the Moderate Anglican. They bear, however, no antagonistic relation; their enemies are, for the most part, common enemies, and their doctrines, so far as they are evidenced by the volumes before us, differ on no vital point. The difference between the two volumes is in truth rather in range than in tone; 'Principles at Stake' is mainly the protest of the moderate party in the Church—of such men as Lord Arthur Hervey and Dean Howson—against the extravagant theories and offensive practices of the so-called Ritualists; while 'The Church and the Age' takes a wider range; it furnishes a tolerably complete view, from the stand-point of the moderate Anglicans, of the leading

leading principles of the Church of England, as exhibited in its constitution and formularies, in the works of its leading divines of the seventeenth century, and in its actual status at the present day; of the various energies which it is putting forth in the evangelizing of neglected populations, in education, and in missions to the heathen; and again, of the questions which stir the age in which we live, whether those which are strictly *within* the Church, as relating to the priesthood and the sacraments; or those which derive their force from certain general tendencies which agitate modern society. The two books, taken together, give us, in fact, a very complete view of the condition of thought and action in the English Church, and are distinguished by thoroughness, learning, and ability.

In 'The Church and the Age' the first place is occupied by a name which men of all parties have learned to respect. The Dean of Chichester, a veteran labourer in the fields both of pastoral work and of literature, than whom no one has a greater right to speak with authority on such a matter, sets forth his conception of the principles of the reformed English Church, to the following effect. The Reformation is an epoch which cannot be defined; there is no one enactment, no particular revolutionary act, to which we can point as 'the Reformation;' it is the especial glory of the English Church that its continuity has never been broken. By a series of changes, extending over more than a century, the ritual, the formularies, and the political status of the Church have been made what they are, and they differ widely from those of the fifteenth century; but we have never cut ourselves off from the past; we still recite the same creeds and many of the same prayers that our forefathers did from the very beginning of the English Church; bishops and deans and canons occupy the same thrones and stalls in the same cathedrals as of old; the clergy throughout the land are instituted to the old benefices; whatever cavils may be made by enemies against apostolical succession in the English Church, there can be no doubt whatever that, in the eyes of the historian and the constitutional lawyer, Archbishop Tait is the true successor of Augustine and Lanfranc, of Becket and Warham. We may almost say that, in strictness of speech, in England alone was there a true 'Reform' of existing institutions; the continental Evangelizers were compelled, either, as in Luther's case, by force of circumstances, or, as in Calvin's, by deliberate preference, to destroy and re-constitute; there was a break of continuity; consistories and presbyteries came in place of the time-honoured Church organization, and the societies so constituted have never gained the prestige of the old churches. It has

has even been, in some respects, a blessing for England that there was found among the Reformers no one man of preponderant force, no Luther or Calvin; we might have been Cranmerites or Parkerists; we are Church of England men as our fathers were.

And nothing is more characteristic of this reformed Church of England than the deference which it has paid to the 'old Catholic doctors;' heresy was to be tested, not by the dictum of some fashionable theologian of the day, but 'by the authority of the canonical Scriptures or by the first four General Councils;'^{*} Elizabeth declared to foreign princes, that no new religion was set up in England, but that which was practised by the primitive Church, and approved by the Fathers of the best antiquity; the same Convocation—that of 1571—which enjoined subscription to the 39 Articles, also decreed that nothing should be taught as an article of faith but what is 'supported by Scripture and Catholic tradition;' some of the most earnest Reformers pressed earnestly upon their disciples to follow the old fathers and doctors, to follow the Catholic and universal consent.[†] Thus was the Church of England distinguished from bodies founded mainly on the dicta of individual theologians.

The real character of the Church of England, its tone and influence as distinguished from mere organization, was determined mainly by the influence of its ablest men, especially its ablest writers on theology. Mr. Haddan, in an admirable essay in '*The Church and the Age*,' an essay written with a fulness of knowledge and a clearness of exposition which leaves nothing to be desired, contends that the men who beyond all others gave a definite tone and character to the theology of the English Church, were the leading divines of the seventeenth century; the divines to whom of late years the term 'Anglo-Catholic' has been applied. From the ranks of these men proceeded the most learned theological treatises, the best aids to holiness and devotion, the most eloquent sermons, that the English Church has even yet to boast. This school recalled men's minds to the contemplation of the Church Universal, and to the necessity of a Rule of Faith distinct from the opinions and system of some 'great mufti' (to use South's term) of Wittenberg or Geneva. It introduced order and proportion into theological teaching, not permitting a single dogma, as justification by faith, or predestination, or Papal infallibility, to overshadow the whole of the ecclesiastical horizon. In a word, it gave strength to that vigorous constitution which has enabled the English Church to

^{*} 1 Eliz., c. i. §. 36.

[†] '*The Church and the Age*,' p. 23.

resist those fever-fits of heresy and infidelity which have so often shaken the Protestant communities of the continent. These divines had their defects no doubt; in particular, their somewhat stiff and jejune commentaries on Scripture are not worthy to be compared—Mr. Haddan truly tells us—‘with the almost revelation of knowledge which, on this subject, German criticism has undeniably given to us;’ such works as those of Dr. Tregelles and Mr. Scrivener, Canon Westcott and Professor Lightfoot, still lay in the far distance; the great questions respecting the Being and Nature of God, the evidences of Christianity, the aspect in which miracles were to be regarded, were as yet but lightly touched; liturgical science was comparatively unknown; yet their defects belonged rather to the age than to the men, and in what they did, they set an admirable example of careful and thorough investigation and treatment. When Dr. Arnold said that the seventeenth-century divines were incapable of treating any great question, he forgot that the questions which were most prominent in his own mind had hardly dawned upon Pearson or Bull; though students of the divines of this period must often have been surprised at the anticipations of modern difficulties which they meet with.

In all that Mr. Haddan says in praise of the weighty and moderate Anglo-Catholic school we entirely concur; Englishmen will, we trust, always give due appreciation to the able and learned men who produced treatises not unworthy to be set in competition with the great works of the contemporary Gallicans. Yet, on the whole, we do not think that the influence of this school upon the general mind and tone of the English Church has been by any means so great as is sometimes supposed. The influence of the seventeenth-century Anglo-Catholics did indeed descend to us, but it flowed through the eighteenth century in a very thin stream; the greater part of it was diverted into a side-channel by the Non-jurors, and never rejoined the main waters. The source of the theology which really pervaded the Church from the days of Charles II. almost to our own time, is to be found in a body of men whom Mr. Haddan barely mentions, the ‘Latitude men’ of the latter part of the seventeenth century. True, Cudworth and More founded no school; but the men whom Burnet describes in a well-known passage, who regarded the promotion of virtuous living as the main end of revelation, who thought more of the difference between Christian and infidel than of the controversies between Christian and Christian, who cultivated science and polite literature as well as theology—these were the men who gave the tone to English thought on religious matters from the
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end of the seventeenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth. It will scarcely be denied that Barrow and Whichcote, Burnet and Tillotson, are the types of eighteenth-century dignitaries rather than Andrewes or Cosin; no one surely can venture to assert that Berkeley, and Butler, and Warburton, are less characteristic of the English Church than Pearson or Bull; the favourite reading of the religious laity for a century was found in the often-reprinted sermons of Tillotson, and the polite moralizing of the 'Spectator'; and, even now, we suspect that if we could get an authentic account of the laymen's religion, the thoughts of the great bulk of the church-going barristers and merchants, physicians and savants on religious subjects, would be found to approach much more nearly to the moralist than to the Anglo-Catholic type. We do not wish to depreciate the divines of whose merits Mr. Haddan treats; they are the learned school of the English Church; but a school which for more than a century influenced only a few isolated students can hardly be said to have 'so mastered the Church as to have survived all changes.' A great revival of interest in the Caroline divines no doubt followed the Oxford movement; but that is already declining; nothing is more conspicuous in the writings of the new 'Catholic' school in the Church of England than the contempt which they express for the Caroline divines and their admirers.

At all events, whether under the influence of the learned Anglicans of the seventeenth century, or the cultivated divines of the eighteenth, we have to confess with sorrow that a considerable portion of the population has been lost to the Church. As early as Charles II.'s time we find thoughtful men complaining that the inadequacy of church accommodation in the towns, the injudicious bestowal of ecclesiastical patronage, and a certain unfitness in the beautiful services of the Church of England to attract the less cultivated classes, were alienating many from the Church. The learned divines, for the most part, did not popularise their learning, and they were slow to appreciate the importance of that great middle class which had sprung into importance since the Reformation. Among this class, Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' and Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' took the place which Anglican theology had failed to supply, and the respectable tradesmen began to delight in supporting the Presbyterian or Independent minister who preached to them in language which came home to their hearts. While South was delighting, but not reforming, the cavaliers of the Court by his wit and his sparkling periods, the men whom South despised were sowing the seeds of that middle-class non-conformity which
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has never died out. While the Church was weakened by its connexion with the unfortunate Stuart dynasty, non-conformity was strengthened by its alliance with the political advocates of liberty. And when the surplus population of the country flocked into the great centres of manufacturing industry, the feeble organization of the Church in the towns was unable to retain those who had, for the most part, been bred up in the Church of England. The thronging multitudes whom John Wesley brought into the fold were no sooner won than lost.

These are facts which no true Churchman can ignore, however much he may lament them. But the Church has not been wasting time in unprofitable lamentation; she has made immense efforts in these days to recover the ground which had been lost. The clergy and laity have shown, in the present generation, an earnestness and activity for good, which cannot but produce important results.

In the first place, the character of the clergy has immensely risen. Without exactly adopting Lord Macaulay's estimate of the character and status of the English clergy in the seventeenth century, we cannot deny—for it is capable of abundant proof—that the ordinary parish priest was too often poor, low-born, and despised. Parson Trulliber was not an uncommon phenomenon in the days when Secker filled the throne of Canterbury; and, within living memory, the English clergyman was too often either an easy-going gentleman, with his half-dozen benefices in different dioceses, or an ill-paid vicar or curate, who cantered from church to church on Sunday, and scrambled through his three, four, or even five services. Now, all this is changed; clergymen of the 'old school,' which had its excellencies as well as its failings, have become rare; almost every clergyman is animated by a sense of the importance of a parochial charge. Let any one read Mr. Walsham How's beautiful essay* on the 'Private life and Ministrations of the Parish Priest,' and compare this picture—not with the uncouth priest of the novelist or dramatist of a past age, but—with the ideal set forth in episcopal charges and treatises on the pastoral care in other times, and we think that he will note a great change. Here all is purity, devotion, earnestness; the life actually led by such men as the saintly John Keble, is set before us as an example; and if we dare not say that such a life as this is attained by many, such an ideal as this is really that which many thousands of the clergy propose to themselves as the standard to be

* 'The Church and the Age,' pp. 201 ff.

attained: the standard of spiritual life among the clergy has unquestionably risen much in the last forty years.

And this elevation of the character of the clergy has naturally brought about a manifold activity in the various departments of Church work. In nothing is this more remarkable than in education. The formularies of the Church seem hardly to contemplate the clergyman as taking charge of primary education in his parish, except in the capacity of a catechizer, and that mainly with a view to Confirmation; yet, by the mere force of circumstances, and through the awakening of a new spirit in the Church, the dame-schools and charity-schools of the last generation have been swept away or remoulded, and the country is covered with improved schools, provided for the most part with well-trained masters and mistresses, and managed practically, in the great majority of cases, by the clergy. This has come to pass because, especially in the country, no class was found but the clergy to give the necessary time and labour and money for the promotion of primary education. The clergy may certainly say of the improved education of the lower classes, 'This is our work;' there is not, we venture to say, one of our readers who could not point to some clergyman in his own neighbourhood who has made heavy sacrifices, in the midst of indifference, to give the poor children of his parish the blessing of a sound teaching.

This great subject of education is treated of by Dr. Barry in 'The Church and the Age,' and by Mr. Alexander Grant in 'Principles at Stake,' in two of the most weighty of the essays before us. No two men have a greater right to speak with authority on the subject; Dr. Barry, besides his varied experience as an educator, has been foremost in bringing about a more equitable tone of thought on the great educational problems of the day; Mr. Grant adds to his experience as a School Inspector that of a country rector; rector, too, of a parish in which he found at work the truly liberal educational system of the late Professor Henslow. The essays differ rather in the extent of their range than in opinion. Mr. Grant confines himself to the discussion of primary education, and mainly of the respective advantages of the rating system on the one hand, and the voluntary system, supplemented from the consolidated fund, on the other. Dr. Barry includes in his survey the whole school-education of the country, and we do not think that we could refer our readers to any other work in which the educational wants of the day are stated, and their remedies discussed, so concisely, and with so much clearness, candour, and good sense. The essayists agree in repudiating the charge—generally brought by men who have not touched the educational
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burden with one of their fingers—that the clergy have stunted the education of the country for the sake of teaching ‘catechisms and Jewish genealogies;’ so far is this from being the case, that even clergymen who have declined State aid when coupled with conditions which seemed to hamper their teaching, have almost everywhere in practice adopted the principle of a conscience-clause in their schools. They agree also that the present denominational system, great as is the work which it has performed, and remarkable as is the voluntary energy which it has called forth, is still imperfect; that it gives to the rich and not to the poor; they agree that the present schools must form the basis of any universal system of national education, for to ignore the existing machinery, and establish uniform secular schools all over the country, would be a most improvident waste of resources, to say nothing of other objections; they agree in recommending a ‘Conscience-clause,’ a subject on which, even since Mr. Grant’s essay was written, the general opinion of the clergy has undergone almost a complete revolution, mainly in consequence of the exertions of such men as Dr. Barry and Mr. Grant himself; they agree in contemplating such a change in the administration of the education-grant as would enable it to reach those poor districts which are at present unaided by ‘My Lords’ of the Committee; and they agree in deprecating the rating system. With regard to the modification of the Procrustean system of the revised code, in accordance with the requirements of the several localities, Dr. Barry has no definite suggestion to offer. Mr. Grant suggests,* that as the great difficulty of small schools consists in securing the services of a certificated teacher, who requires nearly as high a salary in a small as in a large school, either grants should be made on an increased scale to small schools, or a fixed sum (instead of the attendance-payment) should be given to all schools in aid of the salary of a certificated teacher, or the condition of a certificate should be dispensed with. All these suggestions, however, have already been rendered to some extent obsolete by the introduction of the principle of local school-boards and local rating in the Government Bill. Dr. Barry, with a forecast of this scheme, thinks that, if rating for school purposes is to be introduced, it ‘would be possible, and certainly the wisest plan, to keep the power of rating as an *ultima ratio*, if within a given time no schools were created and maintained without it.’†

Of the kind of work which needs doing, and is, in fact, being done, by earnest-minded men of all parties in the overgrown and

* ‘Principles at Stake,’ p. 125.

† ‘The Church and the Age,’ p. 399.

neglected.

neglected parishes of London and the great towns, we have a most interesting account in Mr. Maclagan's essay on 'The Church and the People.' It is a sad fact, that multitudes are to be found in our crowded streets who never enter church or meeting-house; no public opinion urges them to some place of public worship; on the contrary, the public opinion of the working class is against it; the working-man who is 'saint' enough to be seen at church must be content to endure the jeers of his comrades. And who can wonder—of the Dissenting bodies we say nothing—that the genuine working-man is rarely found within the walls of a church? Who does not recognize the truth of Mr. Maclagan's picture of the average London church as it existed everywhere a generation back, as it exists still in some districts which do not consider themselves benighted? The cushioned pews with their exclusive occupants; the stately beadle warning off the *profanum vulgus*, i.e. the poor; the pew-opener inwardly calculating the probabilities of a sixpence; the open benches for the use of the poor ranged along the centre passage, or thrust into the furthest corner of the church; the service about as lively and reverent as the proceedings in the Court of Chancery, and about as much 'understood of the people,'—it is not by such means as these that the honest labouring man, or the thriving intelligent mechanic, is brought to church; these men not unnaturally prefer the park or the suburban tea-garden, or the day passed idly at home with the help of the neighbouring tavern. We do not mean to say that the unattractiveness of services is the sole cause of the absence of the working-men; there is among them a great amount of scepticism, which is not always the mere unreasoning materialism so tempting to those who live from hand to mouth; but it is evident that such churches as Mr. Maclagan describes must have tended to alienate a class by no means ready to accept the position of humble dependents, least of all in church.

But what is to be done? How are we to Christianize the navvies and costermongers, the mechanics and artisans? How are we to change the aspect of the squalid population of Lambeth, of Shoreditch, or Bethnal Green? This is a question not for the clergy only, but for the whole body of Englishmen who 'profess and call themselves Christians.' Whatever is to be done, it cannot be done by the clergy alone. Who does not feel how touching was the desire of our excellent Archbishop, as he lay sick upon his bed, that he might be spared to do something for the organization of the laity? Mr. Maclagan points out the necessity of having some organized work in which helpers may find their place whenever they are moved to offer themselves;
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too often such helpers are lost for want of a receptacle; we must carefully store the drops if we are ever to fill our empty cisterns. And it is an immense help to the workers to be members of a society animated by a common spirit, in which a closer bond of union is found than is possible in the general body of the Church. If a body of volunteers, banded together and disciplined, went forth against spiritual evil with the same vigour which has animated our rifle-corps, surely much might be done; and is this impossible? We hope not.

Mr. MacLagan's essay indicates pretty clearly the great change which has come over the minds of the most earnest of the clergy with regard to the kind of services which it is expedient to use in what is really missionary work in towns. When we are surrounded by thousands who never come to church, and to whom the ordinary services would be 'Hebrew-Greek' if they did, it is useless simply to ring the church-bell and put up a notice-board; we must, in some way, go out into the highways and hedges. In parishes of 15,000 people, or more, the clergy cannot do much by personal intercourse, but they can, in most cases, do a great deal by organized agencies; and it is no longer undignified for a clergyman to preach in the streets or to hold a prayer-meeting in a school-room. Services have, in most churches, been made shorter and more lively. 'Missions'—occasions, that is, in which all the means of good are set in operation with unusual force and frequency—have been employed with excellent effect in many parishes, under the guidance of clergymen of all parties; and if the Act of Uniformity has been something strained in the midst of all this varied activity—well, we do not think that any one very much regrets it, so long as it is only strained in the way of earnest work, not of ritual vagaries. To bring the words of truth to the ears of a neglected population is a matter of very much more importance than the observance of a rubric.

And if the old, dull, parson-and-clerk services are everywhere giving way to more lively and more hearty forms of worship, no less are the drab-coloured, pseudo-classical, high-pewed churches yielding place to buildings in which some attempt at least has been made to interest the mind and raise the thoughts by beauty of form and colour. Art is no longer supposed to be the foe of religion; aspirations crave for satisfaction which the last century seems scarcely to have felt; men wish to associate the noblest works of the architect, the sculptor, and the painter with the service of the sanctuary, as well as the poet and the musician. To all who are interested in religious art we commend Mr. R. St. John Tyrwhitt's thoughtful and very interesting essay
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on 'The Religious Use of Taste.'* There is, no doubt, as Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt has said, an honest dread of art in the minds of many good Protestants; for they regard the æsthetic developments of modern churches and ritual simply as baits to lure their young men and maidens Romeward. If this be so, there is, no doubt, good ground for saying hard things of art. But is this so? Does Rome indeed use *art* for a lure, or meretricious decoration to which the most charitable critic can hardly apply the term 'art'? The productions of such men as Cornelius and Overbeck are to real artistic works what prize poems are to poetry; correct, careful, sometimes even beautiful, but totally wanting in force and spontaneity. As to the attempts of modern Italians and their allies in this country to excite feelings of devotion by means of plaster and paint, crowns of stars, dead-golden hair, crimson hangings, and wooden-gilt glories, these are not likely to succeed with English Protestants; that cotton velvet and pink cherubs may have had an effect upon contadinas and lazzaroni is not unlikely, but the effect is probably much the same that would be produced by similar appliances in a theatre; these things are not art, nor are they compatible with the genius of the Church of England, which 'is at least silent on things unspeakable.' But look back through time: see the early Christians, in days of persecution, picturing the Good Shepherd on the walls of their catacombs, with no thought of worshipping the work of men's hands, but only of bringing the Master more vividly before their eyes. See, again, in the Middle Ages, the earnest devotion expressed in the saints of Angelico and Giotto and Francia: saints not set up to be worshipped, but represented as praying to their Lord, or going about their Master's business. Look on these things, and say whether we ought to resign the hope of a truly religious art, because in later times some of the greatest colourists painted saints like Venuses to display their own power, or because meretriciously-decorated saints are set up to be adored. Wesley was unwilling that Satan should have all the best tunes; we are equally unwilling that Satan should have all the best pictures. The artist wields a power for good as great as that of the poet or the orator; and the more artists remember that they are moral agents, spiritual beings, and not mere skilful machines, the better it will be for religion, and the better it will be for art. In Mr. Tyrwhitt's words, 'it is better for our sacred artist, whoever he is, to die following [the great religious artists of old] than to live doing genre for drawing-rooms; as much better for him, as Christian

* 'The Church and the Age,' pp. 127 ff.

teaching is better than sentimental play of fancy. And how better may it be for the rich patron to spend his abundance on fresco, which may bring out a noble workman in the doing, at itself, when done, appeal to Christian thought for centuries—teaching other workmen all the time—than to buy small pictures for his private gallery or his wife's boudoir? How far better. None of us will know until we see the harvest of men's deeds gathered in in the end. "Then shall every man have praise of God."

Church services and church decorations are changing in accordance with the needs and aspirations of the time; a true missionary work is going on in the midst of us. And meanwhile, that which we more commonly call missionary work, the task of carrying the Gospel to the heathen in foreign lands, does not slacken. The work which began under the auspices of Tenison and Compton, at the beginning of the 'teacup time' of Addison and Steele, still goes on; and if the American colonies, which first called for the foundation of the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,' have become a great Republic, itself a centre of missionary activity; we have still in our vast Indian empire, to say nothing of other dependencies, an ample field for the energies of the English Church in its missionary capacity. To the history of the present religious condition of India we have a most important contribution in the essay of Sir Bartle Frere on 'Indian Missions.' So able and candid an observer, with such admirable opportunities of information, has, we think, never before given the public an account of what he has actually seen and knows with regard to this matter. The essay is unique; and we hope we shall not be thought to undervalue the abundant information which we have received from missionaries, if we say that it is worth many reports of societies. It is so, because it is the work of a man who can look at the work of missions in a way that a missionary cannot. Sir Bartle Frere traces in vigorous outline the progress of missionary exertion in India, from the days when the old trading East India Company 'paid some cautious homage to the value of religious teaching,' always with a 'latent misgiving that too much thought of the things of another world was incompatible with due attention to the affairs of this,' to our own day when so many different agencies are actively engaged in spreading the Gospel. It is especially to be observed that Sir Bartle Frere, who contemplates the matter from the statesman's point of view, and who is no blind adherent of any religious party, presses most strongly the desirableness of the English Government in India frankly recognising Christianity as its religion. 'The godlike

godless state,' he tells us, 'a state which, in its corporate capacity, acknowledges no religion as its own, which deals with men as with the herds of lower animals, is, to the native of India generally, a fearful and unintelligible phenomenon.' 'No portion of the great Proclamation of 1858 struck the natives of India so much, or found so ready a response in their own feelings and ideas, as the passages in which the Queen expressed her attachment to her own religion, and her determination to secure perfect toleration in religious matters for all her subjects. The gracious words to which her Majesty then gave utterance have since become proverbial in India, and are habitually quoted by the natives as embodying the great fundamental principle of our rule.' Hence Sir Bartle Frere holds that the abolition of all State connexion with Christianity in India would be most detrimental, while it would be hardly less detrimental if the Government were to participate actively in *Missionary* work; it should proclaim frankly its own religion, but abstain from even the appearance of forcing it upon its subjects. In its proper sphere, it is evident that he takes the keenest interest in missionary enterprise; and no one who cares for the progress of the Gospel can fail to be interested in his sketch of the relation of the Hindoos and Mohammedans, of the new Brahmoism of Bengal, and of the vast communities—some forty millions in all—whose hereditary superstitions are neither Hindoo nor Mahomedan, to Christianity. His description of the general effect of a 'Padre's' teaching upon an ordinary village community has the force always found in the words of one who tells simply what he knows thoroughly.

What Sir B. Frere tells us of these ancient 'village communities' in India, the life of which we Europeans find so hard to realize, is highly important, both in a religious and a political point of view. He points out that these communities, with their well-defined code of laws and usages, possess a vitality unknown in any other form of society; it is in consequence of their indestructible vitality that civilization and order survive in India all shocks of political revolution, war, pestilence, and famine. And this village system, not of set purpose, but as one of the results of our organization, is being gradually but surely disintegrated by British rule. The constant presence of British authority, and that not in one, but often in many shapes, undermines the authority of the village Headman, and tends to loosen all the old bonds which have for centuries kept rural society together; and the preaching of Christianity, by removing the religious sanction on which many of the old laws rested, accelerates the process. The essayist regards the change as inevitable;

it depends upon forces which the Government cannot wholly control; all that we can hope for is that a new and better bond of union may be brought in, instead of those bonds which we displace.

A less pleasant phase of missionary work is found in the unfortunate Church in South Africa, to which Mr. Arthur Mills devotes an essay,* the calmness and good sense of which are in refreshing contrast to the many heated utterances which the Colenso case has called forth. Mr. Mills does not treat the theological question at all; the question which he proposes to himself is, what is the desirable solution of the difficulty which presents itself in South Africa, as to the status of bishops and clergy, in relation both to the parent Church and to the State? Is it well for colonial Churches, such as that of South Africa, to be independent communities, only connected with the Church in England and elsewhere by a somewhat vague bond of amity and intercommunion, and a deference to the metropolitan See of Canterbury, which would rest on no sanctions, and which would certainly be found ineffectual in times of excitement? Mr. Mills answers, that the recognition of the constitutional supremacy of the Crown, with all its disadvantages, is far better than 'the scandals of contested episcopal elections, and the endless jar of the various orders of self-constituted synods striving for the mastery.' No doubt, the maintenance of the present system involves the risk of unsuitable bishops being now and then sent out from home, but it secures that there shall be a fixed standard of doctrine and discipline, which otherwise, in small communities, might shift with every breath of the popular gale. We think that he answers wisely; and we strongly recommend all who wish to gain a clear conception of the actual status of the various colonial churches—a matter about which there is a great deal of misunderstanding—and of the questions really involved in the South-African discussion, to read Mr. Mills's valuable essay for themselves.

All these varied energies which we have traced in the Church of England have naturally produced a desire for an organization corresponding to the new forces. In the last generation, this desire seems to have been hardly felt; the episcopal visitation and charge, and the few societies for ecclesiastical or charitable objects, seem to have satisfied the aspirations after common action of clergy and laity alike in the 'good old times' of Sherlock and Secker. This is no longer the case; not only is a great interest felt in the proceedings of Convocation, but in

* 'Principles at Stake,' pp. 203 ff.

several dioceses Diocesan Synods have been revived, and we look for the autumnal 'Church Congress' as regularly as we do for the meeting of the British Association. This interesting question of Synods, involving as it does the discussion of the relation between Church and State, is treated by Dr. Irons with the learning, vigour, and grasp of principles which we are accustomed to expect from him. He traces for us the rise of the system of councils; first, the Christians of some town calling in their neighbours to deliberate with them on some point of difficulty; then, the great Emperor, half-converted, assembling the Christian bishops from all corners of the Empire, and giving the first example of an 'Œcumenical' Council for the settlement of the Faith; then the development of a system of Councils throughout Christendom; Diocesan, in which the priests of the diocese spoke and advised their bishop, and the laity were at least present; Provincial, when the bishops of a province assembled round their metropolitan for mutual counsel; and again, when a nation contained more than one province, National or 'General' Synods, convoked with the concurrence or by the authority of the monarch. Now in all these, Dr. Irons' remarks, questions of dogma have been decided by bishops alone, no other order exercising a direct influence; and in none do we find anything like selection or delegation; all the clergy of a diocese, all the bishops of a province, as the case might be, had an equal right to be present in a diocesan or provincial synod; such a 'malformation' as an English Convocation, Presbyters and Bishops meeting in separate chambers and voting apart, while the order of Presbyters is represented only by certain dignitaries and proctors, he cannot understand; the system of proctors, he declares, was probably first definitely introduced by the Arians at Ariminum; he does not, however, give his authority for this remarkable statement. Dr. Irons is quite clear that the spiritual synod of the future will bear no resemblance to Convocation; what will be its constitution he does not venture precisely to define; he is concerned rather with principles than practice. The business of synods in the future is rather to organize the faithful, than to busy themselves with dogmatic questions; there must be orderly conventions of the whole of the people in the Communion of the Church; and it would seem that it would accord with present instincts and habits if clergy and laity met together—the dioceses being small—none being forbidden; such conventions might prepare business to be transacted for the common good in ecclesiastical synods, and transact many of the temporal matters which are inseparable from the organization of a Church, even when the Church is not established.

It

It may be, as Dr. Irons says, that a 'glorious field of Christian work lies before the primary Conventions, the Provincial and Diocesan Synods, of a Free Church in the coming days;' yet we echo his doubt, 'is civil society ready for the changes thus shadowed forth?'

When we pass from Dr. Irons to Professor Montagu Burrows, who has also treated of the synodical action of the Church, we pass from fathers and councils to pamphlets and reports, from the theologian and canonist to the organizer of meetings and congresses. Dr. Irons, though he sympathizes with the movements of this 'wondrous mother age,' has evidently formed his mind by the study of schoolmen and legists, while the Professor is redolent of the nineteenth century. Nor do they differ only in tone; for while the divine utterly repudiates the principle of representation, the layman makes it the very corner-stone of his system. But, in spite of this, the end which they have in view is the same, to make all the members of the Church, lay and clerical, conscious of their common life, and to provide them with a fit organization for the expression of their will; and both, we think, contemplate a condition of disestablishment, rather than such a connexion of Church and State as at present exists in England. They possess, therefore, rather a speculative than a practical interest. The principle which Professor Burrows lays down, after Bishop Moberly, that the 'spirit-bearing body' is the Church entire, not any class or rank of persons within it, is no doubt thoroughly sound; it is a principle which has been too much kept in abeyance, and which is destined to bear much fruit in the future; but what shape that fruit will take we cannot at present predict.

Happy should we be if, in our survey of the movements at present existing in the Church of England, we had but to notice the higher standard of the parish Priest, the efforts made for the education of the people, the greater variety and earnestness of services, the constant extension of missionary work, the effort to make art really subservient to the highest ends; but there is a less favourable side. The works before us bear the impress not only of the activity, but also of the divisions of the age. The old Church parties, parties found in some shape or other in almost every age of the Church, still remain, and have taken of late years peculiar forms.* In particular, we have lately had a remarkable development among us of the school which calls itself 'Catholic,' but is called by its opponents 'Ritualistic;' a school which

* An admirable description of the present condition of Church Parties, with their excellencies and their faults, may be found in Dean Howson's essay on 'Parties and Party-Spirit,' in 'Principles at Stake.'

'would

'would set aside our old divines as having gone too far for truth and not far enough for logic, and wishes to undo the Reformation as a mistake that halted untenably between two positions, and which, in point of fact ought doctrinally to be effaced.'* This last school has awakened the keenest animosity in the minds of the Evangelical and Anglican members of the Church of England; its earnestness, both in devotion and in working, is not denied; but it is felt that its characteristic tenets and practice have no support in Scripture or in the authorized formularies of the English Church, while they undoubtedly tend to alienate the great mass of lay Englishmen, upon whose support the very existence of the establishment must ultimately depend. There can be no doubt, that to many of our most earnest churchmen, the so-called Ritualists present the appearance of Romish partisans in the midst of a community which has always protested against Romish claims. The popular dislike of Rome has, it is true, gone beyond what is actually expressed in Anglican formularies, but, looking at the matter as calmly as we can, there still seems to be a flagrant contradiction between the articles and services of the Church and some of the most prominent tenets of the 'Catholic' party. And this appearance of unfaithfulness to engagements is so abhorred by Englishmen, that we cannot wonder at the opposition which has arisen against Ritualism, not only among vestry-orators, but among men of learning, candour, and ability; when such men as Dean Howson, Professors Payne Smith and Salmon, Mr. Humphry, Mr. Bernard, Mr. G. H. Sumner, Mr. Haddan, Mr. Sadler, and Mr. Benjamin Shaw, join in condemning the doctrinal and ritualistic excesses of this small but active party, we may be sure that the mind of the English Church is deeply stirred, and stirred not without good reason.

The crisis at which we have now arrived is indeed a strange one. Forty years ago, or even more recently than that, there was probably not one single member of the Church of England who would have affirmed that the consecration of the elements in the Holy Eucharist was the means of bringing before us, on the altar, an object of worship; now, this dogma is the very cornerstone of the Ritualistic edifice in doctrine and practice. This dogma our essayists, though regarding the subject from very different points of view, agree in repudiating; it is not to be found in Scripture, in ancient liturgies, in the liturgy of the English Church, or in the works of the Anglican fathers. A generation back, no one would have doubted for an instant that a man who held the doctrine that the presence of Christ in the

* Mr. Haddan, in 'The Church and the Age,' p. 237.

elements was such as to be adored, must at once leave the Church of England and join that of Rome. We have changed all that, whether for the better may perhaps be doubted; what is unhappily certain is, that the Church is injured by the distrust and annoyance which the presence of this party among us occasions.

On another doctrine, which has been brought into prominence by recent developments, there is less unanimity. The doctrine that an actual sacrifice takes place in the Eucharist, is absent from the pages of the greatest among our English divines, whether of the Reforming or the Caroline age; it is elaborately defended by John Johnson, in his confused and unsatisfactory treatise on the 'Unbloody Sacrifice,' and less prominently by others of some note; but, on the whole, it has never taken root among us. We have been content to regard the Eucharist simply as the memorial of the Death of Christ, and the means of receiving the benefits of His Passion. Of late years, however, this doctrine of Sacrifice has laid hold of the minds of many who are neither unlearned nor light-minded. Mr. Haddan seems to accept it; Mr. Sadler devotes to it a considerable portion of his learned and interesting essay on 'Liturgies and Ritual.*' Mr. Sadler's words are always of weight, yet here he seems to fall below his usual clearness and cogency. He admits that in the New Testament no directly sacrificial language is applied to the Eucharist;† he admits that, in the sense in which the word sacrifice is used in the Old Testament—we may add, in Gentile writers—there is no actual sacrifice whatsoever in the Eucharist. He says, truly and forcibly, 'celebrate the Eucharist as we will, we cannot make it in the remotest degree to resemble any of the things which ordinary Englishmen, taught by their Bibles, call sacrifices.' The inference seems irresistible. If the word 'sacrifice' is never applied to the Eucharist in the New Testament; if, when applied to the Eucharist in modern times, it inevitably jars on the feelings of ordinary Englishmen—that is, of ninety-nine hundredths of the people most concerned in the matter—we ought most carefully

* In 'The Church and the Age,' pp. 263-314.

† We cannot help expressing our surprise that so able a biblical scholar as Mr. Sadler should refer the 'altar' (*θυσιαστήριον*) of Heb. xiii. 10 to the Lord's Table, against the opinion of such men as Thomas Aquinas and Estius, to say nothing of almost the whole body of Protestant commentators. See Canon Bernard's note ('Principles,' p. 186), and Dean Howson's (*ib.*, p. 373). And we are even more surprised, when he takes, as a matter admitting no question, the 'tables of devils' to be *altars*. Surely there can be no more groundless supposition. The word *κατακείμενον*, in 1 Cor. xiii. 10, leaves scarcely a doubt that a sacrificial feast was celebrated in the ordinary manner at an ordinary table. Again, he says (p. 276): 'Ignatius speaks several times of the Lord's Table as an altar'; we think that if he will consult Professor Lightfoot's Comment on the Epistle to the Philippians (p. 263, n. 2, second edition), he will be led to doubt this, as well as his interpretation of Heb. xiii. 10.

to avoid such an application of the term. Every essential doctrine can be taught without it, for the New Testament is, in point of fact, without it; then why use it gratuitously, to the confusion of the unlearned? This seems to have been the view of those who drew up the present service, for they have most carefully avoided applying the word 'sacrifice,' or any equivalent term, to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and with equal care obliterated every trace of an oblation following Consecration. No one who has read Mr. Humphry's careful paper on 'The Revisions of the Liturgy' in 'Principles at Stake,' can, we think, doubt this. Equally significant is the absence of any sacrificial doctrine from the Catechism and the Articles. But Mr. Sadler approaches the subject from a different point of view; he finds sacrificial terms constantly applied in ancient liturgies to the Eucharist, and therefore he casts about for some sense of the word 'sacrifice,' in which it may be used innocently; and to this end he defines the word 'sacrifice' as equivalent to 'a memorial before God.' Now, granting that the Eucharist is such a memorial, it by no means follows that it should be called a 'sacrifice.' A sacrifice may have been in some cases a memorial, but it is by no means true that every memorial is a sacrifice; the shew-bread was such a memorial (Lev. xxiv. 7, 8, LXX.), yet the setting forth of the loaves is never called a sacrifice, nor the table of shew-bread an altar. Even if we admit—what most Protestants would deny—that the consecrated elements are set forth before the Lord in the same sense as the shew-bread, there is still no reason for using the ambiguous, and, to many persons, highly offensive term 'sacrifice.' We by no means contend that English clergymen are not at liberty to regard the Eucharist as a sacrificial act; but if they do so, they must be prepared to have their teaching constantly misunderstood, and to be reproached with introducing a conception foreign to the English Communion Office. It is impossible to thrust the sacrificial conception into a service deliberately intended to embody commemoration and communion, not sacrifice.

Mr. Sadler's account of the characteristics of various ancient liturgies is done with much care and discrimination, and what he says of the properly *Ritualistic* aspect of the Eucharistic question—the lights, incense, and vestments—is thoroughly sound and sensible. But one of the ablest contributions to the discussion of this subject which we have met with is Canon Bernard's admirable essay on 'Scripture and Ritual' in 'Principles at Stake.' Every one who is acquainted with the ordinary books of the Neo-Catholics on ritual, must have been struck with their strange use of the Old Testament and of the Apocalypse. On these

these points Canon Bernard meets them fairly, and lays down, it seems to us, the true principles on which the development of Christian worship, in its various forms, must rest. There is no ritual in the New Testament. We need not imitate Jewish forms; let us make worship expressive of the highest Christian aspiration, and surround it with decent and beautiful ceremonial—not everywhere the same, but varied according to the needs of the several congregations. Uniformity in such matters is far from being a blessing, though it is evident that, for the sake of peace in parishes, some limit must be set to the vagaries of individual clergymen.

It must now be evident, we think, how little has been accomplished for the suppression of the so-called Ritualism by prosecutions directed against such matters as incense, lights, and genuflections. To attempt to repress the outward symptoms, while the disease itself remains as virulent as ever, is surely not sound practice. Cure the disease, and the symptoms will cease of themselves; suppress the doctrine, and the rites which are supposed to symbolize it will cease of themselves, or cease to have any significance. At present, a thorough-going Ritualist is a Proteus whom you cannot chain: forbid him lights on the altar, he places them as near as the law will allow; forbid him to 'cense persons or things,' he burns his incense in a stationary vessel; forbid him to kneel at a particular point of the service, he brings his knee within an inch of the ground, which he takes care not to touch; if he were forbidden vestments, he would no doubt twist his hood into some resemblance to a chasuble. And all the while such a man gives himself the airs of a martyr—a martyr with a turn for legal quibbling. Vestments and the like are accessories of worship, not the essence, and of this the Neo-Catholic party are perfectly aware. The man who, when he puts on a decorated travestie of the garb of old Rome, fancies that he is induing himself with 'sacrificial vestments,' is no doubt extremely foolish; but he is not so foolish as to suppose that he cannot 'sacrifice' in surplice and hood. A decision against the doctrine held by such men as Mr. W. J. E. Bennett, might perhaps have the effect of driving some earnest and hard-working, however mistaken, clergymen from the ministry of the Church of England; but the permanent healing of the sore is to be looked for in that revulsion of thought which has, we think, already begun. England is in the main, as Dr. Newman has more than once told us, thoroughly Protestant.

The root of the matter is reached by Professor Payne Smith, in his remarkable essay on the 'Powers and Duties of the Priesthood' *

* In 'Principles at Stake,' pp. 63-108.

—an essay which we recommend to the serious consideration of all who take an interest in the great ecclesiastical questions of the day. Is the priest divinely commissioned to renew or reproduce the sacrifice of Christ—to receive confessions and to forgive sins; or is he simply the teacher of the Word—the minister of the Sacraments? This is the question which lies at the root of all controversies on the subject of sacramental grace; and until general opinion within the Church has come to some kind of agreement on this point, the Church will be restless and ill at ease. We think that this able essay will very much assist in bringing before men's minds the questions which they must ultimately face.

But this is not all. The Ritualistic movement—important as it is—is but a small matter compared with certain tendencies of thought, which, if less noisy and obtrusive, are, in the opinion of many competent observers, much more powerful and deadly. These tendencies are the subject of Bishop Ellicott's highly important essay on 'The Course and Direction of Modern Religious Thought.' The Bishop takes us back some forty years, to the time when 'sober thinkers were beginning to realise that the Church of England was something more than a religious community bound together by thirty-nine ties of greater or less elasticity, and our liturgy something more than the fifth edition of a mid-sixteenth century document;' when the 'corporate life of the Church,' in union with the Head, was felt to be the needed teaching for the times, which was readily embraced by thousands. The first and most obvious tendency of this movement was to promote the study of the Primitive Fathers; but the eager interest excited by the discussion of vital questions in theology led ultimately to the formation of a new school of Scripture interpretation and to renewed enquiry into the nature of biblical inspiration. The most remarkable product of the school of Free Thought is found in the well-known 'Essays and Reviews,' the general tendency of which volume was 'opposed to the prevailing theories of inspiration, and to the finality of the authority of Scripture in matters of faith and practice. The authoritative was to give way to the intuitive, or at least to be powerfully modified by it.' And this book found a large acceptance; 'every intelligent reader felt his intellectuality delicately flattered;' it 'focussed the yet unconcentrated thoughts that had been slowly manifesting themselves' during several years. And contemporaneously with this renewed enquiry into the nature and office of the Bible, a quiet current of thought has been silently sweeping away much of the popular theology on the cardinal subject of the Atonement; we now seldom

seldom hear those 'shocking descriptions' in which the Lord's sufferings were made a ground of selfish complacency; the theology of 'gloom and wrath' has yielded to the attacks made upon it, and no very definite theory has taken its place. And again, the great questions as to the fate of those who are outside the visible Church of Christ, and as to the nature of eternal punishment, have assumed new prominence in modern teaching. More important still, questions are stirred relating to the Divinity of our Lord and Master which touch the very life of Christianity; we find only too frequently in the literature of our time 'lowered views of our Lord's life and works;' an indisposition, in fact, to recognize more than a beautiful and exalted human nature in Christ.

Now, we might perhaps cavil at one or two points in this representation; in particular, we think that the Bishop has not sufficiently discriminated between the yearning of earnest Christians for something better than the vague and blurred outlines of popular Christology, and the reluctance of some men of the world and men of science to acknowledge the Divinity in the Man. But, on the whole, there can be no doubt that he has fairly sketched the present tendencies of religious thought; it is true that the most vital questions are stirred, and that there is a general uneasiness and unsettlement of thought. Then, what has he to tell us of the causes and the cure of our malady?

In brief, he thinks that our unrest is occasioned mainly by the fact that the religious thought of the day is cramped by a theology which no longer answers to its needs; the forms which were adequate for the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries fail to satisfy the nineteenth; we have outgrown them; the age which has known Kant, and Hegel, and Schelling—even if it has known only to reject—cannot, if it would, be satisfied with theories belonging mainly to the transition period which lies between Occam and Descartes; the Thirty-nine Articles, excellently adapted as they were for their original purpose, have exercised a distorting influence on English theology. But on this point we prefer that the Bishop should speak for himself:—

'The truth is, we have far too much neglected the study of systematic theology in this country. Our two really great dogmatic works—those connected with the honoured names of Pearson and Jackson—show clearly enough what English learning, and especially what English moderation and good sense, can do in this difficult province of theology; but neither of these great works can be considered sufficient for the necessities of our own times. What we have had since their time have been treatises on the Articles of the Church, of more

or

or less merit and usefulness; but, in the first place, the writers of these treatises have had no knowledge whatever of speculative philosophy, and have rarely, if ever, touched upon the difficulties felt by modern thinkers; and, in the second place, there has been no attempt even so to re-arrange the Articles and the comments on them as to preserve something like an orderly and systematic development of Christian doctrine. The truth is, our Thirty-nine Articles, as the Patriarch of Constantinople has but lately felt, cannot be considered as a carefully-constructed Confession of Faith. They never professed to be so. They are Articles of singular wisdom and moderation, specially designed to conciliate and to adjudicate; but to use them as they have been used, both by writers and students, as a sort of body of divinity when, as our Oriental critic justly observes, they leave almost untouched several momentous subjects, is simply to misuse them, and to expose them to much of the undeserved contempt with which they have been treated by modern religionists. A true and intelligent system of Christian dogmatics would follow the line of doctrinal connexion marked out in the Nicene Creed (the most scientific of our Continental theologians have returned back again to the relations and ramifications of the old paths), and would place our Articles in the proper positions, which such a course would prescribe.*

With these weighty words of Bishop Ellicott, keen to discern the signs of the times, we altogether agree: the theology of the Articles, taken alone, is imperfect and ill-proportioned, while the Nicene Creed embodies the great, old, ever-new truths of Revelation in the noblest form. The age of Athanasius, of Basil, of the Gregories, of Chrysostom, an age when the most active and important portion of the Church still spoke the language of the Gospels, and had a more vivid sense of the continuity of Christian life—in Antioch for instance—than was possible for mediæval thinkers; an age exercised by philosophic and theosophic speculations not altogether alien from our own; this age is really more in harmony with our own time than that of Luther and Calvin. There must be—as the Bishop well says—a speculative theology of some kind; for speculation is, after all, but the effort to feel out the links which connect great truths, to set forth their sequence, to answer more fully the questions suggested by our own widening experiences or the drift of the times in which we live; we have to ask ourselves of what kind this speculation shall be; whether the theology of a transition period, like that of the Reformation, when the new wine was fermenting in the old bottles of scholastic terminology; or a theology answering to the needs of this inquiring and receptive nineteenth century. We cannot help thinking that many who are repelled by the violence of Luther, or the clear systematizing

* 'The Church and the Age,' pp. 75, 76.

of Calvin, would find much that answers to their needs in Athanasius and Chrysostom.

And again, the Bishop points out that without *sympathy* nothing can be done to win those who are alienated from us; he has no respect for that tone of thought which regards those who differ from us on vital points as too wicked to be reasoned with: he discovers in the time in which we live a great willingness to give an attentive hearing to the cardinal positions of the Nicene Faith, if urged without 'sacerdotal dogmatism;' and a great warmth and energy of practical Christian life. The stream of modern religious thought runs clearer than it did a generation back; the tone of religious doubt and difficulty is more reverent and more tolerant, the morality that is popularly advocated more evangelical; there is a large and increasing class of earnest men, who with acute perceptions and cultivated minds, are seeking some solution of the inscrutable problems which present themselves. 'The three old and ever-recurring questions, Whence? Why? Whither?' occupy men's minds, and predispose them to give a more respectful attention to the old answers of Scripture and experience. Men in this state are impressed by the spectacle of the earnest and self-denying labours of Christians in and for their faith. 'The evident sincerity, the unflinching self-denial, the absence of all mere partisan zeal, which have marked Christian labour, especially in our great cities, have manifestly in these latter days, as in the early ages of Christianity, led many to pause, and to inquire whether there must not be deep truth in a message so earnestly and so faithfully delivered.' Disinterestedness and self-forgetting work are now, as they have ever been, the great forces by which Christianity is spread.

Now, when we contemplate as a whole all this renewed life, this varied activity in the Church, and the force and subtlety of opposing forces, what are we say? Are we to say, as some have said, that all these multifarious energies in the Church are but as a feverish spasm, and that the Church is indeed feeble and tottering, and ready to vanish away? Let us see what impression the present state of religion in England made upon Sir Bartle Frere, surely a competent and unprejudiced observer:—

'But to one who returns after a long absence from England, and anxiously looks for the signs of permanent growth or decay, there appears much more ground for hope than misgiving. If population in England has greatly increased, and if luxury, poverty, and many forms of vice have increased with it, the net balance seems far from unfavourable to vital religion. Churches, pastors, services, and all means of grace connected with the Established Church, have increased
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in far greater ratio than the population. If there are more men who are sceptical on many points of great, it may be of vital, importance, there seem fewer in a state of pure formalism, of virtual heathenism, and of practical unbelief. If increasing numbers claim to regulate their own conduct and belief by no other rule than that which their own consciences approve, there also appears a vast increase in the proportion of those who seek to enlighten their consciences by personal prayer and communion with the Almighty, by earnest study of His Word, and by habitual reference to those few and simple articles of belief which formed the staple of the teaching by the Sea of Galilee, and of apostolic preaching from St. Paul's at Damascus to St. John's in Patmos, and regarding which universal Christendom, as distinguished from other religions, has hitherto been at one.*

We think we need not despair of the future of Christianity or of the Church of England. The Bishop is hopeful; the statesman is hopeful; both see in the vigour of Christian life and effort which characterizes the present day a most propitious augury for the future. True, the divisions that exist among us are not without danger; it would be well if our countrymen would ponder well Dean Howson's calm and candid words on 'Parties and Party Spirit,' and Dr. Weir's on 'Conciliation and Comprehension;'[†] but, after all, controversy is an indication of life; the most fatal disease which can attack a Church is not controversy, but deadness and indifference. Men contend for what they regard as vital truth; when there are no truths which men regard as vital; when their eyes no longer distinguish black from white, but see only one dull grey everywhere; then controversy ceases, and zeal, energy, and morality cease with it. It cannot be doubtful that the present age will profoundly modify both the theology and the constitution of the Church; but in the midst of all change the great central truths of Revelation and the cardinal principles of Apostolic order will remain unshaken.

ART. III.—*Lothair*. By the Right Honourable B. Disraeli. London. 3 vols. 1870.

LOTHAIR was a handsome young English lord, a marquis, we imagine, though we are not sure of the fact, of enormous wealth and wide landed possessions; left an orphan, with scarcely a relation in the world, under the care of two guardians. Even this forlorn condition was rendered still more dreary by the fact that the guardians quarrelled over their ward. The one,

* 'The Church and the Age,' p. 340.

† *Ib.* p. 467.

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Lord Culloden, was a stern Scotch Presbyterian peer, who hated anything ritualistic, and abhorred the idolatry of Rome. The other, Cardinal Grandison, had gone over from the Anglican to the Roman Catholic faith, and thus intensified the quarrel. For a long time neither had seen the young nobleman, who was within a year of being of age when we first make his acquaintance. But their place, so far as business was concerned, was admirably filled by Mr. Putney Giles, Lothair's family solicitor, a man of such capacity and contrivance that, we say at once, if it be ever our hard fate to die at an early age, and leave our only son a marquis with fabulous wealth, we shall make it a point, before we leave this wicked world, to find out Mr. Putney Giles, or some one exactly like him, so that he may fill to our heir the same position which he filled so admirably for Lothair. Nay, we are not at all sure that we shall not make him solicitor and guardian in one, and thus save our child the dangers which must ever beset a ward whose guardians are so jealous of one another, that they can fulfil few of their duties to the being they were created to cherish and protect.

At the time when we first know him, Lothair was at Christ Church, to which favoured school of learning and larking he had been sent by a decree of the Lord Chancellor, in spite of his uncle and guardian, Lord Culloden. There he had learned to love Bertram, the eldest son of a duke, who, as we are never told what his dukedom was, we must call the Duke of Dash. In due time he is invited to Brentham, one of the duke's palatial abodes, and there it is that we first catch sight of our hero. The duchess had been his mother's friend, and, of course, takes some interest in him, though she had never seen him but once since his birth. She is naturally curious as to what he may be like, this desolate nobleman, who, from the fabulous extent of his possessions, we are almost inclined to call throughout the story the Marquis of Carabas. The verdict of the ladies after Lothair has made his first 'reverence of ceremony,' or, in vulgar English, made his first bow, is very much in his favour; they think him good-looking, and 'not at all shy.' In the latter part of this opinion we quite agree, for Lothair had not been more than a day or two at Brentham, when he took the duchess on one side and boldly proposed for the hand of the Lady Corisande, a daughter of the house, who had not yet been presented. At the same time Lothair informs the duchess of his desire that his father and mother-in-law should allow him to live with his bride at Brentham, where it was so delightful; and, when they were tired of living there, they should all move off to one of his palaces and live with him. At the same time he tells her that
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he is full of philanthropy, and is ready to build at once thousands of cottages for the labourers on his estates. Whether the duchess thought Lothair might get tired of living with his father and mother-in-law, as we are sorry to say is the wicked habit of most men, or whether she fancied they would get tired of living with this unfledged philanthropist, we cannot say. The fact was that she, like a dear prudent mother, told the suitor that the Lady Corisande was too young, that they had neither of them seen anything of the world, and so could not know their own minds. More than this, she forbade him to mention the matter to her daughter; an injunction which Lothair, with a docility and power of self-restraint which at once made him distinguished in our eyes, actually obeyed. So all ye young men and lovers, who are forbidden by mamma to breathe another word of love to her daughter, or to ask her opinion after you have spoken to her parents, follow Lothair as your model, and be content to give up, as he did, perhaps for ever, the object of your affections.

This, so far as we can gather, was about a year before Lothair came of age. That event was, of course, an object of the greatest interest, not only to Lothair himself, but to his guardians, and most of all, perhaps, to Mr. Putney Giles, his solicitor. After Brentham the scene passes to London, when Lothair is within eight months of his majority, and in London we are introduced to Cardinal Grandison, and several other ecclesiastics, Monsignori, and priests, who are the satellites of that great Papistical luminary, and revolve in rather a bewildering way round his person; so that, in fact, they are as perplexing to an ordinary observer as Jupiter's moons or Saturn's luminous ring. The cardinal lives in a mansion in Hexham Square, full of clerks and clergy; he is up to the eyes in business of the Church; but as soon as Mr. Putney Giles is announced he has time for him, and is ready to receive a statement of the guardianship accounts. Those estates, stretching from county to county, and from kingdom to kingdom, those woods and fields, and ports and rivers, were evidently as much an object of interest to the cardinal as Lothair himself. He expresses a wish to see his ward, from whom, by the quarrel with Lord Culloden, that Scotch guardian-in-the-manger, who would neither see his ward himself, nor let his rival see him, he had been so long estranged. Mr. Putney Giles was equal to the occasion. Lothair was going to have the great condescension to dine with him and Mrs. Putney Giles that very day; would his Eminence be of the party? There was only one objection to this, and one which, from our experience of cardinals, we should have thought a vain one—the cardinal never dined. His own account of himself was that he

never even ate or drank—but, as he must have lived on something, we believe his diet was biscuits and soda-water—but he would come in the evening. If you wish to know how it was that a marquis like Lothair dined with such a low-lived person as his solicitor, we must tell you that Lothair had been led to visit his lawyer that very day, and for a very legitimate purpose, seeing that he had some expectations. He wanted to borrow some money, not for himself, however, but for a friend. He had, in fact, exceeded his ample allowance, and put himself under what he called an everlasting obligation to Mr. Putney Giles, by accepting a loan from that gentleman. 'How can I ever repay you?' was his question. 'By dining with me and Mrs. Putney Giles,' was the answer; and that was how such a swell as Lothair went to dine with such a snob as Mr. Putney Giles. You must remember, though, that Mr. Giles is not called a 'snob' by name. Far from it. It is only left to be inferred that it is such an unusual occurrence in the lives of our golden youth to dine with their family solicitor, that it is absolutely necessary to borrow money from him before he can attain to that honour. Our experience of life, we must confess it, is very different. We have known many lords who would only have been too happy both to borrow from their solicitor and to dine with him every day; but, then, they were not Lothairs, nor were their solicitors Mr. Putney Giles.

Be that as it may, Lothair dined that day with Mrs. Putney Giles, and met very good company. Both his host and hostess were radiant with happiness. One would have thought that to have a Marquis for their guest at dinner, and to receive a Cardinal in the evening was the end and object of all existence. When the dinner was over the Cardinal came. He was treated, we are bound to say, much more properly than is the ordinary lot of Lions. His only object was to see Lothair, and he saw him, and had a long talk with him in a back room, while the crowd of receptionists actually stood aloof, and did not throng round them to stare at a live Lord and a real Cardinal. After his object was attained, and he had made acquaintance with his ward, the Cardinal, as we think very unhandsomely, retired by a back door, perhaps by the back stairs, and fled the mansion of Mr. Putney Giles. Nor did Lothair remain much longer. He stayed behind only to fall into the clutches of a parasite, who fastened on him with the true instinct of that inferior animal, and sadly interrupted a reverie into which Lothair was falling on a lovely female face which had caught his eyes among the visitors of Mrs. Putney Giles.

When the ascetic Cardinal left the abode of Mrs. Putney Giles,

Giles, he betook himself to the palatial residence of Lady St. Jerome, a charming woman of his own persuasion, whose gushing and enthusiastic nature was ever ready to secure a convert to the true faith by any means, for with her as with many others like her, Protestant as well as Catholic, the end always justifies the means. The end of these conspirators, the Cardinal, Lady St. Jerome, Monsignori Berwick and Catesby, Father Coleman, and others, was the conversion of Lothair to the Roman Catholic Faith. The fine intellect of the Cardinal had perhaps often dwelt on the good that he might do, if he could bring this strayed sheep with all its golden fleece into the true fold. Until he had known Lothair personally, and seen him face to face, this was a mere idle speculation, a dream of great gain to the Church; but the sight of his ward gave life to his hopes and fancies, and he determined that the attempt should be made. We are wrong perhaps in calling this band of Roman Catholics conspirators at the outset, but whatever they might have been at first, the nature and instinct of Popery soon showed themselves, and as the lion's cub returns to blood and rapine, so all these pious catlike ecclesiastics and devout women were soon bent on one object alone, the reconciliation of Lothair to the church of his forefathers, and the appropriation of his property to the use of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. For this purpose he was introduced to Lady St. Jerome, and her lovely niece, Miss Arundel, a young lady with violet eyes, and a most mysterious heart. To her other charms for Lothair she added this, that she was his distant cousin, and though thus distant was, after Lord Culloden, almost his nearest relation. It was in Lent that this introduction took place, and that Easter Lothair spent at Vauxe, the seat of Lord St. Jerome, a noble mansion, which those who think it necessary to give a name and place to every house and person in the book, believe they have found at Knowle the ancient seat of the Sackvilles. There the conspirators brought all their artillery to bear on their victim. He was talked to, prayed for, preached at, and sung to. The Cardinal took long walks with him, and deplored that he a being so gifted and of such promise should be without the pale of the true Church. Monsignor Catesby, himself nobly born—in fact, except the grooms and boxkeepers and a dog, there is scarcely a character in the book that is not noble—was ever ready to offer his advice, and Miss Arundel directed his attention to ecclesiastical art. He was admitted to the dread and dreary services in *tenebris*, with which the Church of Rome renders the gloomy period of Passion Week still more dismal and distressing. The impressionable Lothair was deeply touched. He even ad-

mitted that he had hitherto lived without religion, though he hesitated to own that peace was to be found where the Cardinal and his crew declared it alone existed on earth. He went so far, however, as to announce his intention of building a Cathedral, of course, for the Roman Catholics, and if he had only been a reality instead of the hero of a Novel, we might by this time have actually seen in London what our Scottish brethren in nationality but not in religion affirm is the last touch wanting to be added to the mark of the Beast in this Metropolis, a Roman Catholic Cathedral in a central spot.

Alas! that Cathedral never got any further than its plans. After Lothair returned to town from Vauxe, he was carefully watched by the Cardinal and Monsignor Catesby; he was often at the St. Jeromes', and almost in love with Miss Arundel. So far as one can see he must have fallen a victim to the conspirators, for even a tremendous ball at Crecy House, the Palace in which the Duke of Dash lived in town, had no lasting effect on him. There he saw the Lady Corisande more lovely than ever and danced with her, but we doubt if after all he would not have been perverted had not a very strange thing happened to him, and yet when we think of it by the light of every-day experience, not so strange after all. Lothair would have gone over to the Church of Rome, if he had not fallen in love with another man's wife. This is how it happened. He had made up his mind to leave Oxford. His friend Bertram Dash was going into Parliament, and going 'down,' and as for Lothair his ecclesiastical ideas had outgrown the place. The Tyber rather than the Isis was now the river of his choice. But he with his enormous wealth had, of course, a stud of horses near Oxford and a drag, though he was not allowed to drive it in the High Street. Something had occurred in his stable, and he had to go down for the day to Oxford. Near that city he finds two strangers in a difficulty from an accident, a man and his wife. Colonel Campian and the divine Theodora. He had seen that 'Olympian brow and Phidian face' before. It was the beautiful subject of the reverie which the Parasite disturbed at the reception of Mrs. Putney Giles. Lothair played the part of a lordly Samaritan, assisted them in their distress, put them into his carriage, stayed with them at Oxford, and went to Blenheim with them, having as his companion that unhappy parasitical Oxford Professor with whom Mr. Goldwin Smith in one of his attacks of moral nettlerash, has so opportunely identified himself. It does not appear that Lothair was much impressed either with the learning or the manners of the Professor. We know, in fact, that he thought him rather a bore, and for a very good reason. When a young man in real life no less

less than in novel life is falling fast in love with a fair lady, there is nothing that he dislikes so much as being harangued and lectured. All the Professors on earth would not add one atom to the happiness of a man in such a position. What he desires is something that unhappily they have not always the tact to grant. He desires their room rather than their company, and this no doubt was the reason why he was savage with the Professor who came between him and the object of his affections.

Was Theodora really 'divine'? Was she worthy of those affections? Theodora was one of those beings against whom the impure in spirit scoff, because they are incapable of understanding them. She was of no particular religion. She was a religion to herself. She was above all praise. Fame had no charms for her. Regular meals were her abomination. Strawberries and cream by moonlight, or ripe fruit on a green bank by day, after the fashion of our first parents in Paradise, were the only things she cared for in the way of food. On one thing alone her heart was set—the deliverance of her native city from the tyranny of the Pope. She was Roman born, and her father and brothers had fallen in the sacred cause. She loved music, and when she sang she filled all hearts with joy or grief or passion, as her theme might be. Yet she seemed above all passion. All men were ready to make love to her only they did not dare, and all women adored her—married women and young alike—for they all felt, the first that with Theodora there was no fear of losing their husbands; the last that with Theodora, so far as Theodora was concerned, their lovers were safe.

—We all see now why Theodora comes into the story. Here was Lothair half converted to Rome and half in love with Clare Arundel, and her violet eyes and her mysterious nunlike nature. She hung trembling in the balance whether she would be any man's wife or the bride of One, whom even to name was irreverence. There he stood watched at every moment of the day by Monsignor Catesby, and lectured almost out of his seven senses by the Cardinal, without a friend in the world, till this 'divine' woman came and plucked him back from the abyss. Of what avail was it for the purposes of the conspirators that Lothair had promised to attend a particular function of the Church, on which they hoped to be able to found a paragraph in the papers that all that wealth and all those titles were about to return to Rome. True he had promised, but had not Romanists been known to break their word; and why, when Theodora was in the case, should he not break his? But whether he should or he should not, he did break it, and went down to Belmont, a villa near Twickenham, to make love to Theodora,

Theodora, leaving the Cardinal and the conspirators to celebrate their function by themselves. To make love to Theodora—let us rather say to try to make love to her, for little came of his love-making with that noble nature. She held him fast indeed by the magic of her charms, by her pure mind, firm will, matchless grace, and glorious beauty. He was at her feet and she raised him up. Raised him not into the wretched position of the lover of another man's wife, but into the dignity of a thinking man. The Cardinal wished to enslave his mind and make him and his riches the mere tools of Rome, but Theodora set him free by making him think, and giving him a purpose in life more worthy of a man than building a cathedral for a set of bigots, and dedicating it to St. Clare.

Young hearts are slow to learn lessons, and so was Lothair at first. He was even jealous of Mr. Phœbus, that impersonation of all the boasting and at the same time of all the beauty and loveliness of art. The Gascon painter and sculptor, who revelled in the pure Aryan race, detested books and declared that men should never think or read, but be led by the eye alone. But Mr. Phœbus quite understood Theodora's nature. His own wife, a born Cantacuzene, the offspring of emperors and princes, was good enough for him and far better than any daughter of an English house. He married her, he said, because she was the most thoroughly Aryan woman he had ever known, and no doubt he was right; though we must say that, having read '*Lothair*' faithfully through more than once, we are still at a loss to understand exactly what the word 'Aryan' really means when it is employed by Mr. Disraeli. Still Lothair was jealous of Mr. Phœbus at first, only because he neither understood the artist nor Theodora. But perhaps some of our readers will ask why was not Colonel Campian jealous of Lothair, when he knew that he came every day to their villa at Belmont, and was in fact devoted to his wife. The answer can only be that husband and wife thoroughly understood and trusted each other, and, when they have arrived at that happy state, it takes a great deal of boyish love-making to disturb or destroy those good relations. Besides we are bound to say that Mrs. Campian gave Lothair no sort of encouragement. If he paid her a compliment, she turned it off; if he delicately sent her, after his fashion, and, we must add, after that of almost every one in the book, 'ropes' of Orient pearls worth many thousand pounds, it was only to find that she had sealed them up carefully the day after with her father's seal, on which was engraved 'Roma,' and then confided them to his care, to be returned one day to the anonymous friend who had tried to make her a magnificent present and signally failed.

All this while, you must recollect, that the day on which Lothair was to attain his majority was rapidly approaching. All the taste and ingenuity of Mr. Putney Giles had been exerted to make the festivities at Muriel Towers worthy of the occasion. Both his guardians, Lord Culloden and the Cardinal, were to meet and be reconciled there. There, too, were to be the St. Jeromes and Miss Arundel, and the Duke and Duchess of Dash and their two charming daughters, Lady St. Aldegonde, Lady Montairy, and their husbands; Lady Corisande, the earliest object of Lothair's affections, was of course to be there. Last, though not least, the Campians were to be Lothair's guests. When we add that the whole county from the Lord-Lieutenant to the curate, were also invited to the entertainments which lasted several days, it will be seen that the capacity of Mr. Putney Giles must have been taxed to the utmost to secure success. We have no hesitation in saying that the fêtes at Muriel, in honour of Lothair's majority, surpass anything that was ever seen or thought of out of the 'Arabian Nights.' All the wealth of Ormus or of Ind, all the diamonds of Golconda, all the emeralds of Scythia, and all the rubies of Siam were nothing as compared to the gorgeous magnificence of that festival—on paper. Mr. Phœbus, indeed, always carried his wealth about with him in specie, he abhorred nothing so much as the chilly nature of a banknote; but Mr. Disraeli has shown the world how he can be warm enough on paper and how he can pour out of the treasures of his imagination endless stores of wealth to adorn the coming age of Lothair, that favourite of Fortune. At Muriel Towers, all the rivals that contended for the possession of Lothair were brought face to face. We had better say at once that the Lady Corisande took a lively interest in him, all of course because he was her brother's friend. She was a true Protestant, and we think in her heart hated Miss Arundel. She was glad, therefore, to be able to defeat the machinations of the conspirators on several occasions, partly by the help of the Bishop of the diocese, who is drawn we fancy to the life, though, as we are afraid of his pastoral staff, we prefer not to mention where that diocese lies. She had firm allies, too, in Lothair's two cousins, the Ladies Falkirk, daughters of Lord Culloden, who threw themselves into her arms in flying from the terrors of the Kirk of Scotland as upheld by their rigid father, Lothair's guardian. Amidst all these plots and cabals at Muriel Towers, on which we really have no time to dwell, the 'divine' Theodora stands sublime and serene. If they want her to sing, she sings in a way that ravishes all ears and hearts. When there is a question of a dance, of which some man has heard a few bars of the tune, and
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only remembers a part of the figure, she at once recollects both and dances a 'saraband' or some other outlandish measure with a grace which fills all beholders with amazement. She was the Esmeralda of the nineteenth century. There at Muriel she rules supreme, but she is obliged to hasten away, for news from Italy has filled her with anxiety and at the same time with fresh life. The French troops have left Rome, and a good time is coming for the enemies of the Pope. That hour of trouble was the moment of Theodora's triumph. The enemies of the Pope were powerless without funds. Lothair discovered the cause of her grief, and, in the twinkling of an eye, all the money destined to build that Roman Catholic cathedral went in equipping the force which was to throw the Pope out of Rome. To Theodora, in his own words, he devoted 'his fortune and his life.'

We forgot to mention that while Lothair was hand in glove with Theodora, he was still friends with the Cardinal and the St. Jeromes; or rather they were still friends with him. He was too fine a fish to let slip out of their net without a struggle. On one occasion the mysterious beauty, Clare Arundel, in a fit of enthusiasm which reminds one of St. Theresa, had summoned Lothair to meet her at Rome, and though he had accepted the invitation in a way, it had not of late seemed very likely that the meeting would ever take place. But Love puts a man and even a lord, like Lothair, into many a strange position. In fact, when a man with the command of endless wealth falls in love, it is impossible to say what may or may not happen. For ourselves, when we have got thus far in our story, our brains are so full of princes and princesses, of dukes and duchesses, of cardinals and monsignori, of lords-lieutenant and landowners, that we feel as though we were the actual owners of all the Consols at the Bank of England. Our wealth is boundless, and, like Lothair, we are ready to go anywhere and to do anything. We are therefore not at all surprised to find our hero, as Captain Muriel, under the command of the leader of a revolutionary force encamped on the borders of the Patrimony of St. Peter. Theodora is there—'the divine Theodora'—dressed as a page, and actively engaged in corresponding with 'Mary Anne,' *Madre Natura*, and every imaginable Red Republican Society, with which, as with Fenianism and other secret combinations, it is a fixed idea of the book to suppose that the whole social soil of Europe is mined and primed. An explosion of the kind was what the Cardinal and his black band have been dreading all along when they had any time to think of anything else than the conversion of Lothair; and on this explosion the hopes of Theodora and her Red Republican Commander were now centred. Unless the Secret Societies could

be roused to action and cause trouble in France, the troops of the Emperor would hurry back to help the Pope, and every effort must be made and was made by Theodora in man's clothes to make them stir. But even her efforts were unavailing. The Italian Government was perfidious, as usual. Garibaldi was arrested—the Secret Societies did not behave as they ought—the French troops did return to Civita—the Papal Zouaves sallied out of Rome to attack the Republicans. There was a skirmish and then a battle. Alas! for the vanity of human wishes, Theodora was mortally wounded in the skirmish, and Lothair received her last breath and the solemn injunction to remember never to be reconciled to the Church of Rome. In the battle of Mentana, Lothair, who rushed to the field seeking death as a consolation for his grief, was so severely wounded that he was at death's door, and reached Rome in an ambulance, which dropped him at the gate of an hospital, where he was recognised by Miss Arundel, who was tending the wounded as a Sister of Charity. To this happy accident and to her tender nursing he was, in fact, indebted for his life. She had summoned him to Rome and he had obeyed the summons.

When Lothair came to himself he knew not where he was. He remembered nothing, in short, except that he had been shot down at the Battle of Mentana, and that Theodora was dead. Veiled figures tended him as he lay; low and beautiful voices, like those of angels, were heard at intervals performing the services of the Church. Then came a requiem for the dead, and he thought of Theodora, 'the bright, the matchless one, the spell and fascination of his life.' 'The tears fell fast from his agitated vision, and he sank back exhausted, almost insensible, upon his pillow.' There he lay between life and death, but 'his vigorous frame enabled him to rally.' After a month his veiled attendant said there was a friend who wished to see him. Lothair's answer was, 'I have no wish to see any one;' but for all that the would-be friend glided in. A soft voice said, 'You have not forgotten me,' and Lothair beheld Monsignor Catesby. Providence, or Fortune, or Fate, had thus again thrown Lothair into the hands of the conspirators. They had one more chance of winning the game, and they played it boldly. Monsignor Catesby at that very first meeting informed Lothair that he must refrain from all excitement 'except the inward joy which must permeate the being of any one who feels that he is the most favoured of men.' After that Monsignor Catesby scarcely left Lothair. He brought him drawings by Raphael, hung over his bed by day and night, went with him as soon as he was able to move to the church of the vast building in which he was tended, and

and again and again assured him that he was 'the most favoured of men.'

'Favoured!' said Lothair, 'am I favoured? It seems to me that I am the most forlorn of men.' Then, in a little while, the Monsignor proposed a drive, and took him to a hill whence he beheld 'a winding and turbid river dividing a city in unequal parts, on one of which there rose a vast and glorious temple, crowned with a dome of almost superhuman size and skill, on which the favourite sign of heaven flashed with triumphant truth.' 'I at length behold Rome,' said Lothair, with an agitated voice. Then Catesby revealed the truth to him. He was at Rome in the Agostini Palace, tenanted by the St. Jeromes, and it was the ladies of that house who had tended him through his illness. In a little while Lothair sought his hosts, only to feel that there was a degree of deference in their manner towards him which was quite unusual. Again Lady St. Jerome, imitating the words of Catesby, assured him that he was 'the most favoured of men,' and Lothair's perplexity was the more increased. So it went on, all the world—that is, all the Roman religious world—assuring him that he was the most favoured of men, and treating him with little less than Royal homage. Then the Cardinal arrived and renewed his lectures. Lothair was now impatient of restraint, and expressed a wish to see Rome. The Cardinal consented, and under his guidance our hero saw Rome and that prostrate people who the Cardinal assured him were the most virtuous, religious, and contented race on earth. Then Lothair was told that a grand service was about to be performed in the church of St. George of Cappadocia, at which thanks were to be offered by Miss Arundel for the miraculous mercy vouchsafed to her in saving the life of a countryman, namely, himself. Nothing would give her greater pleasure than that he should be present and support her. Lothair unwillingly consented. Then it was that Monsignor Catesby approached Father Coleman and said, 'It is done; it is done at last. He will not only be present, but he will support her! There are yet eight and forty hours to elapse; can anything happen to defeat us? He must never be out of our sight; not a human being must approach him!' 'I think we can manage that,' said Father Coleman. And it was managed. Lothair supported Miss Arundel on that occasion, holding a wax taper in his hand, and as he left the church of St. George, people rushed forward to kiss the hem of his garment. The 'great event' had happened, but the chief actor in it, Lothair, was as yet quite unaware of its import. It was not till he read the '*Diario di Roma*' next morning that he was aware of what he had done, and how he came to be 'the most favoured person
on

on earth.' There he saw it reported that he, who had fought against the Pope at Mentana, had been, according to the official journal, one of the Pontiff's champions in that struggle; that when wounded to the death, the Blessed Virgin herself had saved his life by a miracle done in his favour, and had appeared to Miss Clare Arundel at the hospital of the *Consolazione*, and pointed out that if she went to the hospital of the *Pellegrini* she would find a wounded countryman in an ambulance apparently dead, but who would not die if she went immediately and claimed him in the name of the Virgin. Miss Arundel went and found the stranger. Evidence the best that Holy Church could find was given of the miraculous interposition. The volunteer of the Pope had thus been saved, and it was in celebration of this 'great event,' and of his coming conversion to the true faith, that the service in the church of St. George of Cappadocia had been held the day before.

Now that the new move of the conspirators was made manifest Lothair was all indignation, and for a moment thought of flying 'to America, Australia, or the Indian Ocean.' He even thought of the interior of Africa, but when he reflected that the Propaganda was active in all those outlandish parts of the earth, he thought he had better stay where he was and face his foes. At that very moment Cardinal Grandison came to 'wait on him,' but he came at an evil hour. So far from being pleased at the account of 'the great act of yesterday,' Lothair declared that he had read it 'with indignation, with alarm, and with disgust.' When the Cardinal affected surprise, Lothair said outright, and with no due respect for the *genius loci*, 'It is a tissue of falsehood and imposture, and I will take care my opinion is known of it.' In vain the wily Cardinal assured him that the official journal contained nothing that was not 'well considered by truly pious men.' In vain he declared that he did not think there was a particle of exaggeration in the story. In vain did he assert that Lothair's illness had produced mental hallucination, and that our hero had been all the while fighting on the Pope's side and forgotten it. His fancy had shifted sides when he thought of the part he had played at the battle of Mentana. Equally in vain was his assertion that he was 'panting for Lothair to return to the home of his fathers, and reconquer it in the name of the Lord God of Sabaoth.' 'Never was a man,' he said, 'in a greater position since Godfrey or Ignatius. The eyes of all Christendom are upon you as the most favoured of men, and you stand there like "Thomas."'" Lothair remained unconvinced. 'It was the darkest hour of his life. By a juggle "of magical rites" he had been turned into a renegade, false to her whom he most loved

loved and honoured, and 'in violation of the pledge he had given as he received her parting spirit.'

The Cardinal had made matters worse by imparting to our hero 'the most gratifying intelligence' that the Holy Father would the next day receive 'the most favoured of men' into the bosom of the Church. But this formal reception, very needless one would think after that procession and taper-bearing in the Church of St. George, was not to be. The evening before it was to take place Lothair stole out of the Agostini Palace, and wandered about Rome till he came to the Coliseum. There he sat down on a block of stone, fell into a reverie, and then into a dream or vision, in which he saw, or fancied he saw, in the moonbeams the figure of Theodora. 'Lothair,' said a deep sweet voice that could never be forgotten; 'I am here,' he at last replied. 'Remember!' she said, 'with a glance at once severe and solemn.' Lothair sprang forward to throw himself at her feet, but alas! the form 'melted into the moonlight, and she was gone—that divine Theodora, who, let us hope,' adds Mr. Disraeli, 'returned at last to those Elysian fields she so well deserved.' No wonder that after such a spiritual manifestation Lothair was found senseless in the Coliseum by Monsignor Catesby, who had been watching him all the while. They brought him back to the St. Jeromes, too ill of course to be received into the Church by the Pope the next day. Then Lord St. Jerome, who though a Catholic was a gentleman, thought that the Cardinal and Catesby had 'overdone it.' He insisted on having other advice for 'a peer of England and my connection;' and he had his way. A blunt English physician of great fame, who abhorred priests and had no admiration for ladies, was called in. This monster in manners, but Æsculapius in practice, saw Lothair. His judgment was given in few words. 'My opinion is that his lordship should quit Rome immediately, and I think he had better return to his own country.' But the Propaganda and the English Catholic colony were resolved that Lothair should not return to England if they could help it. If it was change of air that he wanted, there was Sicily. A Neapolitan duke—there is such a crop of dukes in this book that they spring up in every page—this duke, a great friend of Catesby, placed a villa in the remotest part of Sicily at the disposal of 'the most favoured of men.' This remotest part of Sicily turned out to be near Syracuse, and thither Lothair travelled by easy stages, ever watched and guarded by that Arcadian pair Monsignor Catesby and Father Coleman. There in the Villa Catalano Lothair spent some weeks, during which he recovered health enough to carry him through his remaining adventures,

adventures, which, though pleasant, were not unattended with fatigue. First and foremost, one very fine morning, so early that we may imagine his priestly warders were at 'lauds' or 'matins,' Lothair, acting on the principle that it is only the early bird that gets the worm, gave them the slip, and was off to Malta in an open boat! How did he induce the boatmen to take him? That is easily answered. 'He generally carried about him as much as Fortunatus.' He pulled out a purse much better lined than we should have thought it likely to be after he had lain senseless for hours in an ambulance among the Pope's Zouaves, and had spent so much of his time afterwards with the priests. Nor is the allusion to Fortunatus particularly happy, for that hero of fairy tales only had in his possession one gold piece at a time, and though he could have one every time he wished for it, it was impossible for him to have several at once. He was the anticipation and impersonation in mythical times of cheques for one pound to bearer at sight, and of Scotch one pound notes, both of them very mean representatives of boundless wealth. But Mr. Disraeli is not bound to know all about Fortunatus and his wishing-cap, so we take his words, as we suppose he means them to be understood, that Lothair, a man of enormous wealth, always carried a great sum about with him in gold. But here again we are forced to differ from him, because, so far as our own experience of 'swells' goes, they are the last men in the world to whom we should go expecting to find say a hundred sovereigns in their pockets. But see, young men of fashion! the use of specie. All the cheque-books in the world would have availed Lothair nothing in Sicily, but he had his pockets filled with ducats, and so was able to pay his passage to Malta. Do not therefore dare to say that it is a bore to carry so much gold about one, that it burns holes in your pockets, or any nonsense of the kind. Take warning by Lothair, and always have as much gold with you as you can conveniently carry.

But here we have the bird flown away to Malta, and the priests 'praying' as Captain Spark of the 'Enchantress' used to 'pray' at his absence. At Malta Lothair found Mr. Phœbus, whose ideas on the specie question were as sound as his own. Nay! they were sounder, for whereas Lothair sometimes drew a cheque, and did not altogether despise paper money in its right place, Mr. Phœbus, like the philosopher, carried all his goods about with him, except that the sage had nothing, while the cabin of the 'Pan'—the yacht of Mr. Phœbus—had chests full of velvet bags crammed with 'pearls, rubies, Venetian sequins, Napoleons, and golden piastres.' That vulgar, but not
useless

useless coin, the British sovereign, was wanting, and when we remember that Lothair's gold was all in ducats, we have an uneasy feeling that a bad time may be coming, when our standard gold coin may be despised by lords and artists as of inferior and impure alloy. At this point we must say that the perusal of '*Lothair*' has made us most discontented with our lot in life. Here we have been moderately successful, making our way by the toil of the brain, using our head as much, and our hands as little, as we can; the reason being, of course, that we like small hands and broad foreheads. But '*Lothair*' is a bad book. It puts evil thoughts into our head. How many times have we dined with our father-in-law, who was in respect equal, and even superior, to old Cantacuzene, and yet when did he ever treat us as that commercial offshoot of emperors treated his son-in-law? Sometimes, indeed, after dinner, he has vaguely hinted at his desire to do something for us after he died, but we have always looked on that as a doubtful good; doubtful both by reason of its distance and because the worst time of all for a man to do anything is when he is dead. But here this old Cantacuzene was in the habit of putting cheques for 5000*l.* at a time in his daughter's napkin at breakfast on her birthday. What he would have done after dinner no man can say; but every son-in-law who reads this book, and knows that he is just as good as Mr. Phœbus, or better, and that his father-in-law is nearly as well off as old Cantacuzene, will expect to be as handsomely treated, else there will be murder of many fathers-in-law, and in every case the counsel for the prisoner will only read to the jury this portion of '*Lothair*,' and they will, without retiring from their box, return a verdict of justifiable socricide.

But to proceed. The family of Phœbus were peculiar, especially the ladies; the only part of their faces that the sun would burn was their long eyelashes. For the sake of these they wore 'tilted hats.' At first, as there is so much rank and fashion in the book, we thought this was a misprint for 'titled,' but no, it is 'tilted;' ye ladies tell us what is a tilted hat. Then their hair was 'never ending.' We have known a father who had a baby which remained bald from its birth till it grew to be a boy of ten years old, and then was only 'hairified' by being sent to Macassar; we have known this unfortunate father in the agony of his heart exclaim against the hair of his infant as 'never beginning,' but what is 'never ending hair'? If it had no ends how could it be cut? Yet these ladies had it. Then their bodies were so safe that, though they wore dirks, it was only to 'defend their girdles.' With all
his

his wealth and extravagance, Mr. Phœbus was a modest man. When he was leaving Malta in a triumphal procession, he took his stand, not on the quarter-deck, but on the 'galley' of his yacht, thereby intending, no doubt, to show this world so dead to sensual pleasure, and so deep in thought, that true wisdom consists in cookery, and that the only master of arts is a *chef de cuisine*. We are also inclined to think that this wondrous family lived in the fore-castle, for we remark that when they were nearing Joppa, Mr. Phœbus called out, 'Man a-head there, tell Madame Phœbus to come on deck for the first sight of Mount Lebanon.' Did they always live 'forward' among the crew; or had they only for this once migrated thither that Lothair, the great Marquis of Carabas, might have the state-room of the 'Pan' all to himself, and his broodings on the divine Theodora?

'Nearing Joppa'? You may well ask why they were nearing Joppa, when we last heard of them at Malta. From Malta, Mr. Phœbus took Lothair to an island in the Ægean, of which he was the 'tyrant' in the old Greek, or as he would call it, Aryan sense. How he got it no one knew, but as an island of the Ægean, it was almost as peculiar as Mr. Phœbus's family. It was of no inconsiderable dimensions, whereas the islands of the Ægean are usually small; it was well wooded, though these islands are generally arid and bare. Here Mr. Phœbus 'lived a life partly Oriental, partly Venetian, and partly idiosyncratic.' Most remarkable was he when he hunted. The ladies were mounted on 'Anatolian chargers with golden bells,' but that was nothing to the tyrant Phœbus—Apollo himself. His attire for the chase beat even a French Count hollow, and we must look to the last Christmas pantomime to equal it. He wore 'green velvet,' and 'seven-leagued boots,' and added to the majesty of his mien by sounding 'a wondrous twisted horn, rife with all the inspiring or directing notes of musical and learned venerie.' Truth compels us to add that this garb of the tyrant of the Ægean was not original. It was copied from a dreaded enemy of our youth, and the familiar friend of our later theatrical life. When we last saw the Giant Blunderbore, and, in fact, whenever we have seen him, he was dressed just like Mr. Phœbus, even down to his 'seven-leagued boots.' He was engaged, too, in 'venery,' though of another kind than that pursued by Mr. Phœbus. Mr. Disraeli should remember that some words in the English language are ambiguous, and that one of these is 'venery.' But why in the name of Diana and all her nymphs, why seven-leagued boots in an island of the Ægean? In the Steppes of Tartary, in the Great Desert of Gobi, across the Sahara, or if any one wished to reach the Sources of the Nile or
the

the Mountains of the Moon, they might be of some use. But in an island of the Ægean they must have been a nuisance. Two or three steps would have brought the artistic tyrant into the sea on either coast of his dominions. Then alas! he would have been drowned, unless a great fish had swallowed him, and he would have been lost at once to Art and the Aryan race.

But we must not dwell on that island; it is too seducing. Like Ulysses, we stuff our ears with 'the wise man's wax' and hasten on. A Russian commission, and the promise of 'a patent of nobility, and a decoration of a high class,' lured Mr. Phœbus away from his island and the worship of Pan, of whom he firmly believed that the great God would one day return to earth. It is remarkable that he left his boots behind him just when he might have needed them. Perhaps they were heir-looms, or a Palladium which even he could not separate from the island. Perhaps they were only borrowed for that hunt, and he had to return them to our old friend the Giant. Be that as it may, we never hear of them again. That Russian commission was to make sketches in the Holy Land. That was why Lothair and his friends were nearing Joppa; and when they reached Jerusalem, Lothair, who was now in perfect health and spirits, except that he still brooded over Theodora, was rejoiced to find his friends Bertram and St. Aldegonde, who had paired till Easter to go and shoot pelicans and crocodiles in Nubia, and getting disgusted with the sport, had turned towards Palestine to 'do' Jerusalem. There two things happened. Bertram Dash fell desperately in love with Euphrosyne Cantacuzene, one of the ladies with the tilted hats. Though her dirk might defend her girdle, it was powerless to protect her heart, for she returned the affection of the noble Dash. The other thing was that Lothair made the acquaintance of one Mr. Paraclete, a very strange character, more like a spirit than a man, who lived among the oaks of Bashan, and was much milder in temper, and certainly not so corpulent, as its bulls. This Syrian personage, whose very name indicates the nature of the office which he was destined to fulfil towards Lothair, convinced our hero, among other things, of the personality of the Creator, exposed the Pantheism of Mr. Phœbus, which he declared to be merely 'Atheism in domino,' and having reconciled him to the Christian religion, left him in comparative peace. This happy frame of mind was further strengthened by a visit which our hero paid to this remarkable and mysterious Syrian, whose family, with a good fortune rare in all lands, and rarest of all in the East, still held the same lands in Bashan which they owned at the birth of Our Saviour. There, with the high
privilege

privilege of a Gospel of their own, these happy Paracletes had lived ever since; and we can only say if one of them is in existence when we next go to Palestine, we shall not be long in finding our way to Bashan. With a mind much at ease, Lothair was free to act, and so when his old Red Republican commander, to whom we ought to have said long ago he had been indebted for his life, when early in the book he was fool enough to try and convince a Fenian meeting of their madness—when this commander, we say, and man of action suddenly came on him in Palestine as a Turkish general, and advised him to go home and lead a life of action, Lothair was quite ready to follow his advice. Bertram's love affair, more urgent even than 'an insolent letter from Glyn' on his political misbehaviour, forced St. Aldegonde to go home that he might further the happiness of the young lovers. So home Lothair and the two went, leaving Phœbus and the ladies to follow.

By the cleverness of Mr. Putney Giles, a satisfactory contradiction of the paragraphs which the Roman Catholic conspirators had spread about Lothair's conversion appeared in the papers. Lothair, with the vanity and sensitiveness of youth, fancies that all eyes must have been watching for him and wondering at his absence. One stroll down St. James's street, one visit to White's, and one meeting with 'a noble and grey-headed patron of the Arts in Great Britain,' whose portrait it is impossible to mistake though he is no longer with us, quite convince Lothair that he had never been even missed. It had been a great consolation to him in Palestine to find from some letters which Bertram showed him, that the Lady Corisande still took an interest in him. But when he returned to England rather prepared to renew his advances, he was piqued to find that she was as good as engaged, so every one said, to the Duke of Brecon. Then he sought the St. Jeromes, and we must say did flirt, or try to flirt, with Miss Arundel; but by this time the lady with the violet eyes had given him up. She had not forgiven him, we suppose, for leaving Catesby and Coleman in the lurch. She was resolved to take the veil, and she took it. The Cardinal again lectures Lothair, and tells him as a very great secret that the Pope is about to call a general council. Lothair seems neither to have thought this secret worth knowing, nor anything else, compared with Miss Arundel's determination. 'Then I have not a friend left in the world,' he exclaimed. In vain Lady St. Jerome told him that she and her husband recognised 'the Divine purpose' in Miss Arundel's decision, and 'bowed to it.' 'I do not bow to it,' said Lothair; 'I think it barbarous

and unwise.' When he heard that the Cardinal entirely approved of the step, he ungratefully said, 'Then my confidence in him is utterly destroyed.' When Theodora was dead, and Clare Arundel had taken the veil, what was left for Lothair but to return to his old love, Lady Corisande. True, he might have cut his throat; but then instead of being a farce, this novel would have been a tragedy. No, he did not cut his throat. He went down to Muriel Towers by way of beginning to act, and from Muriel he went back to Brentham, only to find Bertram's affair happily settled; for that magnificent old Cantacuzene had been down to see the Duke of Dash, and quite convinced both him and the Duchess that the degradation if anything lay in a Cantacuzene marrying a Dash. As soon as the Duke saw that his future daughter-in-law was of 'imperial lineage,' he gave in, and shook hands with old Cantacuzene, who put the coping-stone to the edifice of his liberality, by offering to make any settlement on Miss Euphrosyne that the Duke desired. That pair made happy, Lothair only remains; like the last taper at a ball, he had seen all his friends out—all either dead, or nuns, or married; what remained for him but to offer his hand to the Lady Corisande, who, for his sake, it now turned out, had refused both Lord Carisbrooke and the Duke of Brecon. In the Lady Corisande's own garden he told her the following most atrocious story: He had committed many follies, he said, but 'to one opinion I have been constant, in one I am unchanged, and that is my adoring love for you.' No wonder she turned pale at this awful falsehood; but for all that, 'gently taking his arm, she hid her face on his breast, and he sealed with an embrace her speechless form.' Then they sat down, and then he told her another story, that of his affection for Theodora; and we only hope he was able to reconcile the two. That nothing might be wanting, he pulled out the string of pearls which his old love had sealed up more than a year ago, and which we suspect he had ever since carried about with him, like Mr. Phœbus. Then they opened the case without breaking the seal with *Roma* stamped on it. There were the pearls, and there was a slip of paper on which Theodora 'had written some unseen words.' It is not very clear by whom they were 'unseen,' perhaps by Theodora herself, who must have added clairvoyance and the habit of writing with her eyes shut to her many accomplishments. At any rate they were seen now, and it ran thus: 'The offering of Theodora to Lothair's Bride.'

Some hours had now elapsed, luncheon was over, and they were missed. 'Bells have been ringing for you in every direction,

tion,' said the Duchess, as they returned. 'Where can you have been?' 'I have been in Corisande's garden,' said Lothair, 'and she has given me a rose.'

So ends 'Lothair,' of which we have been thus careful in giving a faithful analysis, lest any one should say that we have not read the book. We have indicated our opinion pretty freely as we went along. That we have found it lively and amusing we are quite ready to admit. But when the Olympians descend into the arena and contend with common mortals, we expect to find them something more than lively and amusing. If they reveal themselves to vulgar eyes, it is at the peril of their God-heads that they come into the lists. If nobility 'obliges,' still more do statesmanship and former literary fame. Mr. Disraeli, the author of 'Vivian Grey,' and 'Henrietta Temple,' of 'Coningsby,' and 'Sybil,' and 'Tancred,' was bound if he wrote again to be something more than lively and amusing. He had already thrown his quoit beyond the mark of most men; in 'Lothair' it was necessary to equal or surpass his former cast or fail. Judged by what he has already done both in literature and statesmanship, 'Lothair' is a failure. It may be very instructive to our golden youth to be warned against the machinations of Rome; but to effect this purpose, it was hardly worth the while of the leader of a great political party in the State to write a book which has been as sour grapes to the teeth of all the Roman Catholics in the land. A great statesman is bound, in our opinion, to consider all sides and respect all creeds. If he exposes the errors of any Church, he ought not to confound the innocent with the guilty. We believe that there are no purer high-minded gentlemen on earth than some of our Roman Catholic countrymen, and it is a great mistake in a statesman like Mr. Disraeli to deride them in a book which he calls a novel, but which is after all a political pamphlet, and a bid for the bigoted voices of Exeter Hall. Such an outrage will neither add to his followers in St. Stephens, nor to his reputation as a writer, because it sins alike against good taste and justice. But it was necessary, some one will say, that our youth should be warned; *salus populi suprema lex*, and this was why Mr. Disraeli put that line from Terence on the title page: *Nosse omnia hæc salus est adolescentulis*. Well! there are worse things in 'Lothair' even than the Church of Rome. What is to be said of a young nobleman, who, after proposing offhand to one young lady, flirts desperately with a second, and then falls madly in love with another man's wife. That adultery is a deadly sin is no doubt one of the things most salutary for young men to know; though as the Bible already existed, not to mention the Book of Common

Prayer, and the 'Whole Duty of Man,' we do not think it necessary to have written a book to prove it. But it is what often happens. Very true. So long as men are men, and women women, such social crimes will never fail among us. But why dwell on them or point them out? It was to show the perfection of Theodora and the weakness of Lothair. Theodora was indeed 'divine,' and Lothair we have seen described as 'a goose,' but then he was a golden one; we quite agree with Theodora's friends in their estimate of her character, and when we find any woman like her, we may perhaps show ourselves as great geese as Lothair. One great fault of the book to our minds is this; that as Theodora is the heroine, and Lothair's character is too weak and silly to supply her loss, the interest in the story ceases with the second volume when Theodora dies. The Lady Corisande still lives, indeed, but she is little better than a lay figure, very well dressed—an aristocratic doll which has been taught to speak and walk. The third volume is filled with the scenes at the Agostini Palace and in the Coliseum, which are as incomprehensible to us as the transcendental philosophy, or the Comtist vagaries. In the third volume, too, are chiefly to be found those revelations of the life and doings of the Phœbus family, which are among the most absurd and unnatural parts of the book. And now we have uttered the word 'unnatural,' that is the great sin of 'Lothair.' It is natural, neither in the story, though that is sufficiently interesting to be amusing and readable, nor in the society described, nor in the personages which figure in that society. Most unnatural is it in the style and in the language. That there are happy thoughts and epigrammatic sentences sown broadcast in its pages need scarcely be said of a novel written by Mr. Disraeli. But as the true pearl lies embedded in the loose fibre of a mollusc, so Mr. Disraeli's gems of speech and thought are hidden in a vast maze of verbiage which can seldom be called English, and very frequently is downright nonsense. The first editions were full of misprints, such as 'Stephanopolis,' for 'Stephanotis,' reminding us of poor Sir Archibald Alison's 'Sir Peregrine Pickle' for Sir Peregrine Maitland, though not quite equalling his translation of *droit du timbre* into 'timber duties.' Some of these have disappeared in after impressions, but all through the book whole sentences would have to be rewritten to make them either grammatical or intelligible.

As for the characters, many of them are said to be too closely drawn from real life. Here we think the gossips who utter this sentiment are unjust. No doubt suggestions of character were presented to Mr. Disraeli by those whom he met in daily intercourse, but it is the privilege of an author to develop these mere sugges-
tions

tions into the finished characters in his work. We do not believe that Mr. Disraeli has done more than this, even in that memorable case of the Oxford Professor, in which Mr. Goldwin Smith is so determined that the cap shall fit his own head. For that cap there are many candidates in Young Oxford. Who shall point out the man among us who entirely matches Mr. Pinto the Portuguese, whose observation of English was that it was limited to four or five words, 'nice, jolly, charming, love, and fond.' Why he did not add 'awful' and 'awfully' to his list we cannot imagine; but we cannot help wishing for our own sakes that Mr. Disraeli's command of the vernacular had been almost as limited. There are points of Pinto which can be traced in several men; but the whole Pinto is a cento made out of several persons. In one point many agree with him. 'He was not an intellectual Cræsus, but his pockets were full of sixpences.' Small talk and small change are to be found in this metropolis in many mouths and pockets. The same may be said of Hugo Bohun, who certainly says some of the smartest things in the book, of the surly and dissolute Duke of Brecon, of the outspoken St. Aldegonde, and the great Duke of Dash himself! They are all very near being the portraits of people we know; but just as we are saying, 'how like so and so,' a difference appears, and we add, 'yet after all it cannot be he.' But as a great author on his death-bed said to his children, 'above all things be natural'—so we repeat that the great fault of 'Lothair' is that it is not true to nature. There is an unreality about even the best characters in the book which mars their life, and makes them little better than abstractions and dreams. Very remarkable is the entire absence of passion in a novel in which there is so much love-making. This is a merit we are told, but a merit of our minds rather suited to the meridian of country reading-clubs and ladies' schools. It is one which makes 'Lothair' very safe reading for young ladies, but at the same time is fatal to it as a living and lasting work. So far as feeling is concerned, 'Lothair' is as dull as ditch-water and as flat as a flounder. But to return to our great complaint. We say the language is unnatural as well as the story and the characters. If 'one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin,' surely the utter absence of it in 'Lothair' must set the world against it as a work of art. It is certainly not natural in young men to make 'reverences of ceremony' even to Duchesses. Still less is it natural to speak of a young lady having 'a tumult on her brow,' or of ladies out riding as 'jumping on their barbs and jennets,' or as riding, even in an island of the Ægean, 'on cream-coloured Anatolian chargers with golden bells.' When a lord like Lothair goes to the opera, if he is goose enough to give the box-keeper a guinea,

guinea, it is not natural to describe him as giving that official 'an overpowering honorarium.' 'A modish scene' is certainly not native English, any more than 'brusk.' How a woman or a woman's portrait can 'make a fury,' unless she were married to a certain dark gentleman who shall be nameless, we cannot tell. One of our minor poets named Milton, who was at least as famous as Mr. Disraeli for his wealth of words, has indeed sung thus :

'Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.'

That was a bold, as it is still a beautiful metaphor, yet we can fancy some carping critic of the Caroline age ridiculing the young poet as likening his mistress to a puppy-dog's tail. What would he now say if he heard that, in what is meant for sober prose, a lovely lady of the nineteenth century was called 'the Cynosure of the Empyrean,' the puppy-dog's tail of the 'burning fiery vault of heaven.' What could he say but that Mr. Disraeli had out-Miltoned Milton, and made himself and his heroine supremely ridiculous. But it is just this fatal wealth, whether of words or worldly goods, which is the ruin of 'Lothair.' The language is an affected unnatural euphuism, a jargon of no particular time or class, abounding in unmeaning adjectives and senseless substantives, piled in profusion one upon the other, setting at defiance both the rules of grammar and common-sense. Penny-a-lining run mad is perhaps the best description that we can give of it. It is just what the late lamented Mr. Jenkins would have written in Bedlam. God help the little Hottentot, or whatever may be the race of the future, who is set a page of 'Lothair' to translate into his own tongue two hundred years hence. As in the days of the patriarchs all men are said to have been giants, so in 'Lothair' all the chief characters are dukes or marquises, or the offspring of emperors and princes. As regards their incomes they are millionaires. But what we did not know till we read this book was, that the accumulation of riches renders men liberal. Look at old Cantacuzene, a man in business—we beg his pardon, 'in affairs;' had he only carried on his affairs in the princely way in which he treated the parvenu Duke of Dash, he would have been in the 'Gazette' in twelve months. He at any rate is not true to nature. In real life he would have screwed down his son-in-law, looked sharp after settlements, and after all have gone about saying that the ducal house of Dash were little better than beggars. No! all experience teaches us that amassing money does not make men either open-handed or open-hearted. The most liberal men per-
haps

haps are they who spend other people's money, for it has cost them nothing to come by it. Then come men of moderate income, to which they have succeeded. But your mere millionaire! he should be painted without purse or pocket. Great wealth acquired by toil of brain or hand is close clutched and hugged as though it were hardly one's own, and might take wings and fly away again.

Why a great writer like Mr. Disraeli should be thus affected and unnatural, why his English should be stilted and false, and his treasures of wealth as tawdry as tinsel, is not easy to understand. Perhaps like Tiberius he has outlived life, seen through it and found it all a sham. The dukes and marquises whom he has so long led despise and distrust him. Very well! he will be revenged on them. He will write them down, and behold he has done it in 'Lothair.' If these be thy dukes, O England, if this is all the wit and wisdom that your aristocratic circles can show, of what worth are titles and dukedoms? It is impossible to mistake the vein of satire against the upper classes which runs through the book like a thread of gold. The tendency of 'Lothair' with all its dukes and duchesses is intensely democratic. When he makes it rather a mesalliance for the daughter of a merchant like Cantacuzene, to marry the eldest son of the Duke of Dash, we cannot help feeling that Mr. Disraeli is all the while laughing in his sleeve at the aristocracy. But worse remains behind. The author of 'Lothair' is plainly laughing at the public, at you reader, and at us. He is sick of our favour and applause; he has come to see the vanity of novel readers, and so he has written a book full of the most extravagant absurdities for you to swallow and admire. At us, too, the critics, 'the men,' according to Mr. Phœbus, 'who have failed in literature and art,' he has been mocking and jeering all the while, and when he laid down his pen after plucking that 'rose out of the garden of Corisande,' he probably said to himself, 'If the British public can call this a good book they are fools enough to believe anything.'

ART. IV.—1. *Judicial Statistics.* 1868.

2. *Criminal Returns: Metropolitan Police.* 1868.

3. *General Regulations, Instructions, and Orders, for the Government and Guidance of the Metropolitan Police Force.* 1862.

4. *Report of the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis.* 1870.

LONDON has long since ceased to mean that part of the capital which is governed by its mediæval corporation. Though 'The City' is still the great centre of commerce, and includes

includes the Bank, the Exchange, the Post Office, and other great public establishments, its resident population is less than that of Shoreditch, is greatly exceeded by that of Marylebone, and does not amount to more than about one-thirtieth of the entire population of the metropolis.

From the ancient wall-girded 'City,' with its ports at Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Moorgate, Cripplegate, Aldersgate, Newgate, and Ludgate,—afterwards enlarged by the Liberties outside the Wall, and bounded by the 'Bars' at Whitechapel, Holborn, and the Temple,—London has extended in all directions into the country, swallowing up parish after parish and clusters of suburban villages and hamlets—Bow, Islington, Hampstead, Paddington, Kensington, and Chelsea—as well as adjoining towns and cities, like Southwark and Westminster,—until at length the ancient London is only to be regarded as the nucleus of a great city covering some seven hundred square miles of ground, inhabited by about three millions and a half of people,* or a larger number of persons than are to be found congregated in any other city in the world.

The population of London is nearly double that of Paris, four times that of New York, five times that of Berlin, six times that of St. Petersburg, twelve times that of Amsterdam, and eighteen times that of Rome. The inhabitants of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, added together, fall short of the population of London, which exceeds that of all Scotland, is more than equal to two-thirds of the population of all Ireland, and constitutes nearly one-eighth of the whole population of Great Britain. The increase alone in the inhabitants of London during the last thirty years, exceeds the entire population of the kingdom of Greece, brigands included.

Indeed, one of the most surprising things about modern London is the rapidity of its growth. Notwithstanding its already enormous size in 1849, not fewer than 225,322 new houses have been added to it since then, forming 69 new squares, and 5831 new streets, of the total length of 1030 miles! Nor has the growth of London apparently been checked, notwithstanding adverse times; for 5167 houses were in course of erection in the month of February last. In short, as the French observer said of London, 'it is not so much city, as a province covered by houses.'

* 'The population of London within the registration limits (says the Registrar-General in his Twenty-eighth Annual Report) is by estimate 2,993,513; but beyond this central mass there is a ring of life growing rapidly, and extending along railway lines, over a circle of 13 miles radius from Charing Cross. The population within that circle, patrolled by the Metropolitan Police, is about 3,463,771.' The Commissioner of Police, in his recent Report, states the population of the Metropolis, patrolled by the Metropolitan Police in June, 1870, to be 3,563,410.

The growth of London, however, has only kept pace with the power, population, and wealth of the empire. It is the seat of the Court, the Government, and the Legislature; of the Supreme Courts of Law; of science, art, and justice; and it might almost be described as the centre of the world's commerce. While it is the capital of Great Britain and its vast colonial dependencies, London is also in a measure regarded as the capital of modern industry, to which men of energy and enterprise resort, not only from the counties and distant provinces, but from the various countries of Europe, and indeed from nearly all parts of the habitable globe.

But while London thus attracts the most pushing, enterprising, and industrious men of many provinces and countries, it also attracts men of another sort—those who seek to live upon the industry of others. The best men rise to London, and the worst men sink to it. For though it is a centre of art, and intellect, and industry, London is also a centre of misery, poverty, and vice. It is the general rendezvous of the criminal classes, some of whom come to hide in it, and others to pursue their vocation of plunder in it.

The miserable and desperate classes of London are almost equal in number to the population of some kingdoms: they would fill a great city by themselves. They include a multitude of beggars, tramps, match-sellers, crossing-sweepers, rag-pickers, organ-grinders, prostitutes, and others hanging on to the outskirts of society, ready at any moment to become criminal. In the second week of June last, there were 31,402 indoor paupers, and 88,992 outdoor paupers in the metropolitan districts, maintained at the public expense; and outside this actual pauper class, there is always a vast number of poor men and women, struggling for subsistence, amidst wretchedness, dirt, drunkenness, and crime.

It is not easy to form an estimate of the number of persons living by plunder, who look upon society as their daily prey. According to the Judicial Statistics, the criminal classes at large in England and Wales in 1868—excluding from the known thieves and depredators all who had been living honestly for a year at least subsequent to their discharge from any conviction—numbered as follows:—

	Under 16.	Above 16.	Totals.
Known thieves and depredators	3,743	19,216	22,959
Receivers of stolen goods	54	3,041	3,095
Prostitutes	1,275	25,911	27,186
Suspected persons	3,753	25,715	29,468
Vagrants and tramps	6,366	26,572	32,938
	15,191	100,455	115,646

If

If to these we add the daily average of criminals in gaol, or 18,677, we arrive at a total number of the known criminal population of England and Wales, of 134,323. Of these, 16,053 thieves and depredators, receivers of stolen goods, suspected persons, vagrants, and tramps, with 5678 prostitutes, belonged to the metropolis; and adding to them the daily average of 7800 criminals undergoing sentence in metropolitan prisons, we obtain a total of 29,531, or about one-fifth of the whole criminal classes of England and Wales, who make London the head-quarters of their operations.

But this estimate is doubtless very much within the actual number, as only a comparatively small proportion of felonies are detected, for which the offenders are brought to justice. A common pickpocket will steal daily, one day with another, about six pocket-handkerchiefs in order to 'live,' and the chances are that he will commit from three to four hundred thefts of this petty sort before he is caught. Yet such is the vigilance of the police, that in 1868 not fewer than 9799 persons guilty of felonies affecting property were apprehended in the metropolitan district alone, of whom 6145 were tried and convicted.

When such are the numbers of the criminal classes who are in a state of constant war against society,—who live by plunder, regarding honest people going about their daily business but as so many persons with pockets to be picked, and dwelling houses, shops, and warehouses, only as so many places to be robbed, the wonder is, not that the number of felonies against property should be so great, as that London should, after all, be one of the safest places in the world to live in.

The wonder, however, ceases when it is considered that scoundrelism has no principle of cohesion. If these thirty thousand persons of the lawless classes had the power of organisation, society would be at their mercy. But there is no 'honour among thieves,' notwithstanding the popular maxim. They cannot trust one another, and are usually ready to sell and betray each other. They live in a state of constant fear, and a hand placed suddenly on the thief's shoulder from behind, is apt to paralyse the boldest.

For the same reason that the lawless classes arrayed against society are weak, the constabulary forces arrayed in defence of society are strong. The baton may be a very ineffective weapon of offence, but it is backed by the combined power of the Crown, the Government, and the Constituencies. Armed with it alone, the constable will usually be found ready, in obedience to orders, to face any mob, or brave any danger. The mob quails before the simple baton of the police officer, and flies before it, well knowing

knowing the moral as well as physical force of the Nation whose will, as embodied in law, it represents. And take any man from that mob, place a baton in his hand and a blue coat upon his back, put him forward as the representative of the law, and he too will be found equally ready to face the mob from which he was taken, and exhibit the same steadfastness and courage in defence of constituted order.

It is in this conscious weakness and disorganisation of the criminal classes on the one hand, and this conscious strength and organisation of the defenders of law on the other, that the chief security of civilised society consists. A comparatively small number of honest, steady, active men,—compact and well organised,—acting under the direction of skilled and experienced officers, will always have an immense advantage over the heterogeneous mass of roughs, thieves, and desperate characters which constitute the scoundrelism of great cities. And such a body London unquestionably possesses in its Metropolitan Police Force, of which we propose to give some account in the following article.

A distinguished stranger, who lately visited England, said of the force generally, 'When I speak of the English Police I take off my hat,' and he suited the action to the word. Nor was the compliment undeserved; for a more carefully selected, well-conducted, and efficient body of men, than the Metropolitan and City of London Police, probably does not exist in any country.

The value of the present police organisation of the metropolis can only be duly estimated by contrasting it with the state of anarchy which it superseded. Before the establishment of the present force, the government of London was entirely in the hands of the Corporation and vestries. Its administration was entirely local, and therefore inefficient; for, notwithstanding the eulogies so often pronounced from the Stump on 'the glorious principles of local self-government,' those principles, when reduced to practice, will usually be found exhibited in jobbing, waste, maladministration, and local disorder. Such at least is the case with the police of London; and the belief is growing that the same incompetency continues to be exhibited by the same local bodies in their administration of the poor-law and other branches of civic government over which they continue to exercise control.

Before the last forty-five years, the police of London was nothing short of a public disgrace. The scoundrels had everywhere the upper hand—in the streets, in the suburbs, and on the river. The roads leading to and from the metropolis were infested

infested by thieves and footpads. It was unsafe to walk abroad anywhere after nightfall. The thieves were much better organised than the police. There were day thieves and night thieves, and organised hustlers of passengers. Bullock-hunting,* duck-hunting, and dog-fighting went on in public thoroughfares by day, and after dark the streets were disgraced by broils and disturbances, making night hideous. Gangs of women prowled in certain neighbourhoods under a sort of organised system, by which they were protected against disturbance in their infamous calling by the guardians of the night, with whom they shared their gains.†

An organised police force could scarcely be said to exist; yet in most parishes a show of such force was made. It consisted of constables, headboroughs, beadles, and watchmen, elected for the most part annually, at vestry meetings and wardmotes. The petty constables in some districts were appointed by the vestries, and in several cases they were themselves found to be thieves and receivers of stolen property. They were rarely paid any salary, but relied for their remuneration principally on fees and perquisites. Hence many of them lived by extortion, countenancing all sorts of vice, and receiving regular pay from brothel and alehouse keepers.‡ The night-watch for the most part consisted of helpless old men, or of labourers, appointed by way of charity to keep them and their families off the poor-rate. They were paid from 10s. to 15s. a week, and they usually eked out their wages by taking hush-money, gifts from street-walkers, and contributions from publicans. These were the old Charlies, who used to be described as men employed by the parishes to sleep in the open air. Boxes were provided for them, the overturning of one of which, with the watchman inside, was one of the favourite feats of the 'Mobbers' and 'Tom and Jerry' men.

Among the best watched parishes were those of Marylebone and St. James's, where none but Chelsea pensioners were employed. But the thieves and roughs merely removed from them into other quarters where there was less interruption to their depredations. In some parishes the night-watchmen were principally Irish, because they were found ready to serve for less wages; and it

* "Have you ever witnessed bullock-hunting, and that riotous assemblage of persons in the neighbourhood of the church and churchyard which has been detailed in evidence before this Committee?" "Oh yes, many times; the most disgraceful thing in the country. I have offered to turn volunteer to prevent it. On Monday and Tuesday we have a bullock or poor cow hunted. The butchers round Hackney and Bethnal Green have paid police officers for having their bullocks brought home safe, and as soon as that pay ceased, their attention ceased."—Evidence of James May, Vestry Clerk of St. Matthew, Bethnal Green, before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, 1817.

† 'Third Report of the Committee on the State of the Police of the Metropolis, 1818,' p. 2.

‡ Ibid., p. 26.

used to be observed that in those parishes, when an Irish thief or rioter was taken, he was very apt to get off. But there were large and populous districts absolutely without protection of any kind. One of such was Deptford, with a population of 20,000, which, in 1828, was without a single policeman or watchman. To check the prevalence of street robbery and burglary, the inhabitants formed themselves into a Watch Committee, taking their turn by twenties to patrol the streets at night; but this lasted only until the thieves had taken their departure into other parishes, when the practice was discontinued, and thieving began again as before.

There was nothing approaching unity of action in the maintenance of order. The whole metropolis was divided and subdivided into petty jurisdictions, each independent of every other, and each having sufficiently distinct interests to engender perpetual jealousies and animosities. The indolent and indifferent watchman was not slow to take advantage of this state of things. Thus cases occurred in which the 'Charley,' observing a row going on, or a crime being committed, on the opposite side of a street, would refuse to interfere because it was in another parish! In short, had the increase of crime rather than its repression—the interest of the thieves rather than of the honest public—the provision of facilities for enabling professional depredators to obtain the largest amount of plunder with least danger—been the express objects of parochial and municipal arrangement, they could not have been more effectually promoted by the system, or rather the utter want of system, which then prevailed with respect to the Police of London and its suburbs.

Attempts were made about the beginning of the nineteenth century, under the pressure of increasing crime, to reverse the disgraceful state of things. The publication of Mr. Colquhoun's works,* which excited great interest at the time, procured attributed not a little to direct attention to the subject. A patrol was established by the Government in 1800, the object of checking the increase of highway and river robberies in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. It consisted of mounted and dismounted. The former patrolled about all the great roads round London to within a distance of twenty miles; while the latter was principally

* 'The Police of the Metropolis, containing a detail of the various crimes and misdemeanours by which public and private property is present injured and endangered; and suggesting remedies therefor.' By P. Colquhoun, LL.D., Acting Magistrate for the County of Middlesex, Surrey, &c.

* A Treatise on the Commerce and Police of the River

By the same. immediate

immediate environs of London, within a distance of four or five miles, patrolling those roads not watched by the mounted men. This force consisted for the most part of old soldiers, steady and well disciplined, the mounted being recruited from the dismounted; and dressed as they were in blue coats and red waistcoats, they were commonly known as the 'robin redbreasts.' In addition to the horse patrol, there was the Bow Street night patrol, established in the time of Sir John Fielding, which patrolled the principal streets of the metropolis, more particularly those in which the drunken old Charlies were found the least efficient.

These several patrols, consisting of properly selected men, acting under the immediate orders of the Chief Magistrate at Bow Street, were found extremely serviceable in checking foot-pad robberies, and in increasing the general security of persons and property within the range of their respective beats. But their numbers were altogether inadequate to the duty that had to be performed. As late as 1828, the mounted patrol consisted of only fifty-four men in four divisions, with two inspectors, and four deputy-inspectors; and the dismounted patrol consisted of eighty-nine men, also in four divisions, with four inspectors and eight sub-inspectors. The Bow Street night-patrol consisted of only eighty-two men, seventeen conductors, and one inspector; but there was no day-patrol whatever, nothing in the shape of a regular day police force until the year 1822, when the Bow Street day-patrol was introduced by Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Peel, for the purpose of watching the principal streets of the metropolis until the night-patrol came on duty.

At its commencement, this day-patrol consisted of only twenty-four men and three inspectors; yet it formed the nucleus of the present splendid day and night police force of the metropolis. It was begun on the lowest scale as to numbers and expense, being regarded by Mr. Peel mainly as an experiment of a new organisation, which might be adopted on a larger scale, or discontinued, according as circumstances might determine.

From the day on which Mr. Peel's day-patrol of twenty-four men was established, its usefulness and efficiency were at once recognised. It was the only body of men in the metropolis that could be brought together to put down a disturbance or disperse a mob without calling in the aid of the military. The constables, headboroughs, and beadles of the separate parishes of the metropolis, were useless for such a purpose. Some of the most crowded thoroughfares were so ill protected that the inhabitants established patrols of their own in front of their shops,

shops, even in the day time. In short, Bumbledom had been fully tried, and was found utterly incompetent either to protect property or to maintain order. The anarchy which continued to prevail among the parochial administrations arising from their unconnected, inefficient, and often conflicting action, was at length found so intolerable, that after full trial had been given to the experiment of a day-patrol, it was at length determined to apply the system to the entire metropolis.

The result was the passing of the Act 10 George IV. chap. 44, for the establishment of an efficient police, to patrol and watch the Metropolitan Police District (excepting only 'The City'), which was defined as extending to an average distance of seven miles round Charing Cross—the modern centre of London. This district was afterwards extended by Order in Council, pursuant to the 2nd and 3rd Victoria, chap. 47, to all parishes any part of which was within twelve miles of Charing Cross, which had the effect of enlarging the area to an average radius of fifteen miles from that centre. And by a subsequent Act, passed in 1860, the care of the Royal Dockyards and certain Military Stations was also made over to the police force of the capital.

The first portion of the new police was embodied in September, 1829, under Major Rowan and Richard Mayne, Esq., who were appointed Joint Commissioners and placed under the control of the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Some time elapsed before the force was completely organised; and it was not until May, 1830, that the whole metropolitan district became occupied. At that date the metropolitan police stood at 17 superintendents, 68 inspectors, 318 sergeants, and 2892 constables, or a total of 3295 men. With the extension of the metropolis, their duties were necessarily increased, and successive additions were from time to time made to their numbers, though neither in proportion to the increased area they had to patrol, nor the increased population they had to guard.

At the present time, the metropolitan district is divided into nineteen divisions, designated by certain letters of the alphabet, as well as by local names. These divisions are subdivided into subdivisions, and these into sections, which are again subdivided into beats. The policemen have charge of the beats, the sergeants of the sections, the inspectors of the subdivisions, and the superintendents of the whole divisions. Besides the letter divisions, there are also the Thames Police or water division, and the five dockyard divisions at Woolwich, Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, and Pembroke respectively, organised after the same plan.

The

The following is a summary of the Force as it stood at the beginning of the present year :—

Letter of Division.	Local name of Division.	Superintendents.	Inspectors.	Sergeants.	Constables.	Total Strength of all Ranks.
A	Whitehall	1	35	97	416	549
B	Westminster	1	10	43	406	460
C	St. James's	1	5	33	268	307
D	Marylebone	1	6	31	289	327
E	Holborn	1	9	46	445	501
G	Finsbury	1	6	29	310	346
H	Whitechapel	1	7	25	246	279
K	Stepney	1	12	78	558	649
L	Lambeth	1	5	25	232	263
M	Southwark	1	7	32	310	350
N	Islington	1	11	55	546	613
P	Camberwell	1	9	48	397	455
R	Greenwich	1	11	48	362	422
S	Hampstead	1	10	50	419	480
T	Kensington	1	10	52	417	480
V	Wandsworth	1	7	39	312	359
W	Clapham	1	9	40	343	393
X	Paddington	1	10	45	364	420
Y	Highgate	1	11	47	394	453
Thames Division		Vacant	30	..	111	142
Woolwich Dockyard		1	12	21	125	159
Portsmouth		1	7	24	133	165
Devonport		1	8	20	127	156
Chatham		1	6	14	103	124
Pembroke	2	3	21	26
Totals		24	255	945	7652	8878

Besides the Superintendents of Divisions, four additional officers were appointed early in 1869, holding a position intermediate between them and the Assistant-Commissioners, each of whom has the immediate supervision of about one-fourth of the metropolitan district, and to them has been given the title of District Superintendent.

Each division of the police has a principal station, which, by means of the electric telegraph, is kept in direct communication with the central office in Scotland Yard; so that at any moment the reserves of the force may be alarmed and moved on any given point where their services are required. For this purpose Reserve companies, consisting of picked men, in full bodily vigour, are attached to all the divisions, from whence they may be concentrated at any time for special duty, such as the regulation of the traffic on the Derby Day, or the great Boat Race, or on the occasion of a procession, or a tumult, without interfering with the security of the respective districts. The Whitehall division

division is also applicable to general purposes, being employed to attend upon the Sovereign, the Parliament, the theatres, the parks, and other places of public resort.

The whole force is directed by one Chief Commissioner, and two Assistant-Commissioners, under the control of the Home Secretary, who is responsible to Parliament. The Commissioner and his assistants are charged with the execution of the Acts of Parliament under which the force is constituted, including its organisation, the framing of the orders and regulations for the government of its members, their selection and rejection, their distribution and inspection, their discipline and drill, and, in short, all the arrangements in detail which are necessary to render the force as efficient as possible in the discharge of its various duties.

Though the police of the City of London are a distinct force, appointed by and under the control of the Corporation, they are in nearly all respects identical in their organisation with the metropolitan police force. Some ten years after the efficiency of the new system had become recognised, the City authorities wisely determined to reconstitute their police after the metropolitan model, and it now forms an equally effective force—its sphere of action, however, being confined to the City and Liberties. It is directed by a commissioner, and consists of two superintendents, 14 inspectors, 14 station-sergeants, 12 detective sergeants, 56 ordinary sergeants, 338 first-class constables, 165 second-class, and 95 third-class; or a total force of 696 men.

Every possible care is taken to select the best men to fill the ranks of the police. If imperfect men obtain admission, it is probably because perfect men are not to be had at the wage. Nineteen shillings a week, with a chance of rising by good conduct to 21s., 23s., and 25s. weekly,* is not a very tempting salary; yet there is no want of candidates to fill vacancies in the force. In 1869 the number of applicants for admission to the metropolitan police was 4550; of whom 2470 were not examined, as not coming within the stipulated conditions of age, stature, health, education, &c.; 1750 were rejected as unqualified on account of insufficiency of testimonials; 720 did not proceed with their applications, and 2080 were selected for examination, of whom 940 were rejected, and 1140 passed; or only about 25 per cent. of the original number of applicants. Of the men

* The Commissioner, in his last Report, recommends that the rate of pay be increased from 19s. to 20s. on entry, rising to 22s., 24s., and 26s.; and that first-class sergeants be increased from 28s. to 31s., and second-class from 26s. to 29s. per week.

who passed their final examinations, 939 were eventually sworn in as police constables.

Before the candidate is admitted to examination, the following preliminary conditions are requisite:—He must be under thirty years of age, and, if married, not have more than two children dependent upon him for support; he must stand at least 5 feet 7 inches in height,* be free from bodily complaint, and of strong constitution; he must be intelligent, able to read and write, and, above all, he must be able to give proofs of an unimpeachable character for honesty, industry, sobriety, and good temper. And if, after being examined, he shows the requisite amount of intelligent comprehension of the rules and regulations of the service, and gives evidence of his ability to act with discretion and judgment in a variety of problematical cases that are laid before him, this first-class man—for such he must really be to fulfil these various conditions—is taken on at 19s. a week, having first undergone instruction in the rudiments of company drill for a fortnight. There is one advantage he has on entering the service: he knows that promotion is entirely by merit, and that he is commanded by gentlemen who will be quick to recognise his good qualities; so that he may hope by activity, sobriety, and intelligence in the performance of his duties, to rise to superior stations in the force.

Although, as might naturally be expected, by far the largest proportion of the metropolitan police consists of Englishmen, mostly belonging to the Home counties, it also contains 670 Irishmen, of whom 3 are superintendents, 22 inspectors, and 98 sergeants; and 152 Scotchmen, of whom 3 are superintendents, 13 inspectors, and 31 sergeants. The proportion of the men who have served in the army is about 9 per cent.; 73 men having served in the artillery, 152 in the cavalry, 426 in the line, and 123 in the militia. Of the linesmen, 3 are superintendents, 5 inspectors, and 46 sergeants. There are also in the force eleven foreigners, some of whom are connected with the detective force.

The Detective department—the head-quarters of which are in Great Scotland Yard—was instituted in August, 1842, when it consisted of only two inspectors and six sergeants, selected because of their quickness of intelligence and special experience in the detection of crime. Successive additions were made to the force until, in the month of April, 1869, it numbered one superintendent, three chief inspectors, three ordinary inspectors, six first-

* The standard has been 5 feet 7 inches since the institution of the force until recently, when it has been raised to 5 feet 8 inches; but it is doubtful whether this can be maintained.

class sergeants, and thirteen second-class sergeants. Shortly after, it was decided to establish detective officers in the local divisions; and in the month of July last this measure was carried into effect, 20 sergeants and 160 first-class constables being apportioned among the various divisions, according to their respective requirements.

The duties of the detective force are of a very varied character, which it would be difficult to describe in detail. It may, however, be mentioned that they are principally occupied in tracking the perpetrators of murder, forgery, and other crimes of a serious nature; but they are never allowed to enter upon any such inquiry without the express sanction and authority of the Commissioner or Assistant-Commissioner. Occasionally, in very obscure cases of crime, detective officers are sent into the country, by order of the Secretary of State, to assist the local police in cases of murder, burglary, and incendiary fires. The Road murder afforded a remarkable illustration of the sagacity of Whicher, the detective officer employed in the case, for he arrived at conclusions with respect to the perpetrator different from those formed by everybody else; and though he received much abuse on account of the opinions which he early formed and expressed, he never varied from them, and they eventually proved to be accurate.

The detective force was also found extremely useful during the Fenian disturbances, when their services were called for at all hours, and in all parts of England; nor were they ever found wanting in courage, coolness, and readiness for action, when required. The acuteness displayed by the principal officers in holding and keeping clear the threads of many intricate plots and the histories of many suspected individuals has been very striking; and, were it considered expedient at the present time, instances might be given of certain notorious cases, showing the process of working out conclusive evidence from clues that were originally extremely indistinct.

The influx into London of foreign criminals who have fled from their own country on account of breaches of the law has also considerably increased the work of the detective force. Some of these foreign criminals are very dangerous men—of desperate and subtle character—who need constant surveillance. A few of them are given up on warrants to the authorities of the countries from which they have fled; but as extradition treaties exist only with France, Denmark, and the United States, and these only for crimes of a very grave character, a large number of them are left at liberty, who resort to dishonest means for a living. This influx of foreign criminals renders it necessary that some mem-

bers of the detective corps should be able to speak foreign languages, and there are accordingly officers of the force who are familiar with French, German, Russian, Italian, and Greek.

These, however, are the exceptional men of the police, who are employed in the performance of special work, requiring the exercise of great experience, ability, and skill. The rank and file have more humble and routine, but not less important, duties to perform. Their first and principal function is that of an efficient patrol. They have to keep watch and ward over the half million dwellings, shops, and warehouses, which occupy the area of the metropolis, extending over some seven hundred square miles. Every street, road, lane, court, and alley, forms part of a divisional beat, and must be visited more or less frequently every day and night.

The total length of the streets and roads regularly patrolled by the metropolitan police is not less than 6708 miles, or equal to the distance, in a direct line from London across the Atlantic and the continent of North America, to San Francisco! This length is divided into 921 day-beats and 3126 night-beats—the average length of the day-beats all over the metropolitan district being about seven and a half miles, and of the night-beats a little over two miles—though they are, of course, much shorter where the population is the most dense.

The beats are all numbered and entered in a register, which can be referred to at any time. This register shows the streets, roads, squares, &c., in each beat, and the time required to pass over it at the rate of two and-a-half miles an hour. A sergeant has the charge of each section, and of the men doing duty in it; he is responsible for the proper conduct of the men, and, to satisfy himself that they are doing their duty properly, he is constantly patrolling the section. As a check upon the sergeant and the men working under him, the inspector visits the subdivision at different points during the day and night, the superintendent keeping a vigilant eye upon the working of the entire division; while, as a check upon the whole, the commissioners and district superintendents either make inspection of the divisions in person, or send out special officers from Whitehall to report as to the manner in which the whole duty is done.

It will be observed, from the much larger number of night-beats than of those in the day, that the patrol-work of the police is principally done at night: night being the time of danger, and consequently of watching. In round numbers, two-thirds of the whole force are employed by night, and one-third by day; the men taking their turns on both kinds of duty. The night constables go on duty at 10 P.M. and remain until 6 A.M., when the day

day duty begins. The whole service is arranged by reliefs, each man taking his turn of eight months' night duty and four months' day duty in the year. It is also arranged that the force patrolling the principal thoroughfares shall be greater at certain hours than at others, the largest number being on duty between seven and ten in the evening; long experience having shown that it is between these hours that the greatest number of thefts and depredations are attempted, as well as because the streets are then the most disorderly by reason of the number of drunken people abroad.

And now observe what are the routine duties expected to be performed by the police-constable on patrol. These are carefully laid down for him in his book of 'General Regulations, Instructions, and Orders,' the details of which he is required to master, to remember, and to carry out. He is informed, at the outset, that the principal object of the institution of the force is *the prevention of crime*:—

'To this end (says the Order-book) every effort of the police is to be directed. The security of person and property, the preservation of the public tranquillity, and all the other objects of a police establishment will thus be better effected than by the detection and punishment of the offender after he has succeeded in committing the crime. This should constantly be kept in mind by every member of the police force, as the guide for his own conduct. The police should endeavour to distinguish themselves by such vigilance and activity, as may render it extremely difficult for any one to commit a crime within that portion of the town under their charge.'

In carrying out these general instructions, the men on patrol are directed to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the geography of their respective sections, and with the names of the several streets, thoroughfares, courts, and houses. The police-constable is even 'expected to possess such a knowledge of the inhabitants of each house as to enable him to recognise their persons, and thus prevent mistakes and be enabled to render assistance to the inhabitants when called upon to do so.' He has to see to the proper fastening of the doors and windows of the houses along his beat, with a view to the better security of the inmates. He is to observe whether coal-holes, trap-doors, or other places, on or near the footway, are securely covered over; and report when they are not so, in order that this cause of danger to the public may be removed. He is to observe the conduct of any suspicious person hanging about a house, and to take notice of any one carrying away parcels or bundles from it at unseasonable hours under suspicious circumstances. He is to pay particular attention to public-houses and beer-shops, which, however,

however, he is not to enter except in the immediate execution of his duty. He is to report all nuisances in the streets, courts, or thoroughfares, that steps may be taken for their removal. He is also, amongst his other various duties by day and night, to look after beggars, tramps, and street nuisances; to watch letter-pillars and street lamps (reporting whether they are properly lighted or not); to check the nuisance of smoky chimneys and street noises; to prevent the solicitation of prostitutes; to seize stray dogs; to take charge of lost children; to remove destitute persons from the streets; to carry accident cases to the hospital; to report dangerous houses or structures; to watch the outbreak of fires, and assist in their extinction before the arrival of the Fire Brigade;* to take charge of exposed property at fires; to seize obscene prints and publications, and charge the persons offering them for sale before the magistrates; to prevent indecencies and offences against public morality generally; to charge disorderly persons obstructing thoroughfares or causing breaches of the peace; on all of which subjects the police have special and distinct instructions.

The Commissioner takes care to impress upon the minds of his men the necessity of performing these various, difficult, and often delicate duties with 'perfect command of temper.' They are cautioned 'not to use irritating language even to those offending against the law.' They are not to interfere unnecessarily, but, when it is their duty to act, they are to do so with decision and boldness. 'The police,' says the order, 'are not to use language towards persons in their custody calculated to provoke them; such conduct often creates a resistance in the prisoner, and a hostile feeling among the persons present towards the police.' And again: 'The more respectful and civil the police are upon all occasions, the more they will be respected and supported by the public in the proper execution of their duty.'

Although the primary object of the metropolitan police was the establishment of an efficient day and night patrol, the organisation of so well-disciplined a body of active, steady, and intelligent men, spread over the whole metropolis, was found so convenient as to induce the authorities to call upon them from time to time to undertake new duties, with a view to the improved convenience, comfort, and security of the inhabitants; and it

* Since the introduction of the improved organisation of the Fire Brigade, the number of fires extinguished by the police before the arrival of the engines has been very much reduced. Thus, of 561 fires which occurred in 1859, 41 were extinguished by the police alone, whilst of 690 fires in 1868, only 7 were so extinguished, the fire-engines being so much more readily available since the general introduction of the electric telegraph.

is not saying too much to aver that they have, on the whole, performed them with discretion, judgment, and efficiency.

Among the more important of such new duties entrusted to the police is the regulation of the traffic of the metropolis. The increase in the number of carriages, cabs, omnibuses, vans, and vehicles of all kinds, has been so great of late years that, without the most careful regulation, the principal thoroughfares would, for the greater part of each day, be the scene of disorder, danger, and inextricable confusion. As it is, the principal thoroughfares are crowded with traffic from morning till night, and being for the most part insufficient in width, they can only be kept clear by dint of constant attention on the part of the police.

As might be expected, the greatest glut of traffic is in the thoroughfares leading to and from the city—not fewer than three quarters of a million of persons entering it daily, mostly for purposes of business. The pressure is greatest towards the centre, and where the thoroughfares are the narrowest—at the Mansion House, in the Poultry, at Temple Bar, in Holborn, at Aldgate, and especially on London Bridge. About 60,000 persons cross the bridge daily on foot, and over 25,000 vehicles; and it is only by the careful separation of the fast from the slow traffic by the constables stationed at the ends of the bridge, by which it is divided into four distinct streams passing in opposite directions, that the thoroughfare is kept clear; though, notwithstanding all the care that can be taken, blocks are still of frequent and unavoidable occurrence.

The most crowded thoroughfares of the West End are, the corner of Hyde Park during the season, Bond Street in the afternoon, the bottom of Park Lane, the Strand on the evening when lines of carriages to and from some ten different theatres require regulation, and especially the crossing to the Houses of Parliament of the stream of traffic over Westminster Bridge. As London Bridge is the greatest thoroughfare of the East of London, so is Westminster Bridge of the West. About 45,000 foot-passengers and 13,000 vehicles cross it daily in the busiest seasons of the year. Upwards of a thousand vehicles cross hourly between ten and twelve in the forenoon, and between two and four in the afternoon; and it is only by the careful and excellent regulations of the police that accidents are not of constant occurrence.

Since the abolition of the office of Registrar of Hackney Carriages, the regulation of the public conveyances of the metropolis has also been entrusted to the Chief Commissioner in Scotland Yard, under whose direction six Inspectors of Public Carriages perform the duties pertaining to the office, as prescribed

scribed by the various Acts. They inspect all carriages plying for hire, all omnibuses and cabs (of which there are over 7000), and ascertain that they are in a fit condition for public use. The Commissioner licenses the drivers and conductors, on proof of good character being produced, as well as the watermen at carriage standings; and he also fixes the standings for hackney-carriages. All property left in public carriages must immediately be taken by the drivers and conductors to the office in Scotland Yard, where it may be reclaimed by the public. In 1868, the number of persons informed against because of violations of the law—such as furious driving, cruelty to horses, demanding more than the legal fare, want of proper license or ticket, causing improper obstruction of thoroughfare, and such like offences—was 4785, and in 4166 of the cases convictions were obtained.

Another duty of the police is the inspection of common lodging-houses under the Act of 1851. All cases requiring attention are reported to the Commissioner for instructions. In 1868, proceedings were taken in 59 cases, in 49 of which convictions were obtained.

The police have also of late years been charged with carrying out the Act for abating the smoke nuisance, in which their labours have been attended with marked success. Since the passing of the Act in 1853, 15,335 cases of nuisance have been reported by the police, in 11,405 of which the nuisance was abated when the proprietor was cautioned by order of the Commissioner or when alterations had been made in the furnaces after examination by the inspecting engineer. It was found necessary to prosecute in 1827 cases, in 1635 of which convictions were obtained, and fines levied varying from 1*s.* and costs to 40*l.* But there were 505 cases still pending at the end of 1869. The nuisance of smoke has thus been very greatly abated not only on the land, but on the river.

Another howling nuisance, as well as a great cause of waste amongst the poorer classes, which the police have of late years been called upon to abate, has been the nuisance of dogs—fighting-dogs, rat-dogs, curs, and mongrels. In the course of fifteen months, ending the 28th of February last, they succeeded in seizing no fewer than 20,871 of these animals, 12,257 of which were destroyed. Of the remainder, 4644 were restored to their owners; 3649 were sold to the Dogs' Home, Holloway, at twopence per head; 270 were sold by auction; and 51 escaped.

Another duty of the police is to take up lost and missing persons, and restore them to their friends. Of 5195 persons reported

reported as lost or missing in the metropolitan district in 1868, 2805 were so restored. They were also instrumental in the course of last year in restoring lost property to the owners, of the value of 21,924*l.*, independent of stolen property, or property left in metropolitan stage and hackney-carriages, the amount of which was considerably greater. Last year also, the police carried to the hospitals 1347 cases of street and other accidents, besides 732 persons suffering from other causes. And in 1868 they were instrumental in preventing not fewer than 324 suicides.

Next to the thieves, the drunkards occasion the greatest trouble to the police. There are the helplessly drunk, who are carried to the police station and kept there until sober; and there are the riotously drunk, who are for the time mad, dangerous, and often uncontrollable. These also have to be taken into custody until their delirium has abated. In 1868, there were taken up by the metropolitan police 2430 disorderly characters (more or less under the influence of drink); 1665 disorderly prostitutes (the same); 10,463 drunk and disorderly persons, of whom 5079 were women; and 9169 helplessly drunk, of whom 4336 were women. Of those taken up for drunkenness, whose occupations were known, the most numerous class were labourers, next female servants, then clerks, then sailors; but of the greater number the occupations are not specified. Minute directions are given in the police-book of orders and regulations, and printed instructions are posted in the passages leading to the cells, as to how helplessly drunk persons are to be treated. When carried to the station, 'the handkerchief or stock about their neck is to be undone, and when put into the cell a pillow is to be placed under their head to raise it.' But as mistakes have happened in certain cases of the sort, it is ordered that whenever the person brought in is insensible, whether from drunkenness or not, medical aid is to be immediately called in. Prisoners insensible from illness, drunkenness, or any other cause, are searched in order to take charge of their property and returning it to them when recovered from their insensibility; whilst riotously drunk and dangerous persons are searched for arms or weapons by which they might inflict injury on themselves or others.

The careful supervision of the places where men and women drink and get drunk, is also one of the most difficult and delicate duties of the police. There is the greater reason for this supervision, as the lowest of those houses are the resort of prostitutes and other bad characters, and the harbours and schools of the criminal classes, there being not fewer than 360 in the

the metropolis (including the City) in 1868, which were the *known* haunts of thieves and prostitutes. In the same year, informations were laid against 1322 public-houses, beer-shops, and refreshment-shops, for various infringements of the law; and in 1034 of the cases convictions were obtained.

Next there are the multitudinous idle and lazy persons, whom it is the constant business of the police to watch and keep in check. 'From the moment,' says Frégier, in his work on the *Dangerous Classes*, 'that the poor man, given over to his bad passions, ceases to work, he puts himself in the position of an enemy to society, because he disregards the supreme law, which is labour.' These dangerous classes include a great variety of idlers, rogues, and reprobates. There are the tramps and beggars,—the match-sellers, rag and bottle-buyers, ballad-singers, fortune-tellers, dog-fanciers, umbrella-menders, ring-droppers, prigs, area-sneaks, smashers, card-sharpers, clothes-beggars who go about half-naked leaving their ordinary clothes in the lodging-houses, women in white aprons with a crying baby in each arm, burnt-out shopkeepers or farmers carrying about and exhibiting forged begging letters, sham old soldiers 'wounded in the Crimea,' sham shipwrecked sailors who abound after a storm, sham epileptics who live in comfort upon convulsive fits with the aid of a little soap, and a host of idlers, vagabonds, and dissolute persons, from whom the regular thieves and criminals are from time to time recruited.

The foundation of all these is the common beggar. The beggar is an idler, ready as the opportunity offers to become a thief; and he is often a beggar because he is a thief. The beggar is the enemy of society, and especially of the deserving poor. The French have a true proverb: '*Les mendiants volent les pauvres*;' for beggars divert the stream of charity from the deserving to the reprobate. There are many charitable persons who satisfy their consciences by giving to an importunate beggar, when, if the truth were known, they were only contributing to maintain in comfort an incorrigible thief. Hence, there was good reason in the old law which punished the indiscriminate almsgiver as being not only the patron of idleness but of crime.

It is foreign to our present purpose to enquire into the causes of crime. Many poor children are doubtless bred to thieving as others are to honest trade. They are sent out into the streets by dissolute and drunken parents to beg, as other children are sent out to work. If they do not bring home money they are beaten, and to make up the amount they do not hesitate to steal. These are the Arabs of the streets, the utterly neglected children—neglected by their parents, by society, and the State—over whom the
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the sects quarrel, leaving them to the elementary instruction of the gutters, the Adelphi arches, or the penny gaffs,—creatures of mere instinct, with the means of animal gratification constantly in sight, and often within reach, deterred from seizing them by fraud or force, by no higher consideration than that of fear of the policeman.

Then there are the ill-disciplined, the idle, the vicious, who hate labour, but love pleasure by whatever means obtained. Labour is toilsome, and its gains are slow. There is another and a shorter road to pleasure—the Devil's. These people determine to live by the labour of others; and from the moment they arrive at that decision they become the enemies of society. It is not often that distress drives men to crime; nor are the poor necessarily the vicious. 'In nine cases out of ten,' says the Ordinary of Newgate, 'it is choice, and not necessity, that leads men to crime.' The main incentive to it is love of sensual gratification, which in the ill-regulated, untrained animal, overpowers all other considerations; and, once entered on this career, the criminal pursues the dismal round of vice, falling from one stage to another, until at last the wretched end is reached.

The classes who live by plunder are of many kinds. There are prigs or petty thieves, prowlers about areas or back doors, pick-pockets, stealers of goods from counters, robbers of dwelling-houses, and skilled cracksmen, or burglars. These several classes pursue their special branches of thieving as tradesmen do their respective callings. Thus, in the single branch of crime connected with the issue of false money, there are four distinct classes of persons concerned: 1st, the makers of the bad coin; 2nd, the dealers; 3rd, the carriers of the money to those who buy it; 4th, the utterers or 'sneyders'; to which even a fifth might be added, the stealers of pewter pots to be converted into bad half-crowns and shillings.

The old and experienced thieves are the trainers and teachers of the young ones, whose help they need in carrying on their operations, and whose education they undertake. These old thieves have graduated in many gaols and penitentiaries, and as much time has been devoted to their training as is required to master any of the learned professions. Possessing a treasury of criminal knowledge, they even take a pride in imparting it to the rising generation of thieves. No 'conscience clause' stands in their way. They know nothing of a 'religious difficulty.' In this country the school of criminal knowledge is perfectly free. While good men are higgling about the manner in which destitute children should be taught, the missionaries of crime
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are busily at work, actively educating the rising generation of thieves. Hundreds of them are turned out of gaol yearly with their tickets of leave, to pursue their respective callings and to serve as so many centres of criminal training and example. The juvenile thieves have even a literature of their own,* which flourishes extensively under our famous liberty of the press, emulating in the wideness of its circulation the excellent publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge.

London, however, is by no means the exclusive training ground of the criminals that frequent it. As enterprising men come up to London from the country to push their fortunes, so do enterprising thieves. Lancashire business men are distinguished for their energy, and so are Lancashire criminals. Indeed Lancashire is, even more than London, the great nursery of crime. More than half the convicted criminals of England and Wales in 1868 belonged to three counties; Lancashire supplying 23·6 per cent., Middlesex 20·5 per cent., and Yorkshire 10·8 per cent. of the whole number.

The high average of criminality in the northern towns has been attributed to the large Irish element there. 'The Manchester and Liverpool men,' said a thief, 'are reckoned the most expert; they are thought to be of Irish parents, and to have most cunning. In fact three-fourths of those now travelling throughout the kingdom have Irish blood in them, either from father, mother, or grandmother.' The garotters—of whom ordinary thieves speak with contempt—are almost entirely of this origin. In London they are commonly known as 'Irish cockneys.' Of five garotters lately whipped in Newgate, four were Irish; the ruffians being recognisable by their names, their brogue, and, strange to say, by their religion! According to the last Census Returns, the Irish-born population of Liverpool formed 18 per cent. of the whole, whereas the criminals of Irish birth confined in the Liverpool borough gaol in 1868 constituted 35 per cent. Again, in London, where the Irish constitute only 3·8 per cent. of the population, the criminals of Irish birth (independent of those of Irish extraction) confined in the prisons of Middlesex in 1868 amounted to 13 per cent. of the whole; or four times more than their ratio to the population of the metropolis. Of the total population of the United Kingdom in 1861 three per cent. were

* 'Juvenile Thieves' Literature.'—There are at least a dozen infamous publications which circulate largely at a very low price, and which have been described by the Ordinary of Newgate as among the principal incentives to juvenile crime. The heroes of the tales which form the staple of these periodicals are thieves and criminals. The honest man is a muff; the burglar a hero; and the prostitute a heroine. There is no disguise in the language employed in them.

born in Ireland; whereas Irish criminals constituted 14 per cent. of the total number committed in 1868.

That criminals pursue their trade as a regular calling is clear from the number of recommittals every year. The thief who has been once in gaol is almost certain to reappear there. He is not deterred by the so-called 'punishment' of the model prison, in which he enjoys food, warmth, and clothing, provided for him at the public expense. So he is no sooner set free than he at once recommences the practice of his vocation. The police had captured him before and handed him over to justice; but after a short term of absence justice restores him to society again. Another round of thefts or burglaries follows; the police catch him again; and again he is handed over to justice, to travel in the same circle of imprisonment, restoration to society, and renewal of burglary and crime.

The commonest class of thieves are the street thieves, who are of many kinds. Whatever draws a crowd into the streets—a fire, a Lord Mayor's Show, the march of a militia regiment, or a Reform procession—brings them together in hundreds. They also attend the May meetings, the Divorce Court, and other places attended by country yokels. A popular preacher 'draws' them largely; and when the Rev. Mr. Liddon delivered the first of his recent series of sermons at St. James's, Piccadilly, forty purses, and many watches, were abstracted from the owners' pockets. A man who gets into a push amongst the swell mob may be robbed with certainty, unless protected by a cloak, which foils thieves. Two go before the appointed victim and the others close up behind. A push occurs; the person to be robbed is hemmed in, and jostled and hustled about. If he keeps his hands in his pockets, or at his side to guard his property, his hat gets a tip from behind. To right his hat he raises his hands, and in the confusion—with one of the thieves pressing his arm against his chest—his pockets are at once emptied all round. The signal is then given that the robbery has been effected; the push subsides, and the thieves move away in different directions, to re-assemble round another victim and repeat the process.

A large number of thieves of a different sort prowl about spying goods exposed for sale, and watching for an opportunity of carrying them off. The number of felonies of this sort committed in the metropolitan district in 1868 was 2650; and of the 2084 persons apprehended 1196 were convicted. There are other thieves who break into City warehouses and shops, sometimes contriving to carry off large quantities of goods, which they sell to Jews and pawnbrokers.

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These receivers of stolen goods are among the greatest encouragers of crime. They are not only as bad as the thief, but worse. They educate, cherish, and maintain the criminal. The young thief begins by stealing small things from stalls, from shops, from warehouses; or he first picks pockets in a small way, proceeding from handkerchiefs to watches and purses; always finding a ready customer for his articles in the receiver of stolen goods. And when a skilled thief gets out of gaol, without means, the receiver will readily advance him 50*l.* at a time, until he sees his way to an extensive shoplifting, from which he not only gets his advance returned but a great deal more in the value of the stolen goods. The number of detected receivers of stolen goods committed for trial in the metropolitan district for the five years ending December, 1868, was 642; being an increase of 38 on the preceding period.

The vigilance of the police has probably to a certain extent increased the skill of the thieves, and driven them to new methods of plunder in which detection is more difficult. And they have always been found ready to adapt themselves to new habits, customs, and circumstances. Thus there is a class of ingenious thieves, driven from the streets, who operate upon the pockets of the public through the post-office and the press. Lucrative situations are advertised, and applications are invited from persons prepared to deposit a sum as security; or the remittance of so much in postage stamps is requested in consideration of certain valuable information to be communicated to the applicants.

Begging letters are of a thousand kinds; sometimes purporting to come from distressed authors, sometimes from distressed beauty and virtue, oftenest of all from distressed clergymen. The facilities provided by the post-office are adroitly turned to account by these swindlers. When they remove from one lodging to another, they give directions at the central office, by which the letters of their dupes continue to reach them at their new address. Thus the police are eluded, and the system of plunder is continued. But even when detected, it is very difficult (at least in England, where there is no public prosecutor) to bring the swindlers to justice; as the persons defrauded are mostly of small means, and not likely to be at the trouble or the expense of a journey to London to prosecute the guilty parties.

The classes who live by plunder have been equally prompt to take advantage of all new methods of travelling. Thus railways have attracted the attention of several distinct classes of thieves. Women respectably dressed, sometimes as widows, haunt the waiting rooms of the railway termini, where they lie in wait for passengers'

passengers' portmanteaus. No one could suspect any guile on the part of these distressed-looking widows, but on the occurrence of a suitable opportunity, when the owner's attention is called away, or he leaves the room to enquire after a starting train, the apparently bereaved person suddenly lays hands upon his portmanteau and quietly carries it away.

There are other railway thieves who travel first class with season tickets. These are, for the most part, card-sharpers; but they are also ready to take a purse, or to carry away any promising-looking portmanteau or travelling case—'by mistake.' A gang of accomplished card-sharpers of this description regularly 'works' the southern railways. Their method is as follows: One of them walks along the train about to start, and having selected a compartment containing a promising-looking victim—perhaps some young fellow setting out with a full purse on a continental tour—he enters and takes his seat, ostentatiously showing his season ticket. Immediately after, another well-dressed person enters, apparently a stranger to the first, but really a confederate. The train starts, and one of them, to beguile the tediousness of the journey, draws out a pack of cards. The confederate is invited to play; at first he refuses; then he reluctantly takes a hand, and money passes between the two. The pigeon in the far corner intended to be plucked, becomes gradually interested in the game, sees one of them playing badly and losing money. He ventures to make a suggestion, is invited to join, and by the time he reaches Dover his purse is very much lighter than when he left Charing Cross. Sometimes it is empty, and then he discovers, when too late, that he has been robbed; but he is too much ashamed of himself to think of making any attempt to bring the sharpers to justice. Besides, as a magistrate observed to one such victims who did bring his case before him, 'You yourself stood to win, and therefore you have no case.'

There are at present known to be about sixty well-dressed, well-educated thieves employed in this pursuit on the principal English railways; and in the autumn season, being good linguists, they frequently try a venture on continental lines, sometimes gathering a very rich booty from foolish travellers, foreign as well as English.

The first-class thief is equally ready to adapt himself to circumstances. He is no longer a highwayman, mounted on his 'Black Bess,' with a brace of pistols in his belt; but a skilled mechanic—an expert, a cracksman—provided with the best tools and appliances of his 'profession.' There is no longer the mail to rob, but there is the express-train running at sixty miles an hour,

hour, a speed which one might naturally suppose would outstrip the most agile thief. Yet he contrives to mount the train, and rob it while running, with his accustomed skill. Thus what is known as the Great Gold Robbery was accomplished—one of the most carefully-studied and cleverly-executed robberies of recent times.

Burglars are a distinct order of thieves, the greater number of them being liberated convicts and ticket-of-leave men. These, too, are of many classes. Thus, there are the breakers into shops and city warehouses, the receivers of stolen goods providing them with a ready vend for the plunder. There are the breakers into dwelling-houses, who conduct their depredations on a regular system. Thus, on the person of a repeatedly convicted burglar, recently captured and tried at the Old Bailey, there was found a list of dwelling-houses 'put up' for being robbed, on which those which had been 'done' were regularly *ticked off*! Then there are the breakers into banks, and jewellers' and goldsmiths' shops. These last are the senior wranglers in crime; they are men who will only 'go in for a big thing;' and they are spoken of by the profession as 'tip-toppers' and 'first-class cracksmen.'

Two other classes have come up of late—'window-fishers' and 'portico thieves.' The recent attempt on Mr. Attenborough's shop in Fleet Street, was made by window-fishers, and it had very nearly succeeded. This ingenious method of robbing shops has long been known. As long ago as 1833, it formed the subject of the following order issued by the metropolitan police, which clearly describes the means by which it is accomplished:—

'The superintendents are to send an inspector to all the jewellers, silversmiths, and others in their respective divisions, who keep chains, &c., in their windows, and explain to them the method thieves have adopted of robbing shops of this description, viz. by boring with a large gimlet or centre-bit under the bottom of the window, and drawing chains, rings, &c., through the aperture by means of a hooked wire, the thieves noticing by day time the place in which such property is laid in the window.'

Two men and one woman, who had been seen hanging about Mr. Attenborough's door, were taken into custody as the persons who had cut through the iron shutter and smashed the plate-glass inside; but as the robbery had not been effected, they were only imprisoned for three months with hard labour, under the Habitual Criminals Act. For it is worthy of note that the persons taken up were all old thieves. One had been twice before convicted, another four times, and the third five times;
and

and all three are, doubtless, by this time at liberty pursuing their vocation, unless again caught and imprisoned.

There is another class of thieves who enter houses from porticos, thus described by a detective in his report to the Commissioner:—

“Some time ago portico larcenies in the suburbs were very numerous, and of a most audacious character, being generally committed in the afternoons or evenings, when the families were all in or about their houses, the thieves always managing to enter and leave without being seen. This naturally made it a most difficult task to trace them. In nearly all cases the thieves committing this class of larceny are well dressed, keeping their own horses and traps, mostly at livery stables. Some of the carts are made with a box under the seat, the top of which contains cigars, &c., as if travellers, while under this is a false bottom containing housebreaking implements. In this manner they drive about the suburbs without suspicion, sometimes with a very dressy lady.”*

An extensive gang of this sort was cleverly broken up by the Metropolitan Police in the course of last year, which was in no small degree due to the skill and integrity of Detectives Ham and Ranger. In consequence of certain information received by them as to portico and other robberies, these officers considered it necessary to keep close watch on two receivers of stolen goods, named Simpson and Critchley. At length sufficient reasons were found for taking Simpson into custody, together with a notorious thief, named Green; and, on Simpson's house being searched, the proceeds of several portico robberies were found there, and the two criminals were committed on seven separate cases. While they were in custody waiting examination before the magistrates, Ham received a letter from an anonymous correspondent, requesting an interview, which would ‘prove to his advantage.’ He submitted the letter to his Superintendent, and was authorized by him to proceed to the appointed rendezvous. There he met a person named Richards, who, after some preliminary conversation, offered Ham and Ranger a bribe of twenty sovereigns on condition of their getting Simpson and Green ‘turned up’—that is, discharged. Ham pretended to entertain the proposal, and at a further interview he again met Richards in the presence of Critchley, who paid over the bribe of twenty sovereigns. Proceedings were at once instituted against Richards and Critchley, and they were both tried at the Central Criminal Court in August last, and sentenced to two years' hard labour. Critchley had been a known receiver of stolen goods for many

* Appendix to the Commissioner's Report, 1870.

years, in the course of which he had accumulated some 12,000*l.* by the pursuit of his nefarious calling. He was connected with 'first-class thieves' in all parts of the world, advancing money to them to go to foreign countries and commit robberies. His 'house' contained correspondence relating to transactions of this sort in France, Spain, Germany, and America; and stolen property received from these countries were found upon him.

While Critchley and Richards were sentenced to their two years' hard labour, the criminals Simpson and Green, whom they had endeavoured to buy off, were sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude at the same sessions. Simpson, who went by several *aliases*, had been for nearly thirty years a notorious 'fence.' He was a native of Clayton Heights, Yorkshire, and was concerned in some of the most notorious robberies in that county of late years as receiver, but he was always fortunate enough to escape conviction until hunted down by Detectives Ham and Ranger. But the apprehension and conviction of Critchley and Simpson did not stop here. In the course of the inquiries instituted respecting them, a whole school of portico thieves, of whom they had been the receivers, was discovered, and seven *climbers* were taken into custody, of whom five are now in prison for long terms.

There is still, however, another school of these portico thieves, as yet undiscovered, who have of late been remarkably daring and successful; and their hauls of jewels and plate at Mr. Motley's, Lord Napier's, and Lady Margaret Beaumont's, have been great almost beyond precedent in the history of robbery. It has been suggested that these thefts have been committed by a quondam acrobat. But this is quite a mistake, as nothing can be easier than for an ordinarily agile thief, with the aid of a confederate's back, or the help of a small hand-ladder, to mount a portico, and from thence enter an unfastened window. There is, however, one remarkable circumstance connected with these thefts,—that the thieves should be able at once to lay their hands upon the most valuable articles in the house, and carry them off before any alarm was raised. But the truth is, that none of these skilled burglaries are attempted except by old and practised thieves, and without much preliminary study and consideration. They watch the premises intended to be robbed, ascertain whether any guard is kept against which provision must be made, acquaint themselves with the habits of the family, and obtain all possible information as to the internal arrangements and communications of the house. Sometimes they obtain their information from servants of the family, sometimes from painters and paper-hangers who become familiar, in the course of the annual white-

washing

washing and painting, with the internal arrangements of London houses.

At the same time, there are burglars who will act quite independently of such assistance, and rely upon the knowledge they themselves obtain of the premises by careful and continuous external observation of them. The skilled cracksman is accomplished in the handling of tools, jemmies, wedges, spring-saws, braces, and centre-bits. Give him time and he will make his entry anywhere—through iron or through wood. In short, no dwelling can resist the skilled burglar determined to get in. The only obstacles he fears are chains across doors, bells inside shutters, and, more than all, a little active dog inside the house.

Although the number of burglaries yearly committed in the metropolis is small compared with its enormous size, and the number of houses—considerably over half-a-million—which it is the duty of the police to watch, yet these crimes probably occasion more terror than all the other offences against persons and property combined. Every burglary sends a thrill of alarm through the neighbourhood in which it is committed, and women and children are thrown into an agony of fear lest the house in which they live, should come next in turn to be ‘done’ and ticked off the burglar’s list. On such occasions agonised householders are very apt to rush into the daily newspapers, with loud cries of ‘Where are the police?’ They say, and with justice, that they are heavily taxed to maintain this large and expensive force; and yet their houses are broken into, their wives and children kept in terror, the burglaries go on unchecked; and the conclusion almost invariably drawn is, that the police are to blame, and that, as a body, they are inefficient for the prevention of crime.

But the police are not without their defence. They acknowledge, for it cannot be denied, that there is a large class of known thieves abroad—men skilled in burglary, who pursue it as a regular calling. But are the police responsible for these men being at liberty to pursue their nefarious industry? ‘Why don’t the police catch the burglars?’ ask the public. The police reply that they have caught these habitual criminals again and again, and handed them over to ‘justice;’ but that justice has again and again let them loose to rob and plunder as before. ‘Why do not the police catch the portico thieves?’ The reason is that these portico thieves, as well as the skilled burglars, are all old, trained, and repeatedly caught and convicted criminals, who, after each successive capture by the police, come out of gaol with an increased degree of cunning and circumspection, rendering them not only more dangerous as thieves but more

artful in evading detection and apprehension. The question which should be asked is, not 'Why do not the police catch the burglars?' but 'Why is it that confirmed and habitual criminals already repeatedly caught and convicted, are let loose upon society to pursue their known profession of plunder?'

The total number of criminals committed to prison throughout England and Wales, in 1868, was 158,480. Of these, 21,189 had been in gaol once before; 9263 twice; 5213 three times; 3557 four times; 2438 five times; 2933 seven times and above five; 2427 ten times and above seven; while 4488 had been in prison more than ten times! The worst thieves and burglars were those who had been in gaol the oftenest. Not fewer than 1343 were re-committed in 1868, who, on previous convictions, had been sentenced to transportation or penal servitude because of burglary, in some cases accompanied by violence; and yet they were again found at large, committing the same crimes, and were again apprehended by the police, and again handed over to justice as before.

It is the same as regards the worst criminal class of the metropolis. Of the 21,498 criminals convicted in metropolitan Courts during the seven years ending 1868, 2628 were *recognised** as having been twice before in custody for felony; 391 had been three times; 70 had been four times; and 16 had been five times and upwards. Yet the number recognised probably forms but a small proportion of those who have undergone previous imprisonments. Many old and habitual criminals are not recognised at all, because their previous convictions occurred in other police districts, from which they removed because already too well known there; and even in the case of such as have before undergone sentences in metropolitan prisons, identification is not always easy.

The old and hardened criminals, with whose faces the police have come to be so familiar, are, without exception, the worst and most dangerous class of the community. They pursue crime as a vocation, and train up young thieves to follow in their footsteps. Hating work, but loving debauchery, their whole time is spent in contriving how to live upon the labour of others. They think of nothing but picking pockets, robbing warehouses, and breaking into dwellings. These are the people

* 'To meet the risk of being recognised and its consequences' (says the Ordinary of Newgate, in his recent letter to Lord Kimberley) 'old offenders change their names, age, trade, religion, condition, and the particulars of their education,—in fact, every circumstance; and many old offenders, notwithstanding the great aptitude of Sessions officers for their duties, by these tricks escape perhaps not recognition, but *legal identification*.'

who

who keep society in constant alarm, and nervous women and children in a state of nightly terror. These accomplished scoundrels, who have taken every degree in thieving, and advanced from area-sneaking to shoplifting, until they have graduated as first-class cracksmen, are at perpetual war with the honest part of society. They have been repeatedly apprehended by the police, and as repeatedly set at liberty; and when another robbery occurs, because the police do not immediately succeed in apprehending them—skilled as they have become in the art of evading detection—loud outcries are raised of ‘Where are the police?’

It is not the police who are really in fault, so much as that tenderness for scoundrelism of all kinds that has become one of the pervading follies of our time. Modern philanthropy has so busied itself in ameliorating the condition of criminals that the condition of the thief has come to be almost more tolerable than that of the honest working-man. We have abolished the severer punishments, done away with transportation, and provided comfortable houses of detention, where convicted criminals are better housed, clothed, and fed than the average of city mechanics. We do not, as we once did, send our convicts to forced labour on unoccupied land in the colonies, but we get rid of our skilled workmen instead, sending them off in shiploads abroad, and keeping our thieves and criminals at home. Indeed, it is scarcely to be wondered at if the honest poor man, struggling to keep out of the devil’s ranks, and taxed all the while to maintain the scoundrel class, should begin to think, with Dean Swift, that honesty must, after all, be derived from the Greek word *onos*, signifying an ass.

The convicted criminals have now had every consideration shown them; but the question arises whether some consideration is not also due to those who are robbed, as well as to those who rob—to the wives, daughters, and children of the rate-paying and non-burglar part of the community, who are kept in constant terror by their depredations. It is notorious that the worst crimes of late years have been committed by criminals out of gaol ‘on licence,’ who have been taken red-handed with their tickets-of-leave upon them! Yet the men who are let loose upon society with those tickets-of-leave are almost invariably the most hardened and habitual criminals.* ‘The principle,’ says the
Ordinary

* By the Habitual Criminals Act passed in 1869, but not yet come into full operation, it is expected that ticket-of-leave men may be kept under somewhat more effectual supervision. But this is very doubtful, so long as the worst criminals are allowed to be at liberty. Convicts on licence are to be registered, and placed

Ordinary of Newgate, 'upon which licenses are regulated at present is this: he who can do most work, and who conforms most entirely to the prison rules, is he who receives most mitigation of sentence. And who is he? *The old criminal*, who has served an apprenticeship to the work and discipline of prison. . . . My own conviction is, that as a rule (and the exceptions are very rare) mercy is never more undeservedly shown than to a prisoner who has been previously convicted.*

The tenderness for crime which has grown up of late years has become extraordinary. The common working-man, who pays his way, and struggles with difficulty to keep himself and family out of the workhouse, excites comparatively little interest. But, let an atrocious murder be committed, and the whole country is roused to rescue the criminal from the gallows. The burglar may not murder, or intend to murder; yet he is no less the sworn enemy of society. But we have ceased to hang him; we no longer flog him at the cart's tail; we have ceased to transport him; we make him as comfortable as possible in the model prison we have built for him; and we even cut short the term of his imprisonment there and let him loose again upon society with his ticket-of-leave to recommence his depredations.

Wonderful, indeed, are the freaks of philanthropy! Now that thieves and scoundrels have been made comfortable, and that the sentimentalists are in want of an object for their activity, they have, with remarkable consistency, taken up another section of the same class: and persons who never in their lives stirred a foot or stretched out a hand to help a struggling virtuous poor woman, are now found banded together in an active agitation for the protection of diseased prostitutes! In their case also, the old plea of the criminals is alleged, that the Contagious Diseases Act 'interferes with the liberty of the subject.' But in all civilised communities the liberty of individuals, especially of those who live by vice and crime, must needs

placed under the supervision of the police. They may be taken into custody if believed to be getting a livelihood by dishonest means, and again placed in prison until their term of imprisonment or penal servitude has expired. Criminals twice convicted of felony are in like manner to be registered, and in certain cases remain under supervision of the police for seven years, and if unable to satisfy the magistrate before whom they are taken that they are not earning a living by honest means, or if found lurking about premises under suspicious circumstances, they are liable to be imprisoned for not more than a year. The great objection to the Act is, that it leaves confirmed criminals at liberty; and so long as that is the case, unless the policeman is constantly at the convict's elbow, it is very doubtful whether in a city of such magnitude and population as London, society will be rendered any more secure against the depredations of the habitual criminal class than it is now.

* Report of the Rev. J. E. Lloyd Jones, Ordinary of Newgate, to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, 1848.

give

give way to considerations of the general well-being. To escape moral disorder, civil order is contrived; and if the public health or security be imperilled, the vicious classes—whether they be thieves, burglars, or prostitutes—must be compelled to submit to regulations which are ascertained to be for the advantage and protection of the public. ‘Humanity should be exercised,’ says the Ordinary of Newgate, ‘rather for the protection of those who keep the law than for those who choose to break it; for, in nine cases out of ten, it is choice, and not necessity, that leads to crime.’*

As regards the repeatedly-convicted and habitual criminals, we hold that something more is needed for the security of society than confining them in well-warmed, well-ventilated, well-regulated model prisons for a few years, and then setting them free to pursue their vocation of crime. It used to be said by the advocates of the abolition of capital punishment that the worst use that could be made of a man was to hang him; but surely it is a still worse use to make of a man who has become a hardened and habitual criminal† to let him loose upon society, after numerous convictions, to resume his vocation of plunder and educate others in criminality.

Why should incorrigible thieves and irreclaimable burglars be left at large? We shut up lunatics for life because they are dangerous to society; but liberate confirmed and habitual criminals who are infinitely more dangerous. Such men have clearly forfeited all claim to personal liberty. Their repeated convictions have proved them to be a constant source of danger to society. We have ceased to banish them; the only remedy that remains is continuous incarceration, with compulsory productive labour. Thus only can society be effectually protected from the injuries and terrors which habitual and irreclaimable criminals inflict upon it.

* Letter to Lord Kimberley.

† In a letter addressed by the Rev. Mr. Lloyd Jones to Lord Kimberley (11 March, 1869), the following passages are worthy of note:—‘The greatest difference rests, morally and religiously, between those who are not and those who are habitual criminals. To treat these latter from a humanitarian point of view, securing them from the stigma of *their own vicious choice*, is inflicting a great wrong upon society, and exposing it to great danger. An habitual criminal may reform, but, with the greatest advantages, he rarely does. I could give your Lordship instances of habitual criminals being in good situations, when their former course of life is not known, who have availed themselves of the opportunity to concoct plans for extensive robberies; for which purpose they have corrupted their fellow workmen who, till then, had been honest men . . . I could give your Lordship some valuable information, derived from old convicts sent to prison again for fresh crimes planned just before their release, from information they had received from fresh arrivals at the prison when they had finished their sentence.’

The Metropolitan Police Force was not established without considerable opposition. The roughs, thieves, and criminal classes generally, of course detested the unusual supervision to which they became subjected, and naturally regarded the New Police as their enemies; for it was the express object of the institution of the force, to protect the honest part of society against their attacks and depredations. But a still more formidable opposition was that of the popular press. When the Metropolitan Police Act came into operation, the community at large was beginning to be excited about reform, and as the force had been devised and was instituted chiefly through the instrumentality of Sir Robert Peel, it was held up to popular indignation as a deep laid Tory plot against the liberties of the subject. Any stick will do to beat a dog with; and for many years after its institution, the New Police was identified in the popular papers with the political party which had carried the measure into effect. The constables were nicknamed 'Bobbies,'* 'Peelers,' 'Peel's raw lobsters,' and sundry other opprobrious epithets.

The principal denouncer of the new police in the press was a weekly paper, the property of a well-known city alderman of the time, which contrived to make no small political capital of the subject. It is amusing now to look over the articles which appeared in that paper relating to the police, though it was very different at the time of their appearance, when society was heaving with excitement, and the hatred of class against class was roused almost to a pitch of fury. In these articles not a word was said against the thieves and their depredations; but vituperation was concentrated on the 'Police tyrants,' 'the Raw Lobster Gang,' the 'Gendarmerie,' and the 'Blue Devils.' The vocabulary of abuse was exhausted upon them. The most groundless complaints found a voice. Sheer inventions were published as facts week after week; and 'More Police Tyranny,' 'More Disgraceful Conduct of the New Police,' and such like, were standing headings of articles and paragraphs.

This unmeasured denunciation was not, however, without its use. The force was new, and the men were mostly unused to their difficult and delicate duties. In selecting so large a number of persons from the general population—even though the best men that were to be had were chosen—many imperfectly qualified constables doubtless obtained admission to the police; but no defect on their part, no excess nor shortening of duty was allowed to pass unnoticed. Correspondents sprang

* So called after Sir Robert Peel, as the Chables whom they superseded were supposed to have been called after the old bellmen and watchmen instituted in the time of Charles I. for improving the watch system of the metropolis.

up in every quarter, and their complaints were eagerly published. The authorities at Scotland Yard acted wisely in turning this argus-eyed organ to useful account. Not a paragraph or communication, however preposterous, appeared relating to the police, that was not laid before the Commissioners, and, where specific facts were stated, made the subject of special inquiry and report; and where individual constables were found in fault, they were reprimanded or discharged according to circumstances. Thus, by constant watchfulness, the efficiency and organisation of the force was improved from year to year; and the very journals which specially devoted themselves to its denunciation, proved the most effective agents in ensuring its extension, improvement, and permanent establishment.

The first occasion on which the police came in contact with the political roughs of the metropolis, was at a meeting of the Political Union, held on the waste ground of the Calthorpe Estate in Coldbath Fields in May, 1833. The Whig government of the day had previously issued a proclamation declaring the intended meeting to be illegal, and forbidding it to be held. The leaders of the Unionists, men of desperate character, disregarded the proclamation, and determined that the meeting should take place. They called upon 'the people' to 'come in their thousands,' and even invited them to come armed. The government could not thus allow itself to be set at open defiance, and verbal orders were accordingly given by Lord Melbourne, then Secretary of State for Home Affairs, to one of the Commissioners of Police, directing him to send a force upon the ground and disperse the meeting if attempted to be held, and to seize the ringleaders. The police have no choice on such occasions but to obey orders; and steps were accordingly taken to carry out the instructions of the Secretary of State. A force of 440 men was assembled at different points; and when the meeting was in progress, the police advanced upon it amidst groans, howls, and showers of brickbats; but they pushed the mob before them, dispersed the meeting, and took the leaders into custody. It turned out that the orders given to 'the people' to come armed, had not been disregarded; and three policemen were stabbed, one of whom (Culley) died of his wounds.

A great outcry forthwith arose in the 'peoples' press' as to the alleged tyrannical interference of the police with the liberty of the subject. So strong was the popular feeling that the coroner's jury which sat on the murdered policeman brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide. The Whig government, whose instructions the police had merely carried out to the letter, quailed before the fury of their followers, and Lord Melbourne shabbily

shabbily tried to evade his responsibility, by alleging that the verbal orders given to the Commissioner of Police had been exceeded. On this, a commission was appointed by the House of Commons, consisting of the leading men of the three great political parties of the day, Tories, Whigs, and Radicals—the last being represented by Joseph Hume, Abercromby (afterwards Speaker), Roebuck, Ward (of Sheffield), Hawes, and others; and after a most rigid investigation, the result was the complete exoneration and vindication of the police. The Commission stated in their report to the House that the police had employed no more force than was requisite to carry out the instructions given to them; and that in dispersing the meeting 'no dangerous wound or permanent injury had been shown to have been inflicted by them on any individual, while, on the other hand, one of their own number was killed with a dagger, and two others were stabbed while in the discharge of their duty.'

The dispersing of political mobs is always one of the most disagreeable parts of the duty of the London police; but it is one which they have on the whole performed with exemplary firmness, forbearance, and efficiency. The summoning of mass meetings is a favourite device with 'reformers,' because of the alarm which it is calculated to produce in the minds of men in office. And there is never any difficulty experienced in summoning a large crowd of the idle and desperate classes of the metropolis. An invitation to the multitude to 'assemble in their thousands' is cheerfully responded to by the thieves. The Finlans, Beales, and Bradlaughs may come with their following of 'reformers,' but there invariably come with them in still greater numbers the roughs, and the dregs of the roughs—those dreadful creatures that are never seen in London assembled in mass, except at a fire, a Lord Mayor's show, or a reform meeting. The only idea which these people have of 'liberty' is the liberty of picking pockets; their only notion of 'tyranny' is that of the policeman who detects and apprehends them. The security of London consists in keeping these roughs apart, and the danger of London consists in concentrating them in mass, where they may feel themselves sufficiently strong to pick pockets, smash windows, pull down railings, or stone the police with comparative impunity. That the roughs have of late years been held in check, and prevented breaking out into open riots such as disgraced the metropolis in the time of Lord George Gordon, we owe, not to the forbearance of the 'reformers,' nor to the better manners or civilization of the London mob, but to the admirable conduct of the force under consideration.

It must have been with no slight degree of pride that Sir
Richard

Richard Mayne, in one of his last reports to the Secretary of State, was enabled to aver that during the forty years that the Metropolitan Force had been in existence, the first and only occasion on which the Military Force had been called out to aid them in repressing the violence of a mob was in the course of the Reform riot in Hyde Park in 1868. And yet there have been numerous popular assemblages during that time, of great magnitude—the Trades Union procession in 1838, the great Chartist meetings and processions of 1842, and the alarming Chartist demonstration of the 10th of April, 1848. The Duke of Wellington took military charge of the metropolis on the latter occasion, arranging his small but effective force in such a manner as to hold it, in the event of a popular outbreak, with a grip of iron. In making his arrangements the Duke exhibited, at the advanced age of seventy-nine, as consummate and unimpaired an ability as he had ever displayed in his most famous battles in the Peninsula and the Netherlands more than thirty years before. Yet not a soldier was to be seen throughout the day; and though the special constables guarded the streets, the whole work of forcing back the Chartists from the bridges, and breaking up their procession, was accomplished by the metropolitan police alone. At the close of that ominous and threatening day, London breathed freely, and felt that, after all, it was something to possess a constitutional force of loyal and steadfast men that could be relied upon in times of difficulty and danger.

The great Hyde Park riot of July, 1868, was the last occasion on which the police were similarly employed; and however discreditable the circumstances connected with that deplorable affair may have been to various parties concerned, no share of the discredit attached to the police, who performed with their accustomed ability the difficult and disagreeable duty entrusted to them. When the government, after much vacillation, resolved on the one hand that the proposed meeting should not be held in the Park, and the Reform League resolved on the other that the attempt to hold it should be made, there remained no alternative but to vindicate the law and prevent the meeting taking place. The requisite orders were accordingly issued to the Commissioner of Police to take the necessary steps with that object. The total number of men stationed in the Park on the 23rd of July, with the reserves immediately available for their support, amounted to 20 superintendents, 41 inspectors, 127 serjeants, 1320 constables, and 105 officers in plain clothes,—a sufficiently imposing force, yet a mere handful of men compared with the vast multitude

tude attracted from all parts of London by the prospect of 'a row with the police.'

The roughs and thieves* turned out in overwhelming force and at an early period in the afternoon beset all the entrances to the Park. An attempt was first made by the mob assembled at the Marble Arch to force their way in at that point by violence. A street lamp-post was pulled down and used as a battering-ram against the gates, which soon gave way. The crowd then tried to rush in, but were driven back by the police, who also cleared the space outside the gates, and held it so during the night. Having failed in forcing their entrance through the gates, the mob next endeavoured to pull down the iron railing, in which they succeeded at several parts for considerable lengths, and many thousands of them rushed into the park. Sir Richard Mayne then, with much reluctance, called in the military to the aid of the police, who were by this time being assailed by volleys of brickbats, broken railings, and stones, of which an abundant supply was obtained from the new and unfinished road extending from the Marble Arch to the Victoria Gate. Eventually the police, aided by the military, cleared the road as far as the Grosvenor Gate, as well as from Park Lane, where the mob were occupying themselves in breaking the windows of the adjoining houses. The Park was thus cleared, the mob was driven back at all points, and the meeting was prevented being held.

The police behaved throughout with the greatest calmness and courage, as well as forbearance, notwithstanding that they themselves suffered serious bodily injuries. Many of them were carried away with fractured ribs and limbs, or disabled by wounds of the scalp and face, caused by the bricks and stones that were hurled at them. Not fewer than 265 men were wounded more or less severely; while 1 superintendent, 2 inspectors, 9 sergeants, and 33 constables were so severely injured as to be rendered unfit for duty, many for life. Sir Richard Mayne † himself

* It was stated in the newspapers at the time that the Reform Committee, before starting on their procession, took the precaution to divest themselves of their watches, pocket books, and other valuables,—all but the magnanimous Beales, whose followers stript him not only of his watch but almost of his clothes.

† The efficiency of the force was in no small degree due to the unremitting care and attention which Sir Richard Mayne devoted to its organisation and working during a period of nearly forty years; in the course of which he performed his duty with unflinching fidelity, and in the face of much vituperation and abuse. It was a most graceful and generous act on the part of Her Majesty to make acknowledgment of Sir Richard's services a few days after his death last year, in the following letter addressed by her private Secretary to the Secretary of State for the Home Department:—
 'The

himself was several times hit by stones, receiving a severe contusion on the side of the head, and a cut on the temple which blackened his eye. Each of the Assistant-Commissioners was also several times hit by stones. Such was the moderation of 'the people' so loudly lauded by many of our Liberal statesmen!

Perhaps in no country but England would a powerful body of men, standing forward in defence of the law, have so long and so patiently submitted to be pelted, bruised, and battered by a howling mob without being provoked into retaliation. Yet, to the honour of the police be it said, not a single case of ill-treatment of any person, or unnecessary interference, was proved against them throughout the whole course of these deplorable transactions.

But it is not in riots of this sort—which, happily, are of rare occurrence in London—that the policeman is exposed to the greatest peril, but in the ordinary execution of his duty: in his solitary beats by night in all weathers, when he is liable to the various diseases incident to exposure, and more particularly in the danger to which he is subject in dealing with criminals of the most desperate and abandoned character. As the greatest possible care is taken in the first place to select only healthy, strong men for police duty, their average of ordinary sickness is moderate, being far less than that of the Household troops. The principal diseases to which they are subject, as might be expected, are of the lungs and air-passages, the results of their constant exposure to vicissitudes of temperature. Out of about 800 men who are on the sick-list monthly, from 300 to 400, during the winter months, suffer from catarrh, bronchitis, sore throat, and rheumatism; while of the 63 deaths in 1868, 27 were from consumption. But, besides these diseases of exposure, the police are exposed to risks of wounds and injuries, which tend greatly to swell the list of disabled men. Thus, in 1868, not fewer than 1130 suffered from fractures, dislocations, wounds, and miscellaneous injuries in the execution of their duty, or an average of about 100 cases a month.

The mere cost to the public of those ruffianly attacks on the

'The Queen desires me to say how grieved and concerned she is to hear of Sir Richard Mayne's death. Notwithstanding the attacks lately made upon him, Her Majesty believes him to have been a most efficient head of the police, and to have discharged the duties of his important situation most ably and satisfactorily in very difficult times.'

It would have been well if the government of the day had followed up Her Majesty's graceful and deserved recognition of such valuable services, by making some provision for Sir Richard Mayne's widow; but in these days of economy in small things such an act of generosity, not to say of justice, was perhaps scarcely to be looked for.]

police

police which have come to be so common, and which are often so leniently dealt with by the magistrates, judges, and juries, before whom the offenders are brought,* may possibly appeal to some minds that are insensible to other considerations. At the present time, 188 men, permanently disabled by having been stabbed, assaulted, jumped upon, or otherwise injured by prisoners, are in the receipt of pensions amounting to 5664*l.* yearly; the widows and children of 15 men, who died in consequence of wounds or injuries received by them from prisoners, receive pensions amounting to 212*l.* yearly; 79 men, permanently disabled by injuries accidentally received in the execution of their duty, receive pensions amounting to 2485*l.* yearly; and the widows and children of four men, who died in consequence of like injuries, receive 80*l.* yearly. We have thus a total of 286 men permanently disabled by wounds or injuries received while in the execution of their duty, to whose widows and children pensions are paid amounting to 8443*l.* per annum.

The greater number of the men thus wounded and disabled received their injuries while apprehending criminals, or in the attempts made by criminals to escape and of bystanders to rescue them by force. Not fewer than eighty men were disabled in this way. Forty-two were knocked down, kicked, and otherwise maltreated. Eighteen were permanently injured by drunken persons; nine by riotous or disorderly roughs; seven by burglars; six by Irish mobs; five by miscellaneous mobs; five by drunken soldiers and militiamen. Six were stabbed by prisoners, one of them a convicted thief. Three were severely injured by falling while in the pursuit of thieves, one from a roof, another from a wall, and a third by being tripped-up to enable a thief to escape. One constable was shot by a highwayman, and another by a criminal he had brought to justice. One had his leg broken when apprehending a prisoner, another had his wrist dislocated, and a third his knee-cap. Among the remaining cases, we find several injured by being jumped upon by ruffians, kicked by prostitutes, knocked down by runaway horses which they were trying to stop, ridden over by cabs and vans, injured at fires by falling from ladders, and so on.

* One of the latest illustrations of this leniency to roughs was exhibited in a recent trial at the Central Criminal Court, when five persons were indicted for interfering with a constable in the execution of his duty, throwing him into the Regent's Canal, and pelting him with stones and mud during the twenty minutes that they kept him there. The jury acquitted all the prisoners but one, who was found guilty. The Common Serjeant, in passing sentence upon him, characterised the offence as 'a very small affair,' which would be fully met by a sentence of three days' imprisonment, dating from the commencement of the sessions; and as those three days had already expired, he was, together with the other prisoners, forthwith released from confinement.

The punishments of those guilty of maltreating and disabling the officers of justice in the execution of their duty are often ridiculously lenient in proportion to the offence. For instance, the assailant of police-constable Mackintosh, who was disabled for life, was fined 5*l.*, or four months' imprisonment; the prisoner who stabbed constable Mosely got three months; the two prisoners who threw down Gardiner and disabled him by kicks got six months; the thieves who assaulted and crippled Luetchford for life, two months; the drunken prisoner who kicked Sandys, twenty-one days; the prisoners who twice assaulted and permanently disabled Ledger were fined 6*l.*, or six months. The gross inequality of the sentences in certain cases strikingly illustrated the glorious uncertainty of law and justice. Thus, the two prisoners who assaulted and maimed Shickell were sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, while the prisoner who similarly maltreated Smart was imprisoned only seven days; the prisoner who assaulted Sparkes got fifteen years, and the one who similarly assaulted Blakebough was sentenced to pay a fine of 20*s.*, or fourteen days. All these constables were permanently disabled by their injuries, and are now in the receipt of pensions. In the cases of those who died in consequence of their injuries, the murderer of Davey was executed; the discharged convict who fatally assaulted Jackson was imprisoned for two years; the drunken man who inflicted the injuries on Hawes, of which he died, was imprisoned for nine months; and the drunken prisoner who assaulted and kicked Este, who also died, was fined 20*s.*, or a month's imprisonment.

The perils which these valuable public servants thus encounter in the protection of life and property, and the serious injuries which they so often receive in the discharge of their duty, entitle them to a degree of consideration and sympathy on the part of the public, which, however, is rarely extended to them. They are pelted by mobs when 'the people' are in sufficiently overpowering numbers to do so with impunity; and with equally safe courage they are pelted by the lower organs of the press, which find no subject so agreeable to their readers in the dull season as 'pitching into the police.' They are targets for the witlings of the dreary 'Comic' papers; while caricatures of them are exhibited on the stage at Christmas for the recreation of 'the gods,'—the feeble play-writer never considering his pantomime complete without dragging in the unfailing policeman as a target for the missiles of the clown, pantaloon, and other stage rabble.

At the same time it must be acknowledged that the respectable organs of the press are free from that indiscriminate censure

sure of the police which was so common forty years ago. The altered state of public opinion with regard to the force is in no respect more marked than in the comments which from time to time appear upon their conduct in the daily newspapers, compared with the abuse which was so liberally showered upon them during the Reform Bill period. Then the complaint was that they did too much; now it is that they do too little. If they then took a drunken man to the station, or cleared the footways of loiterers, or apprehended a suspected thief hanging about an area, or prevented a husband assaulting his wife, they were charged with unduly interfering with the liberty of the subject. But now, if beggars get into Kensington Gardens, or a block occurs in Bond Street, or cabs 'crawl' in the Strand, or Sunday traders crowd the New Cut, or indecent boys wash themselves in the Thames mud, or street Arabs tumble like animated wheels in the way of foot-passengers, or roughs 'lark' along the new Embankment, or noises occur in the streets at night, or prostitutes annoy passers by with their importunity, or area sneaks enter an open door and contrive to run away with the spoons, or liberated burglars are allowed to be at large without at once being caught again, the police are called upon to interfere, to act, to exert themselves, and they are blamed, not because they interfere with the liberty of these subjects, but because they do not. They are expected to be omniscient, if not omnipotent; and because they are neither the one nor the other, solemn deputations of vestrymen wait upon the Home Secretary, and complain of 'the inefficiency of the police.' One of the most popular complaints recently made against them is, that too much of their time is occupied in drill, notwithstanding the distinct assurance of the Home Secretary that but one hour in the week is devoted to the purpose, and that only in certain seasons,—there having been twenty-eight weeks last year in which no drill whatever was given.*

Although indiscriminate censures of this sort are provoking and useless, because undeserved and unfounded, it must nevertheless be acknowledged that the intelligent vigilance of the press has been of much service in improving the quality and efficiency of the entire force. The whole population of the

* As only the men on night duty, or about two-thirds of the force, attend drill (less one-seventh always on leave), the general result is that the average time each man is drilled during the whole year is under fourteen hours. 'The police,' says the Commissioner in his last Report, 'are drilled no more than is absolutely necessary to enable men who are frequently required to act in concert in large bodies to do so with some little precision, and to prevent their being, when assembled, a more disorganised mob, incapable of acting together or managing the crowds they sometimes have to oppose.'

metropolis are reporters for the newspapers ; and where an act of undue interference on the part of the police occurs on the one hand, or flagrant neglect of duty on the other, there is always some correspondent at hand ready to give it publicity in the columns of the press. There are, it is true, one or two of the lower class penny papers, the conductors of which, with a greater regard for 'circulation' than truthfulness, are too ready to open their columns to any amount of trash and slander relating to the police, and to found sensational articles upon the often baseless and usually distorted statements of their correspondents ; but on the whole, the spirit of the public press in this, as in other respects, is fair, honest, and truthful. And although in the majority of instances in which blame is found to be due, the matter has been previously brought under the notice of the Commissioner and dealt with, yet the vigilance of the press is also of material service in maintaining the general vigilance of the force. Every communication which appears in the newspapers, reflecting on the conduct of the police, where specific facts are stated, is made the subject of careful inquiry and special report by the superintendent of division : and the result of the whole is laid before the Chief Commissioner for his consideration and judgment. Thus all ascertained defects in the working of the system are corrected ; inefficient and unworthy men are cautioned or discharged ; and the whole force becomes improved in quality and efficiency. For this, amongst other reasons, the number of men discharged for misconduct has been steadily decreasing year by year. Of the 8883 men in the force last year, 232 were pensioned off ; 34 were discharged with gratuities ; 261 voluntarily resigned, because the service did not agree with them, or for other causes ; 144 were compelled to resign on account of misconduct, or because of illness, not having completed five years' service : 263 were dismissed for misconduct ; and 45 died ; a total of 979 men, or an average of 11·02 per cent. of removals to the entire strength, being a smaller proportion of changes than in any preceding year.

In short, in the Metropolitan Police, and in the police of the country generally, for which it has served as the model, we have a sober, vigilant, and intelligent body of men,—a splendid, useful, and living monument to the late Sir Robert Peel,—a civic force arrayed in defence of law, order, and honest industry,—the like of which, perhaps, does not exist in any other country, and of which England, and London especially, has reason to be proud.

ART. V.—*An Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent.* By John Henry Newman, D.D.

THOSE who open this book with the expectation of finding it a controversial treatise in favour of the peculiar doctrines of Rome, will find themselves mistaken. Its purpose is a much larger one; it vindicates the claims of Christianity generally upon human belief. But it deals with the inner foundations of belief, with those processes in the mind which lead to assent, and its great object is to free those processes from the yoke of formal and technical logic. All reasoning, Dr. Newman admits, ought to be prepared to undergo the test of verbal statement, and the external ordeal of syllogism and proposition; and if it is not capable of being drawn out in this form, when the demand is made, he gives it up as unsound reasoning. But he denies that this is the way in which reasoning actually goes on in the mind, even when it is sound and correct. It has short cuts, he says, it puts things quick together, it seizes the conclusion in the premiss, and combines by a rapid survey, and by an instinctive estimate, the various points of the case in one nucleus, which the individual carries about him, and which constitutes at once his reasons and his belief. He gathers all into a point, instead of drawing it out into divisions and compartments; and the work is done almost intuitively.

'To this conclusion he comes, as is plain, not by any possible verbal enumeration of all the considerations, minute but abundant, delicate but effective, which unite to bring him to it; but by a mental comprehension of the whole case, and a discernment of its upshot, sometimes after much deliberation, but, it may be, by a clear and rapid act of the intellect, always, however, by an unwritten summing-up, something like the summation of the terms of an algebraical series. ...

'Such a process of reasoning is more or less implicit, and without the direct and full advertence of the mind exercising it. As by the use of our eyesight we recognize two brothers, yet without being able to express what it is by which we distinguish them; as at first sight we perhaps confuse them together, but on better knowledge, we see no likeness between them at all; as it requires an artist's eye to determine what lines and shades make a countenance look young or old, amiable, thoughtful, angry or conceited, the principle of discrimination being in each case real, but implicit;—so is the mind unequal to a complete analysis of the motives which carry it on to a particular conclusion, and is swayed and determined by a body of proof, which it recognizes only as a body, and not in its constituent parts.'

This is the aim, then, with which this treatise is penetrated—to bring out the reality of reasoning, as it actually goes on within

within us; its natural and instinctive and intuitive kind of action, which contains all the pith and truth of it, in a more genuine and powerful shape, in consequence of its very condensation, than technical statements and argumentative formulæ do; in which the pungent point of actual nature is drawn out, and weakened by its very extension and its connexion with outside casing, and all the leathern apparatus of verbal logic. The mode in which this appeal to nature assists the Christian argument will appear shortly; but, in the first place, Dr. Newman has to meet and deal with some curious problems which attach to the foundation of human belief, and especially the question,—what right have we to found upon only probable evidence unconditional assent? All assent, says the Pyrrhonist, must be proportioned to the evidence; and, therefore, when there is room for greater proof, assent can only be provisional and conditional: unconditional assent is in its very nature an excess—an advance beyond the evidence. A hasty faith is logically forbidden, and a suspense of judgment is imposed. Dr. Newman meets this difficulty with practical answers, but also with a philosophical one of remarkable subtlety and ingenuity. He separates ‘inference’ from ‘assent,’ and throws all the burden of obligation to provisional and conditional limits upon ‘inferences,’ liberating ‘assent’ from it. While you are reasoning and weighing evidence, while you are deducing from your premisses, you must keep close to your premisses, and what you infer from them must exactly reflect them in degree: but when reasoning is over, the assent which is the consequence of it shakes off the trammels of the subterranean process out of which it has emerged, and the mind having got to the top of the edifice of reasoning, kicks down the ladder by which it ascended. This hardly appears to us a satisfactory explanation of this difficulty—the difficulty that as a matter of fact we do believe with practical certainty upon grounds which theoretically are only grounds of probability. It is quite true that when we obtain our conclusion, we often forget the process of inference and argument by which we reached it; we are lifted up by a happy act of oblivion, out of the region of comparison and estimate; still our conclusion is based upon this process, and must be always ready to obey the logical command to recall it when circumstances require. But while we cannot agree with Dr. Newman’s solution of this *crux*, perhaps any other definite rationale for it would equally fail. The truth is, Nature takes this matter out of our hands, and upon every plain probability appearing to be on the side of some conclusion in practical life, or history, enables us to proceed

ceed upon that conclusion as if it were thoroughly ascertained. The pure reason—abstract and unqualified reason—is insatiable and ever hungry for additions to proof; even when gorged with arguments, if it sees but a hollow corner anywhere, it clamours for a supplement; nay, and so ungrateful is its appetite, that it will forget and expunge out of its tablet all past proof, in the eager craving for the further addition, discontented with any amount of actual evidence, so long as it is not all the evidence which is conceivable. The pure reason is thus morbid reason, it weakens while it informs; it paralyses action, and just steps in after all the premisses it has gathered to prevent the person from making any use of them. It wants the balance of some other element in our nature, which is not so much an intellectual principle as salutary impulse. The conditions of life and the necessities of action are such, that we must be content with, and accept as practical certainty, a large amount of probability; and we are enabled in some way, by some machinery in our nature, which is perhaps out of the reach of all analysis, to do this, and to supply by our own confidence the void in the ground of pure reason. It should not be lost sight of that there is besides the reason, a large, we will not call it irrational, so much as non-rational, department in the constitution of the human being; which is essential to the success of the rational. We see men who are defective in this supplement to the reason, and who consequently fail in the use of their reason. No evidence gives them strength to act; however massive a body of premisses they have collected, upon the casual glimpse of an unanswered objection, they drop in an instant their conclusion, as if it burnt their fingers, and would expose them to total annihilation at the hand of some master of logic, whose blow would in fact be as light as a feather, did not his antagonist fall down flat on the ground before he gave it.

Supposing, then, a certain amount of probable evidence exists for the truth of revelation, we have not got to prove our right to a positive belief in revelation. That is given us by the constitution of our nature, and the only question which we have to decide is, whether there is or not that amount of probable evidence. Upon this question, then, Dr. Newman first observes the plain fact, that what is evidence to one man is not evidence to another. How is this? It is that judgment upon facts, inference from facts, interpretation of premisses, extraction of conclusions, is after all a personal operation. It depends upon the antecedent assumptions, the knowledge, the disposition of mind, and certain fundamental modes of looking on things,
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which exist in the mind of the reasoner. Dr. Newman sums up all this in the personal and individual character of what he calls the Illative sense :

‘ It is in fact attached to definite subject-matters, so that a given individual may possess it, in one department of thought, for instance, history, and not in another, for instance, philosophy . . .

‘ Hence it is, that nothing I have been saying about the instrumental character or the range of the Illative Sense, interferes with its being, as I have considered it, a personal gift or habit: for, being in fact ever embodied in some definite subject-matter, it is personal because the discernment of the principles connected with that subject-matter is personal also. Certainly, however we account for it, whether we say that one man is below the level of nature, or another above it, so it is that men, taken at random, differ widely from each other in their perception of the first elements of religion, duty, philosophy, the science of life, and taste, not to speak here of the differences in quality and vigour of the Illative Sense itself, comparing man with man. Every one, in the ultimate resolution of his intellectual faculties, stands by himself, whatever he may have in common with others.’

The Illative sense then is the same, as regards its own functions, in all cases; but it differs in its conclusions according to the special training and previous experience of the individual, and the subjects with which life has made him conversant. It receives its direction from the particular knowledge, taste, and sentiment of the reasoner. It acts well in the individual's special department, of art or science, or in his trade and profession, because there he knows the province of his inferences, and starts from correct principles: when it leaves the area of his knowledge it makes mistakes. And when it acts correctly it often acts instinctively and intuitively. The chapter on ‘Natural Inference’ particularly brings out this point. Dr. Newman illustrates this whole subject with all the fertility and vivacity which immense information and a rich imagination impart. He brings his analogies, instances, and parallel cases from all quarters of the philosophical, social, and historical heavens; the reader has a perpetual change, and never knows what fact may turn up next; it may be one at first sight the most utterly removed from the field of discussion. The detection of resemblances amid staring incongruities is one of the most popular and happy gifts of an author; it produces the effect of a constant surprise upon the reader, and something of that gratification which a good puzzle gives.

So far, however, Dr. Newman's vindication of an instinctive and intuitive reason, and of a reasoning faculty which only acts correctly, or obtains sound and true conclusions in the area of
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the individual's special knowledge, does not come into collision with the position of the religious sceptic. The philosopher will readily admit that reason does act in this instinctive way; and he will also admit that previous experience and special knowledge must make all the difference in the correctness of the conclusions which a person draws from any data which are placed before him. What he objects to is, the application of this general position to the religious question. He will not allow to the believer in revelation the right to say that he is in possession of any special knowledge or principles of thought and feeling, any primary judgments which place him at an advantage in the estimate of Christian evidence, and convert that into real evidence which is not evidence to another devoid of these primary ideas and principles. He will not admit any parallel between the knowledge of special departments in the field of life and nature, and the strong hold of certain deep principles and fundamental conceptions which the Christian brings with him to the consideration of the Christian evidences.

That there are then certain primary assumptions or beliefs, which do make an immense difference in the estimate we form of the Christian evidences—which create a presumption in favour of Revelation in the minds of those who have embraced them, and which thereby facilitate for those minds the reception of the proof of Revelation—is a simple fact which both sides will admit. It signifies little by what name we call these primary beliefs, if we only understand what they are; but Dr. Newman calls them the principles of Natural Religion. These primary beliefs are:—

‘A belief and perception of the Divine Presence, a recognition of His attributes and an admiration of His Person viewed under them, a conviction of the worth of the soul and of the reality and momentousness of the unseen world, an understanding that, in proportion as we partake in our own persons of the attributes which we admire in Him, we are dear to Him, a consciousness on the contrary that we are far from partaking them, a consequent insight into our guilt and misery, an eager hope of reconciliation to Him, a desire to know and to love Him, and a sensitive looking-out in all that happens, whether in the course of nature or of human life, for tokens, if such there be, of His bestowing on us what we so greatly need. These are specimens of the state of mind for which I stipulate in those who would inquire into the truth of Christianity; and my warrant for so definite a stipulation lies in the teaching, as I have described it, of conscience and the moral sense, in the testimony of these religious rites which have ever prevailed in all parts of the world, and in the character and conduct of those who have commonly been selected by the popular instinct as the special favourites of Heaven.’

Dr.

Dr. Newman contrasts this genuine and authentic with a pseudo-natural religion:—

‘I do not address myself to those, who in moral evil and physical evil see nothing more than imperfections of a parallel nature; who consider that the difference in gravity between the two is one of degree only, not of kind; that moral evil is merely the offspring of physical, and that as we remove the latter so we inevitably remove the former; that there is a progress of the human race which tends to the annihilation of moral evil; that knowledge is virtue, and vice is ignorance; that sin is a bugbear, not a reality; that the Creator does not punish except in the sense of correcting; that vengeance in Him would of necessity be vindictiveness; that all that we know of Him, be it much or little, is through the laws of nature; that miracles are impossible; that prayer to Him is a superstition; that the fear of Him is unmanly; that sorrow for sin is slavish and abject; that the only intelligible worship of Him is to act well our part in the world, and the only sensible repentance to do better in future; that if we do our duties in this life, we may take our chance for the next; and that it is of no use perplexing our minds about the future state, for it is all a matter of guess. These opinions characterize a civilized age; and if I say that I will not argue about Christianity with men who hold them, I do so, not as claiming any right to be impatient or peremptory with any one, but because it is plainly absurd to attempt to prove a second proposition to those who do not admit the first.’

That these elementary convictions of the mind, then, do make a fundamental difference in our estimate of Revelation, will hardly be denied. Supposing them, for the sake of argument, to be true principles, so much with respect to their operation as premisses will be conceded. Let us take the single principle of the moral sense, as it is felt in those minds to which we have been alluding, which constitute, in fact, the great mass of mankind; felt, viz., as conscience, sense of sin, an acknowledgment of an external Judge: how at once does this principle act in the way of preparing the mind for a revelation, favouring the need of revelation, justifying the doctrines of revelation; and so facilitating legitimately the acceptance of the evidence of revelation. M. Comte has, indeed, made us familiar with *a* moral sense, which is a simple materialist force, and a physical phenomenon, coinciding, like heat or electricity, with the vanishing bodily life; presaging no Divine Judge, and aspiring to no upper world. Nobody can deny that something within us, which distinguishes between some actions and others; to say all actions are morally the same, or that there is no such thing as morality, would be denying a palpable fact, like the fact of thought, or will, or sensation. There is, therefore, *a* moral sense. How, then, is it that this moral sense admitted stops short, in the philosophy

losophy of so many, with being a mere physical phenomenon, and an element of sensible life? The answer is, that this is a true fact about the moral sense as far as it goes; and that men have a power of stopping short, and not going on beyond the bare outside of an idea. The ideas in our minds have, if we may borrow a representation from external nature, their coatings; we may go only as far as the coating, or we may go into them, and receive into our minds the full internal substance of them. There runs throughout intellectual nature a use and application of what we may call the shavings of truth, as distinguished from its solid substance. It is this principle or arrangement in Nature which enables so many persons of the most different grasp of mind to read the same book, and extract a common meaning and a common criticism from it. The deep man and the shallow man both understand the same character, the same event, the same sentiment, in their respective degrees; and though they come to a point at which one cannot follow the other, they can find a common ground up to that point. It is this provision of nature which enables us to read the same book as children and as grown men, at neither time of life wholly unprofitably, and without drawing a meaning from it. The child reads Shakespeare and Milton, and skims off a sense from them. Many a one looks back with surprise now at the genuine appetite with which he devoured Scott's novels at twelve or thirteen; and with a feeling of wonder and perplexity as to what it was which he understood in them which arrested him so potently. It is quite impossible that he could have really understood the humour; humour, as distinguished from the mere images which the animal spirits of boys raise, is a discovery of later years, and requires the insight of experience. It is impossible that he could have understood really the characters; and as for the allusions constantly turning up, they must have been a simple enigma to him. Nevertheless he extracted a meaning out of the scenery and dramatis personæ which engaged him and absorbed him. The truth is, what he understood was a meaning which belonged to the book; but it was the coat of the meaning, and not the substance of it. It is the same with an idea. The moral sense or the moral idea contains in the substance of it conscience, self-condemnation, repentance, the appeal to an external judge; but there is an outer film and superficies of the idea, which the human mind peels off from the body of it, when men give a place, in *rerum natura*, to the phenomenon, and at the same time ignore the substance: when just so much of it as agrees with physical utility and the wants of the visible system is allowed, and all the rest is thrown aside as superstition. Take the

the moral idea as it stands in natural religion. It is a principle of immortality, it indicates a spiritual being, destined to an existence beyond the confines of this material world. Take it as it stands in M. Comte's philosophy, and it is a simple element in a physical system and a vanishing life. The being who has it came up to the surface yesterday, and sinks into the abyssal void to-morrow. The philosopher just sees the idea in that aspect in which it is a necessity of the social fabric; he just cuts off that aspect from it; he peels off the mere simulacrum of the idea, he rolls it up, as, in the story of the 'Shadowless Man,' the demon rolled up Peter Schlemel's shadow; and he presents it to the world as the moral sense. Such a coating of the idea is like the flat surface of the mist, which hid the gorgeous tracery and pillared architecture of the stupendous cavern. As you approach, the unreality of the veil appears, and the real contents of the subterranean vista emerge; yet, at a distance, the surface of mere vapour was the true rock, and the interior was a buried scene. M. Comte, in his moral sentiment, presents to the world a mere superficies, torn from the solid block of the idea, an outer film, which ignores and hides all the depths of the idea, all in it that carries the mind beyond a perishing humanity, all in it that spiritualizes and immortalizes.

'One man,' says Dr. Newman, 'deduces from his moral sense the presence of a Moral Governor, and another does not: in each case there may be an exercise, and a sound exercise, of the illative sense; but the one recognizes the principle of conscience in his moral sense, and the other does not recognize it,—the illative sense of the one is employed upon and informed by the emotions of hope and fear and the sense of sin, whereas the other discerns the distinction of right and wrong in no other way than he distinguishes light from darkness, or beautifulness from deformity. That is (identifying the apprehension of the subject-matter with the faculty using it), we might say that the one man had the Religious Sense, and the other the Moral.'

But although a checked and stunted stage of the moral sense can exist in which it is no introduction at all to revelation—although an abortive form of it can be exhibited in which it is consistent with Atheism and with no future life—although there is a moral sense, which, as Dr. Newman says, 'a so-called civilization recognises, while it ignores the conscience'—still in the way in which the moral sense works in that class of minds which accepts revelation, the moral sense develops and declares itself from the first in the direction of revelation; the moral sense becomes an introduction to the doctrines of revelation. Take the sense of sin. What an enormous difference that makes in our view of the doctrine of the Atonement. It involves the idea of
sin

sin as a mystery ; we know sin, and yet we do not know it. What is it? The weight of it is a great power within us ; it can dispirit ; it can crush and prostrate ; it can cloud a life ; it can produce agony ; and lastly, it can fill us beyond recovery with the idea that it is all over with us and can wind up our mortal existence in despair. But what is sin? If sin is a mystery, then, we cannot be surprised that the remedy to it should be a mystery too. An atonement is a natural doctrine of restoration, if we start with the original disease as an enigma. How can we possibly tell, if some incomprehensible entanglement and confusion has taken place, what may be wanted to set it right again? The case is like some difficult piece of business in actual life, when a raw inexperienced mind summarily decides on some one single easy step, which is all that is necessary to rectify the mistake made : but the man of experience says, 'No ; something more is wanted than that—the solution is more complex than you think ; a chain of steps will be requisite.' So, in the matter of sin, one man says he sees no difficulty—the Divine forgiveness effects the cure in a moment. Another sees in sin 'a difficult business,' that may not be capable of being set right by one simple step, but may require a complex means for its rectification.

Take another effect of the sense of sin, which is also auxiliary to revelation. It is often said, in arguing against materialism, that the sublime goodness of which man is capable shows that he is a spiritual being. Matter cannot be heroic, cannot be angelic. But may it not also be said that the wickedness of which man is capable establishes the same conclusion. Matter cannot be diabolic. Put before your mind a bad man—armed with all the force and the determination, all the craft and guile, of a corrupt will, devoted inexorably to selfish ends, remorselessly thrusting aside all scruples which threaten to interfere with them, designing and malicious, deep in all the subtle intricacy of vile plots and artful strategics, a miracle of duplicity and dissimulation, a miracle of plausibility and power of self-defence—can this man be a lump of matter? No ; he must be a spirit. None but a spirit can be such as he ; wickedness is the property of a spiritual nature. Brute matter has, at any rate, the involuntary honesty of invincible stupidity. Its passiveness, its inertness, rescues it from the peril of such guilt. Its torpor is so far its safety. Although a wicked man then undoubtedly presents himself to us in visible form and through a fleshly medium, we are assured that behind the veil of matter there thinks, contrives, and acts a spirit. But such a line of thought as this obviously prepares us for and inclines us towards the great disclosures of Scripture as regards the worlds of departed spirits, as well as good and bad spiritual beings

beings who have not passed through this mortal state ; it gives a leaning to the understanding on the side of those agencies 'not of flesh and blood, against which Christianity in the Apostolic writings struggles—' those principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, the spiritual wickedness in high places.'

The sense of sin, again, must affect fundamentally our estimate of revelation ; because this profound affection of the mind must make all the difference in our idea of God, and our judgment on that which professes to be a communication from God must depend upon our idea of Him. There are two ideas of the Divine Being which spring respectively from two sets of first principles—one of which gathers around conscience, the other around a physical centre. There is the idea of Him as a Moral Governor and Judge, expressed in the majestic language of inspiration, which proclaims the 'High and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy ; keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty.' And there is another idea of Him as the Supreme Mundane Being, the Impersonation of the causes which are at work in the development and completion of the visible world ; who looks—we cannot say from Heaven—with calm satisfaction upon the successful expansion of the original seed which commenced the formation of the vast material organism—the universal Spectator of the fabric of Nature, the growth of art and the progress of civilization. These two ideas of the Deity must make all the difference in the aspect in which a revelation presents itself to us : the former will recommend such a revelation as that in the Old and New Testament to us ; the latter will create a whole foundation of thought in preliminary conflict with it.

Nor does the recommendation which the ideas and sentiments of natural religion give to revelation stop with the doctrines ; it applies also to the external evidences and to the testimony upon which revelation is presented to us. We cannot arbitrarily check the influence of first principles ; they have a natural and legitimate bearing upon all the circumstances of the case which they support, and, among the rest, upon our estimate of the character of the witnesses in the case. Supposing we are in the first instance deeply impressed with certain views of conscience and sin ; if the witnesses to a revelation respond to these views, and if it is the scope of their testimony to acquaint us with a Divine message that meets them ; that cannot be other than a favourable mark of, and in a degree a guarantee for, themselves personally. We agree with their tone of mind, their characteristic mould of
thought

thought and sentiment, their peculiar moral inspiration, and the profound current of joy and grief, of fear and hope, which runs through the religious composition of their minds. But agreeing with all this, we cannot but repose the greater confidence in them on account of it. The nature of our first principles affects and bears upon the evidence as well as the doctrines of Christianity.

These primary religious assumptions, then, become a basis upon which those who accept the doctrines and evidences of revelation go, in the act of accepting them. And to those who have embraced and adopted them, this is a philosophical and correct effect of them. They act philosophically, they fulfil philosophical conditions of thought, when they use them in this way, when they give them this recommendatory and preparatory force. We must judge of revelation according to certain antecedent premisses which exist in our minds, according to certain primary notions and impressions existing in us. If these are wrong ones, we are in collision with philosophy in adopting them; but having adopted them, it is quite philosophical in us to argue and judge from them as a starting point—an *ἀφορμή*, and intellectual base. We cannot do otherwise. But now the further great question arises—what is the character of these first principles, and what is the justice of their pretension to compose a commencement and a base of reasoning? Do they constitute a legitimate and philosophical ground for the mind to go upon, or are they a foundation of mere blind superstition, delusion, and fancy? It will be said the assumptions and first principles which obtain credit in special departments of knowledge, and which direct the illative sense in those departments, are principles which sooner or later approve themselves to the whole of mankind; they are principles which are the result of observation and induction; they stand public investigation, and although they may not at the present gain universal reception, they only wait the sure effect of time, which will establish them satisfactorily and invincibly. Such principles and assumptions as these, it will be said, are a philosophical foundation to go upon, but this cannot be said of the untested and obscure impressions of the religious imagination, pretending to divine what it cannot apprehend, and guessing where it cannot observe—that collection of dim notions which you call natural religion.

Here, then, the individual and personal character of true reasoning which Dr. Newman has laid down, comes in with remarkable force and point, to sustain those original premisses in the human heart, upon which the reception of the proof of revelation is based. He says at once, the truth, the force, the weight, the authority of these premisses is a personal matter. I have these intuitive convictions

victions; others have them. The strength with which these primary ideas are held, the degree in which they penetrate the man, possess him, inspire him; the assurance which they beget, the sense of their reality, the conviction that they cannot be spurious ideas, but represent the truth of things—all this is what makes the very essence of their place as a premiss; and at the same time all this is strictly personal. Formal statements can enumerate and denote for the purpose of discussion the ideas of natural religion; they cannot possibly express the depth and intensity with which they are entertained by the individual, or the peculiar significance which they possess in his mind; and their whole weight as a basis depends upon these circumstances. 'Every one,' says Dr. Newman, 'who thinks on these subjects takes a course of his own: every one must use the medium of his own primary mental impressions; I offer my own witness in the matter in question; though, of course, it would not be worth while my offering it, unless what I felt myself agreed with what is felt by hundreds and thousands besides me.' 'Conscience is a personal guide, and I use it, because I must use myself; I am a little able to think by any mind but my own, as to breathe with another's lungs. Conscience is nearer to me than any other means of knowledge. And as it is given to me, so also it is given to others: and being carried about by every individual in his own breast, and requiring nothing besides itself, it is adapted for the communication to each separately of that knowledge which is most momentous to him individually I may say all this without entering into the question how far external assistances are in all cases necessary to the action of the mind, because in fact a man does not live in isolation, but is everywhere found as a member of Society. I am not concerned with abstract questions.'

Dr. Newman's appeal, then, to the individual and personal character of all genuine reasoning, is attended by this advantage to the Christian argument, that the fundamental premisses of that argument are seen by means of this appeal in all the cogency and force which they possess, as strong individual convictions; as distinguished from their comparatively tame pretensions when they are laid down as propositions and statements. You are carried into a living world of belief. When truths are put forward as statements only, we look on them apart from their vital seat in the individual, they are suspended in the air, and seem to supplicate a proof and a basis; that is therefore a weak aspect of them. But turn to them as they exist in the individual, and the individual is a basis. He can say, 'I find these particular original convictions in me, *i.e.* I find a *belief* in

in me; it is, therefore, too late to ask me to account for my belief; there it is, I have it, I cannot help myself, it is a fact of my own mind, it is part of myself, if I believe I believe. It is true I cannot prove them to others, but that does not prevent their self-witness to me; if I cannot help a certain belief, that is the fullest justification of myself that there can possibly be.' When truths are put forward as propositions, they suggest our going further, getting behind them, or underneath them; they challenge inquiry, and in the anticipation of this inquiry they lack the confidence of a strong position. But as felt in the individual, they are a belief to begin with; the step is taken, their position is as strong as it can be made by a decision for them at their very starting. Nobody can say a word against a man for being convinced of his convictions.

The primary ideas and sentiments, then, which constitute natural religion are a legitimate basis for the mind to proceed upon in its estimate of the proof of revelation; they correspond to the principles in special departments of knowledge, which enable those who are acquainted with those departments to judge of evidence on matters belonging to them; only with this difference, that the principles of science ultimately compel universal reception; the moral set of principles does not. But this distinction does not interfere with the right of assertion, as regards those principles, on the part of those who have them; they have a right to assert as truth what is irresistibly true to themselves and which others cannot disprove. Those who find these original convictions in them, have a right to appeal to them as their starting-points and their reasoning base. They cannot of course appeal to their own original belief as binding others, but they can appeal to it as the full justification of themselves, and of that favourable attitude toward revelation which may be drawn from it. Such a primary belief is, therefore, a strictly philosophical premiss, for the purpose for which it is used. Were it used indeed for the purpose of proving revelation to those in whom the belief does not exist, no premiss could be more unphilosophical: but it is not used for this purpose; it is only used for the purpose of recommending revelation to ourselves, and to others who have the same primary belief with ourselves, and for this purpose it is a philosophical premiss.

Take, *e.g.*, the instance which we used lately—the sense of sin. This is a knowledge which those who possess it start with as an advantage in the estimate of the Christian revelation: *i.e.* they have the right to say that they do. It is not knowledge in a scientific sense, but it is knowledge in such a sense as that those who have it are instinctively assured that they are in possession

possession of some truth, and are influenced by it in their judgment of Revelation and its proof. It is knowledge, so far as it is a kind of insight, partial but real as far as it goes, into the nature of something, in which we are fundamentally concerned, and on which God's dealings with us in Revelation profess to hinge. It corresponds, in its place and results, to a principle of knowledge in some special department. It is impossible not to see what a strong root of Christian conviction and belief, what an introduction to the Christian dispensation, this sense of sin in the mind of St. Paul was. St. Paul filled two remarkable places; he was at once the first philosophical teacher of Christianity, and the first great convert of promulgated Christianity. What is the most conspicuous premiss, then, which we observe working in his mind, to beget his belief in the Christian dispensation, and assure him of its being a real authentic revelation from God? We see it in the epistles which succeeded his conversion. It is the sense of sin. The apprehension of the tremendous, mysterious fact of sin, pervades all his epistles, as the great preliminary to the acceptance of the Gospel. It was an assurance in his mind, which was of the nature of a profound knowledge, answering to the accurate acquaintance with some truth in some special department. Could any human being have persuaded St. Paul that he knew no more about sin than Gallio or Herod, and that he and the Sadducee Ananias stood exactly on the same level upon this article of knowledge? He felt he had a knowledge of this subject which other people had not. This formed the basis of the Christianity which he preached and propagated; and if he persuaded himself by the same arguments by which he persuaded others, it was the basis of his own conversion to Christianity.

These moral and religious starting-points present themselves indeed to us in the first instance as belonging rather to the department of the affections, than of knowledge; and we are asked—What have the affections to do with deciding a question of reason, such as that of the evidence of revelation? We are not concerned with the affections here, it is said, but with the understanding only. It is the understanding alone which judges about truth; and to introduce the affections into the inquiry is to mislead the judgment, and to carry it away from evidence to enlist it unlawfully on the side of mere wishes, fears, and hopes. But the truth is that in moral subjects we cannot separate the understanding from the affections. The affections themselves are a kind of understanding; we cannot understand without them. Affection is a part of insight, it is wanted for a due acquaintance with the facts of the case. The moral affections,

affections, *e.g.*, are the very instruments by which we intellectually apprehend good and high human character. All admiration is affection—the admiration of virtue; the admiration of outward nature. Affection itself, then, is a kind of intelligence, and we cannot separate the feeling in our nature from the reason. Feeling is necessary for comprehension, and we cannot know what a particular instance of goodness is, we cannot embrace the true conception of goodness in general, without it. These primary convictions of which we are here speaking, then, are not prevented by being affections from being knowledge—knowledge in the sense of a certain kind of insight, which those who have it are justified in acting upon as knowledge, in regarding as authoritative and qualified to command their acts.

Dr. Newman's appeal to the personal and individual character of true reasoning thus combines the strength of an enthusiastic ground, on the side of revelation, without its weakness. It is a common remark that the enthusiast is logical upon his premisses. Grant him the intensity of his own primary convictions—the truth of his own starting points—and you cannot confute his conclusions from them; but his position has the great defect, that his primary convictions—his starting points—are his own and nobody else's; they are singular and eccentric: he cannot appeal to any witness in human nature, to any either whole or partial consensus; he is an isolated man, and there is no body of sentiment and belief in the world which he can claim as concurring with him. His premisses, therefore, are fantastic, and with them his conclusions. But the appeal to the individual in the matter of the primary truths of natural religion gains one of these results, without incurring the other. It gains the strength of the enthusiast's ground, because the enthusiast's strength lies not in his being eccentric, but in his being internal: if he is internal, an ordinary believer is as strong in his belief as an enthusiast. And it avoids its weakness, because the individual is in concurrence and agreement with a whole world of other individuals who think with him. In the fundamental ideas of natural religion there is something approaching to a consensus, and his own personal conviction finds an echo in the voice of human nature. His principles, then, have all the strength of the enthusiast's, while they are the premisses, at the same time, of the great body of mankind. The individual's strong sense of them justifies their influence, while such general concurrence in them is a guarantee against their fanaticism.

The logical posture, then, of the Christian and Infidel toward each other, is, according to Dr. Newman, this: One of the parties taking certain fundamental perceptions—or what appear to

to him to be such—which form the substance of natural religion, as his starting points, and judging from them as a reasoning base, accepts from that base of judgment the evidences of Christianity. Can the other refute his inference? He cannot, for he does not know his base. He knows the truths of natural religion in the form of propositions; he cannot possibly know them as they exist in the individual's mind. He cannot know then how much legitimate force they exert in the estimate of the evidences of Revelation. Can he then disprove the principles themselves? He cannot, for they are not in opposition to any known truth; while the immense concurrence in them, and the homage of the great mass of mankind to them, protects them from the charge of fanaticism. The inward premisses, then, and the conclusion, are alike out of reach of refutation, and safe from the disputant's assault.

In this state of the case the 'Grammar of Assent' may be usefully studied by those who direct the sceptical press in this country. They will not be converted to the belief of Christianity by it, but they will perhaps be able to understand that Christianity has something more to say for itself than they suppose. They assume a tone of very comfortable certainty, that the evidences of Christianity have been tried and found wanting. These gentlemen recommend a philosophical suspense of judgment, and declaim against positive conviction; but their own minds are entirely made up. The age of Pyrrhonism is past; men could be Pyrrhonists in the groves of Academia; but in the roar and conflict of the hodiernal arena of opinion they find that the voice of doubt is not heard, and that decision is in request. They bow, and apparently without any great reluctance, to the public need. They assume the falsehood of Christianity, that reason rejects its doctrines, and experience its evidences. The dogmatic infidel suggests suspense of judgment to the Christian believer, but as for himself he is far in advance of the beggarly elements of doubt and enquiry, and with downright assertion as his own weapon, he gags his antagonist with Pyrrhonism. This is the philosophy of the sceptical press. We do not know whether it is intended to be looked upon as literary pleasantry; but the conductors of it must have a very low idea of the intellect of their opponents if they think that it can be contemplated as serious controversy. For how stands the matter? There is a certain set of fundamental ideas which, when embraced with a depth and reality of conviction, practically leads to the acceptance of Christianity and its evidences. They have done so with an almost unbroken uniformity; they do now; and consequently we have every reason to expect that

they always will do. The connexion, then, of these ideas with the acceptance of Christianity cannot be set aside as the result of fancy or chance; the foundation supposed, the edifice stands legitimately upon it. But these writers look upon the evidence of Christianity as it presents itself to themselves without this preliminary foundation, and by it judge the evidence as it presents itself to others with it. They apply their estimate of a structure of belief, which has not a basis of introductory truths, to a structure of belief which has one. They forget that they are not in the same position, and do not stand on the same ground, as judges of evidence, with their opponents. But if they ever do remember that there is such a thing as a ground of natural religion, if they ever do bring themselves to recognize the existence of a certain class of primary ideas and instinctive impressions which exist in the human mind, the mode in which they treat the fact when they take cognizance of it, is worse than their blindness when they forgot it. They treat these rooted convictions as if they were only plastered upon the surface of man, and could be taken off. These ideas must be simply erased, effaced, and expunged from the tablet of the human mind. But what process has been invented for erasing and expunging what is *de facto* part of human nature? And what ground is there for the assumption which is constantly made that the progress of science and civilisation will destroy these fundamental sentiments and convictions? Let us take first practical civilisation. By this we mean the multiplication of the resources of society, facilities for doing things, means of communication, comforts, accommodations, conveniences. They assume a hostile logic in these facts to that original creed of the human heart. Yet it is difficult to see why a man's expectation of a future judgment should be altered, because he can get to Australia in two months, whereas some years ago he could only reach it in eight. A belief in heaven and hell cannot at all depend on the success or backwardness of steam navigation. It is as little easy to see why the same belief should be affected by postal communication, the submarine telegraph, the tubular bridge, the discovery of a new propulsive power, the purification of gas, draining, the steam-plough, and sanitary improvements. If there is any argument against that primary creed in these facts, the human mind is so incorrigibly illogical that one man was an Atheist under the reign of packhorses, and another man is a believer in the era of goods trains. It is as difficult to see what is the logic in physical science which is in antagonism to natural religion, or to revealed either. The truths of these respective departments are the truths of two different spheres, which cannot
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come into contact with each other. If men feel a conscience within them, if they acknowledge its presages, and respect its voice as judicial; they must do so all the same under the Ptolemaic and Copernican theories of the Solar System. If they derive from conscience the sense of sin, they must derive it whether light is explained upon the theory of emission, or the theory of undulation. There are difficulties in a Personal Deity, and there are difficulties in a personal immortality; there are difficulties attaching to prayer, and there are difficulties attaching to special providences; but those difficulties are exactly the same, whether the cellular theory is true or false, and whether the sun is fed by the mechanical collision of asteroids, or by the continuous condensation of its own matter. Freewill is not contradicted by the Uniformitarian in geology, and Predestination is not contradicted by the Revolutionist in geology. Scientific analysis cannot possibly discover any fresh objection to the doctrine of the Trinity, the doctrine of the Atonement, the doctrine of Grace or the doctrine of the Sacraments. If the Zwinglian doctrine of the Sacraments is our conclusion, —it is our conclusion whether there is a space-filling ether, or whether there is a total vacuum in space; if the Anglican theory is our decision, it is our decision whether we accept or not the convertibility of heat into motion, and motion into heat; and if Transubstantiation is true, it is true whatever hypothesis we maintain as to the ultimate indivisibility and weight of atoms.

Sometimes, indeed, science appears to threaten the very foundation of a spiritual existence, and some theory pushes forward into the first ranks which seems to convert our very personality into a development and form of matter. Men tremble at the approach of the giant who comes, with uplifted arm, to aim his blow; but if they only stand their ground the spell is broken, the descending stroke falls harmless upon us, and the spectre vanishes. We shake ourselves, and feel whole and untouched. All that is required for successful resistance in these encounters is distinctly to see that A is not B. The theory of the correlation of vital, physical, and chemical forces, while it reduces some life to the same head with material properties, does not touch the spiritual being or self; consciousness witnesses to that ego as distinct from the mere living bodily organism. The theory, again, that a living organism can develop itself from inorganic matter deals with the origination of one fact, while that which we are conscious of is another fact. Thus material science, even granting its pretensions, only advances as far as some facts which come under the head of life; it then stops

upon the outer brink, and can only look from thence upon an unsolved personal being.

No reason, then, can be given why the progress of civilisation or science should expunge from the human mind the ideas of conscience, sin, repentance, judgment, which, as a matter of fact, lead to the Christian belief and feed the Christian Church. But when reasoning ceases, prophecy begins. There are no more persistent and determined prophesiers in the world than infidels; they make sure of the future. Mankind do not at present think with them, but they will do. The day is coming; the edifice of superstition will fall; principles long rooted in man will disappear; it will be seen that their lurid and misty light is a deception; the human mind will be rescued from the thralldom of them. This will be the issue of civilisation; this will be the history of mankind. Thus when logic fails, they foresee; and when science refuses to contradict religion, they discern the rupture in a vision. We have two great prophets among us who prophesy resolutely and prophesy perpetually,—the Infidels and Millenarians.

We could wish, however, that Dr. Newman had treated the exceptional case of those who, while they would profess a code of natural religion approaching to his own, still do not proceed thence to the acceptance of the Christian evidences. There are those who believe in morals and in religious morals, but shrink from miracles or doctrines. There are those even who accept Roman morals, who admire the ascetic type, who embrace counsels of perfection, who still decline to believe either in the Gospels or the Epistles. The Gospels deter them by their outward miracles, and the Epistles by their inward—by forgiveness, justification, and salvation, through the blood of an Atoning Sacrifice. The acceptance, indeed, of an ascetic standard of morals by persons is quite compatible with cowardice and weakness in the acceptance also of the yoke of physical impression and a dogmatic imagination binding their sense of possibility to the routine of material laws, and disabling them from believing miracles in Nature or mysteries in truth. The more we know of practical human nature, the more we become alive to its piecemeal composition, and to the mistake of taking men as consistent wholes. They are often collections of fragments, reflecting a past succession of different and discordant influences, like geological compounds, which represent the action of past disturbing forces.

We could wish, again, that Dr. Newman had treated the case of some who even admire the distinctive mysteries of Christianity, but who have not come to an understanding with themselves
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whether those mysteries are sublime truths or sublime fictions. They are captivated by devotion, and by devotion founded on certain ideas and upon the existence of a certain supernatural world; but whether the truths exist or the world exists anywhere else than in the worshipper's own mind they are not prepared to say. They will follow, with even the enthusiasm of partisans, the devotional assertions of a high religious rite, while they do not, at the same time, think it particularly signifies whether these assertions are true or not: their intellect inclines to the latter alternative. The doctrine of the Atonement is true to them in a ritual, and false as a statement in Scripture or in a Creed. The appeal to the 'Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world' is quite correct in a litany; but when they meet with the same truth in a theological book, they turn away from an assertion with which their intellect is not in harmony. Our own Eucharistic Service and the Roman mass alike are founded upon the doctrine of an Atoning Sacrifice: that doctrine is the very fibre of them, and they are utterly hollow and mere unmeaning structures of words without it; yet one of these minds will respond to the service and reject the doctrine. Why so? The dignity of language is its truth; and if an idea is false it ought not to be in a ritual—if it is true, it ought to be accepted as a statement. Why should ritual enjoy the very unenviable privilege of false assertion? And why should the language of prayer and supplication be esteemed noble and sublime, if it issues out of the worshipper's mouth, directed to a Personage who does not exist, on account of an office which does not exist? The fact is, however, that ritual is regarded by this class of minds only as the expression of subjective religious truth. It relieves the worshipper's mind by the vocal and symbolic utterance of certain religious conceptions, profoundly poetical, and stimulative of deep emotion; and the whole adoration of the congregation goes out toward a Mysterious Personage, who has done a mysterious work for them: but whether there are in the invisible world any realities which correspond to these ideas; whether there is any such Personage or any such work; whether there is any objective truth which answers to this subjective is another question, which they prefer not having to deal with. A statement in Scripture, a Creed, or an Article, puts this question before them, and therefore they dislike a statement in Scripture, a Creed, or an Article. A Creed asserts an objective truth, a ritual to them asserts a subjective one; and subjective truth is interesting to them as revealing the fertility and wealth of the human mind, its poetry and its fancy; objective truth is a dull dry formula. Even a Resurrection and Eternity are dull and insipid to these minds as articles in a Creed: if they
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are ideas enriching a ritual, they welcome them; if they are really to be believed, they give them but a freezing reception. Yet it was in this very character, as the vehicle of objective truth, that the formulary of faith appealed of old to Christian poetry and imagination. It was not treated like a dry skeleton and framework of words, but the statement was glorious and elevating because a positive statement; it asserted the objective reality of the thing stated; it gave an opening into another world, and an absolutely real world. Contemplate the grave, precise, and formal statements of a Christian Church in this aspect, and they lighten up with beams from the very fountain of light. They represent the faith of generations of Christians in the ineffable condescension of God and the highest destiny of man. They announce by their very rigidity the external seat of truth; that truth is a fact which exists independently of us, our own belief, or our own imagination.

We do not profess to have given our readers more than a slice of Dr. Newman's elaborate and acute investigation into the processes of the reasoning faculty; and the part we have taken has been that which combines the writer's application of the general principles he has laid down in the body of the treatise to the particular case of the evidence of Revelation. For Dr. Newman's treatment of the whole department of reasoning we must refer our readers to the treatise itself, which brings to the subject the subtlest discrimination and most penetrating force, and an eye for the nicest distinctions, aided by the richest imagination and the most inexhaustible fertility of illustration. We cannot part from Dr. Newman without assuring him how glad we are to meet him on common ground. We do not, of course, agree either with all his philosophical positions, or with various particular observations which we come across in the treatise. He sometimes speaks from the basis of his own communion, and of course all his defence of the Christian Revelation he considers himself to belong to the Roman interpretation of that Revelation. We have preferred, however, to call attention to agreement rather than to differences; and we have treated his Essay as what it really and in substance is, a defence, and powerful defence, of a common Christianity; which has filled up a vacant place in Christian apologetics, and has given a substantial position to a part of the Christian argument which had only received an informal and allusive notice before, viz. the antecedent and introductory principles which lead to the acceptance of the Christian evidences.

- ART. VI.—1. *De Balneis omnia quæ extant apud Græcos, Latinos et Arabes, &c. &c.* Venetiis apud Juntas, 1553.
 2. *De Thermis, Lacubus, Fontibus, Balneisque totius Orbis.* Andreas Baccius. Venetiis apud Valigrisium, 1571.
 3. *Gallus oder Römische Scenen.* Von W. A. Becker. Leipzig, 1840.
 4. *Sämmtliche Heilquellen Italiens, &c.* Von C. Harless. 1846-1848. Berlin.
 5. *Geschichte der Balneologie, &c.* Von B. M. Lersch. Würzburg, 1863.
 6. *The Baths and Wells of Europe, &c.* By John Macpherson, M.D. London, 1869.

IN many matters regarding material comforts and even public health, Rome was in advance of modern Europe. We do not allude to mere self-indulging luxury, in which the Romans probably far exceeded us; but in some of the most important improvements of the present day—in the supply of good drinking water and in the construction of public baths—we are now only going over the same ground as ancient Rome. That city and indeed all the Roman colonies were well supplied with water, often brought from a distance at a vast expense; and the remains of the public baths in Rome and in large provincial cities, of those attached to private villas in Rome and even in its more remote settlements, are on a scale quite beyond anything attempted in modern times.

But that the Romans also thought like the moderns on other points connected with questions of health is very clearly shown by the following passage from the Epistles of Horace:—

‘Of Velia and Salernum tell me pray
 The climate, and the natives, and the way;
 For Baïæ now is lost on me, and I
 Once its staunch friend am now its enemy
 Through Musa’s fault, who makes me undergo
 His cold bath treatment spite of frost and snow,
 Good sooth the town is filled with spleen to see
 Its steamy baths attract no company,
 To find its sulphur wells, which found out pain
 From joint and sinew, treated with disdain
 By tender chests and heads, now grown so bold
 They brave cold water in the depth of cold,
 And finding down at Clusium what they want
 Or Gabii, say, make that their winter haunt.

Epist., i. 15, Conington’s Transl.

Here we find our modern fashion portrayed which makes a place

place popular for a few seasons and then neglected. Here we find in Horace's account of a cold bath in winter, which he evidently did not like, an allusion to the cold-water cure which came into fashion under Musa, the physician of Augustus, as a revulsion from the excessive luxury of hot baths. Pliny* tells us how he had seen aged gentlemen of consular dignity making an ostentation of shivering in their cold baths, and we read how the advocates of the system agreed with the ancient Germans in immersing newly-born children in cold water—a practice alluded to by Virgil.† We learn also from Horace how the Romans had their favourite health resorts, whether in the mountains or along the coast. Martial and many other writers give whole lists of such places; but the limpid Baia was the great favourite for many centuries. No Montpellier, or Nice, or Pau, has enjoyed nearly as long-lived a reputation, or has offered such attractions to visitors.

Horace, too, mentions the vapour and the sulphur baths of Baia, but no drinking-wells. It was, in truth, hot bathing in its various forms of heated air, hot vapour and hot water, that the Romans were so fond of. They had borrowed its use from the Greeks, while they improved on their simpler arrangements, the Greeks themselves having probably only followed the usage of Asia Minor and more Eastern nations, among whom bathing has always been regarded as a matter of primary importance.

From the earliest ages, indeed, all peculiarities of smell, of taste, or of temperature in the wells attracted the attention of mankind; and, like all things that were unusual and incapable of ready explanation, they were referred to the immediate influence of the gods. The idea of a local deity dwelling in the spring is well illustrated, by the fact of the word *lympha* 'water' being only a variety of *nympha*, or water goddess.

Most oracles of importance were situated close to sacred springs or to natural escapes of gas. The temple of Jupiter Ammon, in its Libyan oasis, had an intermitting fountain.‡ Delphi had not only its fountain of Cassotis, but the Pythoness, when delivering her responses, seems to have been placed on a tripod over a cleft in the rock,§ whence issued a gas that inspired her, and, in case of accident, three priestesses were always present.|| There was something similar at the oracle of Trophonius, in Bœotia, where Pausanias¶ says, from personal experience, that a gas was extricated which caused people to become insensible at

* xxix. c. 5.

† Æneid, ix. 603.

‡ Herodot. iv. 181.

§ Pausanias, x. 24, § 7.

|| Plutarch, Quæst. Græc. c. 9; De Orac. Def. c. 51.

¶ ix. 39, 5, seqq.

first, and then to laugh as they gradually recovered consciousness. Hard by were the fabled waters of Mnemosyne and of Lethe. In various parts of India escapes of inflammable gas (such as may be seen now at La Porretta, near Pistoia) have been used for preserving undying fires in the temples of the gods.

Similar instances might easily be multiplied; but this subject we cannot pursue any further, as our main object at present is to give a few sketches of bath life in different ages, making the actors speak as much as possible for themselves.

Baiæ and Puteoli—

‘Baiæ the golden shore of pleased Venus,
Baiæ the charming gift of stately Nature’*—

were in the times of the Roman emperors by far the most important bathing-places, though others along the coast were not neglected. The enervating Sinnuessa, celebrated for the softness of its air and the salubrity of its waters, is perhaps the best known, owing to the emperor Claudius having sought to restore his broken health there, and to the miserable Tigellinus,† in the midst of its warm baths, and luxuries and dissipations, having very unwillingly put an end there to his worthless life.

Besides its singularly beautiful scenery, the country about Baiæ was connected with the earliest associations of Roman history. Near it were the most ancient city of Cumæ, with its Sibyl—the lake of Avernus, with its entrance to hell—the Phlegrean fields and the Forum Vulcani—the Elysian plains—the promontory of Misenum, with its harbour—not to mention the remarkable natural phenomena of extinct volcanoes, craters, and lakes, with hot springs, and hot vapours, and mineral waters which were in themselves so striking. The great Roman nobles, too, began to build their villas here long before the days when, for want of space, the foundations of their new buildings had to be laid in the sea. The writers of the Augustan Age, and for a century afterwards, absolutely teem with notices of the delights of Baiæ, and it must be confessed that at the same time they do not spare its vices. Immoralities were practised openly at Baiæ, which could only be indulged in at Rome in private. Cicero, Propertius, Horace, Ovid, all write in the same strain; and a little later Martial, who was certainly no stickler for morality, appears almost to be shocked at the doings of the place. But, for our purpose, the account given by Seneca will answer best. He was, indeed, somewhat of a *laudator temporis acti*, and regretted the days when the Romans washed only their faces and hands daily, and had a bath once in eight days: he preferred the ruder and less luxurious baths of

* Martial, xi. 80.

† Tacitus, *Histor.*, i. 72.

Scipio at Linterum, who was not very particular as to the quality of his water, to the effeminate arrangements of Baia and Puteoli.* Still, as he only confirms in detail what had been long before said by Cicero, his evidence is not fairly open to exception.

Seneca,† when he paid his visit to Baia, lived above the great bath, and was greatly annoyed by its noisiness. He heard, early in the morning, the splashing of bathers in the water, for people bathed at all hours. He was disturbed by the excited cries of those playing at ball, and by the deep-drawn sighs of those who swung heavy leaden weights. Here one person was trying his voice at a song—there another was engaged in a loud dispute, or perhaps a cry was raised at the detection of a thief caught stealing the clothes of one of the bathers—no unusual occurrence. There were the shrill cries of the vendors of various eatables, especially of the *liba* or sweet cakes, which have been long popular among bathers, and a remnant of which is to be still found in some of the German baths. Seneca tells us also that it was common to see tipsy people wandering along the seashore—and to hear the shores of the Lucrine lake resounding with the songs of pleasure-parties of men and women, who skimmed about in gaily painted boats of every variety of shape and colour, decked out with crowns and chaplets of roses. All ancient writers describe those aquatic excursions as scenes of voluptuous pleasure: there was also abundance of gambling; and on the whole Seneca described Baia as a sort of vortex of luxury and a harbour of vice.

Baia and Puteoli retained their popularity for a long period; but after a time we lose sight of them, as of most health-resorts during the middle ages. When bath-life began to revive in Europe, the wells in this favourite corner were among the first to attract attention, but the convulsions connected with the production of Monte Nuovo, and the unhealthiness of the district, have prevented any great success in the attempts to restore their former glory. Ischia, scarcely known for such purposes to the ancients, although Pliny mentions its mineral waters, has, with its immense natural resources, taken their place, and though the *stufas* or hot-vapour baths of San Germano, and of the baths of Nero have always been employed, and the baths at the temple of Serapis have been restored and are in use, yet the ancient fame of Baia has never been equalled.

A very spirited attempt is, however, being made at present, to convert the villa Cardito, close to Puteoli, the modern Pozzuoli, and its extensive grounds, into an establishment fit to receive a large number of visitors; old springs are being opened up, an

* Epist. 86.

† Ib. 51 and 56.

immense

immense piscina, or reservoir of water, is to be cleared out, and we even hear that arrangements are to be made, to enable patients to inhale the sulphur vapours which rise in one corner of the adjoining crater of the Solfatara. The experiment is a bold one, and its success is quite feasible if the district were less feverish and malarious; and it is to be hoped that the feat of draining Lake Agnano, now nearly accomplished, may contribute towards its salubrity.

But the public baths of Rome far exceeded those of Baiæ in extent and importance. The stupendous aqueducts replenished the baths which were constructed in all parts of the city with imperial magnificence. There were the public baths of Agrippa, of Titus, and of Nero, besides numerous private ones. The baths of Caracalla, open at stated hours for the indiscriminate use of the senators and of the people, counted about 1600 seats of marble, and there were more than 3000 seats in the baths of Diocletian. The walls of the lofty apartments were covered with curious mosaics, that imitated the art of the painter, in their elegance of design and variety of colours. The Egyptian syenite was beautifully encrusted with the precious green marbles of Numidia—the rooms were full of statues, and of pillars supporting nothing, but placed merely for ornament.* A perpetual stream of water was poured into capacious basins, through many wide mouths of lions of bright and polished silver: water issued from silver and was received on silver.† And finally, says Seneca,‡ such a pitch of luxury have we reached, that we are dissatisfied if we do not tread on gems in our baths; and these luxuries—at least those of the public baths, the poorest might partake of for a small copper coin in value less than a farthing. Their use was speedily followed by their abuse. The idle and the profligate spent many hours in the hot baths, and found it necessary to relieve by draughts of wine the exhaustion which they produced.

The Romans carried their fondness for baths with them to distant countries, and wherever they found hot springs they built baths or thermæ. The following are some of the countless places where their remains have been found out of Italy:—at Aix in Savoy and Aix in Provence; at Dax, Bagnères de Bigorres and Bagnères de Luchon in the Pyrenees; Alhama and Caldas in Spain, where the Moors were only too glad to revive the Roman baths; at Baden in Switzerland; at Wiesbaden; and at our own Bath or Aquæ Solis; not to mention Baden, near Vienna; and

* Seneca, Epist. 86; Martial, vi. 42; ix. 76.

† Statius, Silv. i. 5.

‡ Epist. 86.

the baths of Hercules in Mehadia, in the Banat. The Roman *aquæ* still remains in the various forms of *Acqui*, *Aigues*, *Aix*, *Ax*, *Dax*.

The ancients did not resort to their baths merely for the purposes of ablution or health: they went also to meet their friends in the porches or inner rooms of the baths, to hear the last news, and to plan fresh amusements. And here, too, literary people assembled, and poets endeavoured to find hearers for their latest works.* In close contiguity, and often in the same building with them, were gymnasia for wrestling, for various games at ball, theatres, and arenas for the fights of gladiators and of wild beasts. It was this character of baths, as places of amusement, that led to their being placed, in common with theatres, under the ban of the early Christians, who also steadily protested against the two sexes bathing together.

In the earlier ages of Rome men and women bathed separately, and even in the times of the emperors, the more respectable matrons would not enter a common bath, although they seem sometimes to have frequented public ones, which had probably separate rooms; but that the practice of promiscuous bathing was frequent, and that its evils were understood, is abundantly evident from the many edicts directed against it by the Emperors Hadrian, Trajan, M. Aurelius, and Alexander Severus. Heliogabalus again permitted the practice, and the Emperor Gallienus actually bathed along with women.

✓ After the two first centuries our notices of bath life become very scanty, and the denunciations by some of the early fathers of its vicious excesses are the more interesting to us. Clemens of Alexandria, about the beginning of the third century, protested against† the luxury and indecency of the Alexandrian ladies in their bathing; they used to eat and get drunk in their baths. They had swinging, or pensile baths (which, though there has been a good deal of difference of opinion on the subject, seem merely to have been vapour baths suspended, *i. e.* built over flues), and used all kinds of gold and silver bath utensils. Clemens declared that there were four causes for bathing—[cleanliness, warmth, health, and pleasure.] The last was utterly to be forbidden; women may bathe for cleanliness or for health, men for health only. To bathe for the sake of warmth he considered to be a piece of superfluity; besides the frequent use of the warm bath was weakening. But it seems clear that the denunciations of Clemens did not put an end to the warm baths of Alexandria; and the baths which so many an eastward

* Horat., Sat. i. 4, 74.

† *Pædagog.*, l. iii. c. 5.

traveller has enjoyed on landing in that city are the successors of those denounced by the Fathers. That the expression of the general Christian feeling against the various abuses of bathing is further shown by decrees of one council of Carthage and of Laodicea* directed against

a slightly later period a curious piece of controversy between Origen and Celsus shows us that the existence of mineral waters was not forgotten. Celsus, writing against Christianity, says that Christians believe that hot springs arise from the tears of angels! To which Origen replies† that such a thing has never been read or even heard of in the churches of God; that no one was so stupid as to suppose that heavenly angels have ears like those of men. Besides, if he might reply jokingly to Celsus, who seemed to be writing seriously, no one could object to warm springs, which are usually of sweet water, could be derived from the tears of angels, because tears are naturally sweet. It is probable that probably Celsus must have been of opinion that the tears of angels are sweet!

The transfer of the seat of empire to the East, brings us near the well known baths of Brussa, within sixty miles of Constantinople. They had been used from a very early period, and, in the reign of Trajan, Pliny the Younger‡ writes to his master for permission to restore their buildings. In the days of Constantine these baths were rebuilt with magnificence, and received the name of Royal. They fell into decay probably about the thirteenth century, but revived again, and are, perhaps, the most celebrated baths at this day in the East.

About the year 390 Claudian composed an elaborate poem on the warm sulphur springs of Abano, in the Euganean Hills. This poem was evidently before the eyes of Cassiodorus, the secretary of Theodoric, who held his rule at Ravenna, about thirty years afterwards, when he wrote ample instructions to an architect to repair thoroughly the baths which were then falling into decay, and which it is interesting to know are flourishing at the present day. Cassiodorus has also preserved to us some glimpses of bath life; permission is given to one of Theodoric's warriors, Vinsivad, to go and visit the baths of Bormio, and both bathe in them and drink the waters for his cure.

This must have been about the year 535. Vinsivad may, therefore, be considered to be the first visitor whose name is recorded in the bath list of Bormio. In another letter, the Emperor King Athalaric, grandson of Theodoric, allows his

* *Don* xxx.

† *Adversus Celsum*, v. 55.

‡ *Epist.* x. 34.
general,

general, Primiscrinus, to visit Baïæ, which he terms a beautiful bathing-place, working miracles, and precious for health.

One of the laws of Justinian (Novell. 117) about this date making a woman's bathing naked with another man a sufficient ground for divorce on the part of the husband, shows that public baths were still in use, and that their old abuses had not been forgotten.

The general decay of baths throughout Europe at this time has commonly been attributed to their destruction by the Christians. It should probably be more fairly assigned to the irruptions of the northern nations. There was not indeed any particular unwillingness on the part of the early Christians to adopt the sacred medicinal fountains. Their objections, as we have already seen, were to the frightful abuses connected with the hot baths which had already attracted the notice of pagan emperors. Wells formerly sacred to heathen deities were readily transferred to Christian saints. Springs dedicated to Jupiter, Juno, the Sun, Æsculapius, Hygieia, or Hercules—got the names of St. Mary, St. Helen, St. Giuliano, St. Winifred, St. Mungo, or St. Bridget. The heathen practice of bringing offerings to wells, or to their saints, though forbidden, was kept up to a much later period, and is probably not extinct in very Catholic countries; nay, a relic of it is to be found in the annual feast of one of our English baths. Perhaps the highest expression of the feeling of the sacredness of such waters is found in the 'Medicina Theologica,' the author of which says that the beneficent virtues of springs are due to the remains of the sacred impression of the spirit of the Lord which moved over the waters at the creation of the world. This to a certain degree explains to us the inscription on the old cross at Bath with reference to the wife of James II. having become a mother, which at first sight appears almost blasphemous, and which was removed nearly a century ago: 'In perpetuam Reginae Mariæ memoriam, quam celo in Bathonienses Thermas irradiante, Spiritus Domini qui fertur super aquas, trium regnorum hæredis genetricem fecit,' &c. &c.

For eight hundred years we now hear little of bath life, but enough to show that baths were still to some extent frequented. According to the early traditions of Aix its waters were infested by a *lutin*, or demon, who was expelled by Pepin, which monarch on more than one occasion repaired to that place with his court. But it was in the time of Charlemagne that its waters regained their celebrity. Eginhard,* the chief historian of that prince

* Cap. xxii.

records that Charlemagne was the first swimmer of his age, and that he was so fond of baths, and of the hot ones of Aix in particular, that he finally fixed his residence in that city in order to enjoy them. The emperor used to make bathing parties with his family and his chief officers; he did not even disdain the society of the common soldiers, and had occasionally a whole company of his guards in the bath with him,—in all this, indeed, only following the example of some of the Roman emperors.

In 1138 a small leper hospital was founded by a bishop at Bath, and about that time Gilbertus recommended its waters in certain diseases. In 1161 the records of Pisa show that a captain was appointed annually, from 1st March to 1st November, to superintend the neighbouring baths of San Giuliano. An important part of his duty was to keep away all pimps and courtesans, and gamblers, or those who kept gambling-houses. In 1176 the rules for the bath of Teruel, in Spain, show that separate days of bathing were appointed for the men and women, and one day in the week for Jews and Saracens. Some of the rules were directed against men stealing the women's clothes, or otherwise insulting them. So gross did the immorality of some of the Spanish baths become, that in the beginning of the fourteenth century one of the Alphonsos was obliged to order them to be closed. Tussilagno's directions for using the waters of Bormio are interesting, as showing that they were frequented in 1336. The Latin rhymes of Ranulph Higden, dating from 1360, show how frequented in those days was the Well of St. Winifred, or Holywell, in Flintshire, perhaps the most famous well of pure cold water in Europe. An abbess of Zurich, in 1415, sold certain lands to cover the expense of her paying a visit to Baden. The statutes of the synod of Avignon, in 1441, forbade all the clergy from visiting baths, which at that time were sinks of immorality. A little later, or in 1494, we find that the baths of Pisa were made over for fifteen years to Matteo Franco, canon of Florence, who, as he was author of a book of sonnets *da ridere*, was not, we presume, a severe ecclesiastic.

We begin to obtain fuller views of bath life in the writings, chiefly of Italian physicians, from the beginning of the fourteenth century. But there appears to be no detailed description of it till 1420, or about the time of the Council of Constance, when a learned Italian writer, Poggio Bracciolini,* who was secretary to Pope Boniface IX., and to various of his successors, gave, in a letter to his friend Leonardus Aretinus, a curious account of what he saw at Baden in Argau, affording us the first picture

* Works, Basle, 1538.

of European bath life, that has come down to us, since the decay of the empire. He says, in substance, that

‘the beauty of the country, and the magnificence of the villas at Baie and Puteoli, caused more pleasure than the use of the baths, or the joviality of the mode of life. Baden, though offering no great natural beauty, and nothing very particular in the way of agreeable relaxation, presented such other pleasures, that you might imagine that Venus with her troop had deserted Cyprus and come to live at the baths. There were two public baths, and about twenty-eight private ones, attached to the hotels. In the public bath men and women bathed together in a state of entire nudity. In the private baths the men and women used at least partial clothing, and there was a partition between the men and women’s baths, with openings, however, which made it easy for them to talk to each other. People used often to bathe three or four times a day,—indeed, to spend a great part of their time in the baths, to ask their friends to come and spend the day with them; they played at cards, and had their meals supplied to them on floating tables, and there was no lack of good eating and drinking. Even in the private baths friends were allowed to go about from bath to bath and visit their friends, whether male or female. Abbots, monks, brothers, priests, came with greater license than others, and you might see them bathing with the women, often having their heads crowned with chaplets, having cast away all religion. The object of all was pleasure and hilarity, and the amount of harmony in the pursuit of these objects was quite surprising.’

In the midst of the Italian’s astonishment at all this, he admits that there was not a suspicion of anything wrong in the meeting of the sexes, and he sneers at the primitive innocence of the Germans. As to the other amusements of the place, there was a meadow in the neighbourhood, where the company used to assemble after dinner, and amuse themselves with dances and songs, and all kinds of games, men and women together. The ladies showed a taste for fine dresses and jewellery, such as is not surpassed by the wonderful toilets of modern Homburg and of Baden Baden.

About 150 years after Poggio, when Montaigne visited Baden in Argau, the arrangements had been greatly improved. Montaigne’s accounts are valuable, because he was a great traveller for those days, and took a particular interest in baths: he visited some twenty of them in France, Switzerland, and Italy, often going out of his way to see them, and never failing to make some experiment with them on his own person.

‘There are,’ he says,* ‘two or three public baths, open at the top, of which poor people only make use. The others, of which there are a great number, are enclosed in houses, where again they are divided

* ‘Journey into Italy,’ Haslitt’s edit.

off into small private baths, let out with the apartments, which each respectively adjoins. Those who have under their charge ladies who wish to bathe with privacy and delicacy will do well to bring them here, where every lady has a bath to herself, handsomely fitted up with a dressing-room, light and airy, with rich windows, painted wainscoting and ceiling, and polished floors, and provided with chairs and small tables, on which you may read or play while in the bath. The bathers can lay on or empty off the water just as they like, and there are apartments adjoining each bath with long galleries to walk in. The strolls along the river side are very pleasant. The people of this part of the country, when they bathe, usually have themselves so unmercifully cupped and bled that I have sometimes seen the two public baths almost full of blood. The houses are very handsome, and kept up on a grand scale. In that where we lodged there have been in one day 300 mouths to provide for.'

Other accounts, however, of the same date as Montaigne, show that there was still much need for improvement. Dr. Pantaleoni, physician at Baden, while repudiating the overstatements of Poggio, himself gives but an indifferent picture of the morals of the place. As in other baths there was jesting and singing of songs, often loose ones, to accompany the music that was played under the idea of counteracting the soporific influence of the hot water. The vice of hard drinking was again associated with prolonged immersion. An account of the bacchanalian orgies of breakfasts in the baths, preceded, though they were, by grace before and after, is given by him. He found it necessary to order that not more than two chopins of wine—and a chopin is nearly an English pint—should be allowed to each guest. One of the amusements of those collations consisted in electing and crowning a king of the feast. About the same period, a gentleman who had a letter of introduction to a French Countess, was received by her in the bath, where she sat, naked from the waist upwards, with the exception of a simple gold necklace and a pair of bracelets. Beside her were two boys and a girl, all perfectly naked, the eldest of the age of about thirteen. Baden has changed since these days, and is at present frequented only by those who are in search of health.

Another bath, Plombières or Plummiers, as it was written and pronounced in those days, attained much popularity; it was situated in Lorraine, on the borders of Germany. Joachim Camerarius before 1553* paid it a visit, but was far from being pleased with the place. He gives a very disagreeable account of the promiscuous bathing of all ages and of both sexes, of its filth and of its immorality. An interesting woodcut shows

* De Balneis apud Juntas, 1553, p. 298.

what were the primitive arrangements of an open public bath in those days. The amusements of the place were eating, dancing, and walking among the neighbouring hills and woods. In his sarcastic verses, Camerarius says every one was glad to get away from the place and from the natives, whom he considered inhospitable, superstitious, lazy, and stupid. Montaigne was better pleased with what he saw:—

‘These baths were formerly frequented by the Germans, but for several years people from France Compté, and from France, have come here in crowds. There are several bath-rooms, with a principal one, a large building constructed in an oval form, after the antique. It is thirty-five paces long, and fifteen wide. The hot water rises from underneath by several springs, and cold water flows in from above to moderate the heat, according to the will of those who are taking it. The seats or boxes are divided off along the sides by poles, suspended in the manner of those by which horses are kept apart in our stables; the place is boarded over to keep off the sun and rain. All round the baths there are four degrees of stone steps, rising in the same way as in a theatre, whereon the bathers can sit or lean. The greatest decorum is observed; the men, however, bathe quite naked, with the exception of a slight pair of drawers, and the women with the exception of a shift. We lodged at the Angel, which is the best inn, inasmuch as it is equally near both baths. Our whole suite of apartments, though we had several rooms, cost only fifteen pence a-day. The landlords at all places supply wood into the bargain; but the country about is so full of it, that it only costs the cutting. The landladies are excellent cooks. The rooms are not very handsome, but they are exceedingly convenient. The wine and bread are bad. The people here are a worthy set, frank, sensible, and attentive.’

Montaigne, too, was struck with the neighbouring Remiremont and its clean inns, and with the Lorraine villages in general. They continue to deserve his praise. Plombières is at the present day one of the best of all the French watering-places, prettily situated in a valley in a broken country, and with excellent accommodation for visitors.

But we may now return to Italy, and take a view of the baths of Lucca. Montaigne was more comfortably lodged here than he had been at any bath, not even excepting Bagnères de Bigorre.

‘The accommodation for bathing, and the lodging-houses at Baden, were, doubtless, more elegant and commodious than at the baths of Lucca, but the prospects at the latter were infinitely prettier than those at Baden. The bath stood on a level spot, and consisted of between thirty and forty houses extremely well adapted for the purpose. He chose lodgings, so that from his chamber he could catch all night the gentle murmur of the streams. His landlord, who was a captain in the

the army, let him a sitting-room, three bed-chambers, a kitchen, and offices for the servants, with eight beds, two of which had curtains, and agreed to supply them with clean table-napkins every day, a clean cloth every third day, cooking implements and candlesticks, for eleven crowns a fortnight. The season does not commence till June, lasting till September: by October none of the invalid visitors were left. One day after dinner Montaigne gave a dance to the country girls. There was not one that did not wear white shoes, fine thread stockings, and a coloured silk apron. They were very fond of dancing, and cut their capers, and turned their pirouettes in excellent style. It was really a most charming, and, to a Frenchman, a most unusual spectacle, to see these country girls so handsome, and so well dressed, dancing with as much grace and elegance as the finest ladies, only in a different fashion. On great occasions he caused notice to be given of the intended fête five or six days before in all the neighbouring villages, and the evening before it took place he sent special invitations, as well to the ball as to the supper that was to follow, to all the gentlemen and ladies who were then staying at the two baths. The supper was a small affair compared with French notions of the thing. He managed to do with a joint or two of veal and a few pair of fowls.

But we cannot follow Montaigne into further details of Lucca life. Lucca, although it is a little warm, and shut in during the summer season, continues to be a very pleasant summer residence, and is by far the most lively and agreeable of the Italian baths. It has in great measure supplanted the excellent baths of San Giuliano, near Pisa, in spite of the handsome and commodious establishment of the latter place. Some of the rules in force in San Giuliano, in the year 1597, were as follows:—By rule 4, patients were only allowed to be bled in the bath called *del Sangue*; by rule 7, men must not enter the women's baths, nor the women the men's; by rule 10, such as were bathing really for their health, might play among themselves for amusement all kinds of games except those with dice, as *Trentuno* and *Chiama Re*, and except dice with cards; they might have the relaxation of music and of dancing, and of similar amusements in use at baths; they were also allowed to hunt or fish.

A little before this period the baths of Pyrmont, little known previously, and buried in the north of Germany, suddenly sprung into renown. Within four weeks as many as 10,000 people are said to have flocked to them. All the neighbouring villages and farm houses were filled to overflowing. Tents had to be pitched in the woods, a regular camp was formed, and public bakeries and meat markets were opened. The water was put into casks by the tun, and carted about all the neighbouring country. So remarkable did Goethe consider

these sudden pilgrimages, that he sketched the outline of a novel which was to describe them. Pyrmont grew to be one of the most fashionable spots in Europe, and although at present unfairly depreciated, it is still a bath which offers many attractions. In former days it is alleged that heiresses used to insist on having inserted in their marriage settlements, that they should be allowed to pay an annual visit to Pyrmont, just as Frankfort brides insisted that they should be allowed to visit Schwalbach.

We are now able to turn our attention to our own country. In 1560 Dr. Turner,* who, besides being a physician, was also Dean of Wells,† tells us that he had formerly visited Italy and Germany, and thought that it was his duty to offer to his well-beloved neighbours in Bath, Bristol, and Wells some of the very good and necessary things which he had learned abroad. Accordingly he favoured them with a short account of the baths at Ems, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Wildbad, Göppingen, Baden in Switzerland, Pfeffers, Abano, the baths near Verona, and La Porretta in Italy. Many of these, and all the German ones, except Göppingen, are, it will be observed, among the most important baths of modern times.

Dr. Jones, in his 'Briefe Discourse,' &c. (London, 1572-4), gives an account of the foundation of the baths at Buxton. Buxton has an additional interest to us, from its having been visited during more than two seasons by the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, who, notwithstanding the strict precautions used to prevent her from communicating with any one, enjoyed the variety of these visits. Her custodians, the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, complained bitterly of the niggardliness of a government which did not allow them enough to cover the expense of these journeys. Many a bath has, like Buxton, owed much of its prosperity to visits of royal or of distinguished personages. Thus Margaret of Valois and Henry IV. brought Eaux Chaudes into notice. Madame Maintenon and her charge, the Duke of Maine, made Barèges known to the world. Bourbon-Lancy was visited by Catherine de Medicis; and Bourbon l'Archambault by Madame Montepan, by Madame Sévigné, by Boileau, and

* A Book of the Natures and Properties, &c., Collen, 1562.

† This union of medical and clerical functions, common in the middle ages, seems to have been continued to a later period than is usually imagined. Since the revival of letters we have at least two bath books written by canons. With reference to the case of Dr. Jones, it is curious to learn that in the reign of William Rufus a certain John of Tours, alias de Villula, alias de Pilulā, who practised in Bath, bought of the crown that city, with its baths, tolls, &c., along with the Bishopric of Wells. Churches and monasteries seem frequently to have had their sites selected with reference to wells. Indeed, the clergy of all ages have been great patrons of bath life.

Racine. This list might be indefinitely increased, even without pointing out how Emperors and Kings have made Carlsbad and Teplitz illustrious, and how much Biarritz, Plombières, and Vichy owe to the present Emperor of the French.

The following is Dr. Jones's account of Buxton:—

‘Joining to the chief spring between the river and the bath is a very goodly house 4-square four story hie, so well compact with houses of office beneath, and above, and round about, with a great chamber and other goodly lodgings to the number of thirty; that it is and will be a beauty to behold, and very notable for the worshipful and honourable that shall repair thither, as also for others. Yea, the poorest shall have lodgings and beds ready for their use only.’

To the gentlemen Dr. Jones recommends as exercise bowling, shooting at butts, and tossing the windball.

‘The ladies, gentlewomen, wyves, and maids, may in one of the galleries walk, and if the weather be not agreeable to their expectation they may have in the end of a bench eleven holes made, into the which, to trowle plummets or bowlers of lead, big, little, or meane, or also of copper, tyn, woode, either vyolent or soft; after their own direction, the pastyme Trowle in Madam is termed. Likewise some feeble may also practise in another gallery of the same building. Always provided the day of your coming hither be noted before you enter the baths, and the day of your departure with the county of your habitation to the register to be kept by the warden of the baths, paying fourpence for the recording, and every yeoman boarder 12*d.*, every gentleman 3*s.*, every esquire 3*s.* 4*d.*, every knight 6*s.* 8*d.*, baron 10*s.*, marquis 30*s.*, duke 3*l.* 10*s.*, archbishop 5*l.* Every chancellor and utter barrister 6*s.* 8*d.*, archdeacon, prebendary, and canon 5*s.*, every minister 12*d.*, every lady 6*s.* 8*d.*, every gentlewoman 2*s.*, one half to the poor that do come for help, one half to the physician for his residence.’

Dr. Jones thinks the sick should have a dispensation to enable them to eat meat always; and he gives a form of prayer to be usually said on entering the bath. There was something analogous to this in Germany, where a ‘spiritual journey to the bath’ had appeared, and devotional songs connected with bathing were not unknown. He also tells us that lodgings were prepared for the poor by Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury.

We need not pursue the history of Buxton, or of the popularity which it has so long and so justly enjoyed, but must now revert to Bath.

Roman remains discovered there more than a century ago, show that those wonderful colonists had turned to use the hot waters in that station. Our chief early notice of them is Bishop Beckington's threat of fine and excommunication against those who

who entered the baths without any clothing, issued in the year 1450. Dr. Turner's account of them in 1557 is not flattering:—

'He that hath been in Italy and in Germainee, and had seen how costly and well favouredly the baths are trimmed and appointed there in diverse and sundry places, would be ashamed that any stranger which hath seen these baths in foreign lands should look upon our baths, for he would think that the stranger could accuse the Englishman of these things, of grossness and brutal ignorance, because he could not trim our baths no better, of unkindness, because we do so lightly regard the excellent works of Almighty God—of beastly filthiness, because we make no partition between the men and women whilst they are bathing, but suffer them contrary to the laws of God and man to go together like unreasonable beasts to the destruction both of bodye and soule of very many.'

In 1663 the Court visited Bath, where, according to De Grammont's Memoirs, they enjoyed every kind of diversion with avidity. 'The game of bowls,' he says, 'is the exercise of gentlemen in England alone of European countries; it is only in use during the day and fair part of the season, and the places where it is practised are called bowling-greens, which are little square plots, where the turf is about as smooth as a billiard table. As soon as the heat of the day is over, all the company assemble there. They play deep, and spectators are allowed to make what bets they like. Near all these places of diversion there is usually a sort of inn, with a bower, where all sorts of liquor are sold, and where the *rooks*, or sharpers, meet every evening.'

It was a little later than this that Pepys gives a description of his visit to Bath, of which he reports, in 1668, that the houses were mostly of stone, and the streets clean, though generally narrow. He found the King's and Queen's baths full of mixed sort of company, good and bad, and the Cross bath only fit for gentry. His account of his bathing is so comical that, well known though it be, it can scarcely be omitted here.

'Up at four o'clock, being by appointment called up to the Cross bath, where we were carried one after another, myself and wife, and Betty Turner, Willet, and W. Hewer. And bye-and bye, though we designed to have done before company came, much company came: very fine ladies: and the manners pretty enough: only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among those that are acquainted here and stay together. But strange to see when women and men here that live all the season in these waters cannot but be parboiled and look like the creatures of the bath. Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair home; and then, one after another thus carried, I staying above
two

two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour, and bye-and-bye comes music to play to me extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere, 5s. In the afternoon I went to make boys dive in the King's bath, 1s.'

A very interesting account of Bath is given in 1675 by R. Pughe, who was confessor to Henrietta Maria, and who is said to have died in Newgate while imprisoned there for supposed connexion with the Titus Oates plot. He had travelled abroad, and in his comparison of the waters of Aix and of Bath, reminded his fellow traveller

'of the pleasant mixtures of Rhine wine and of acidulous waters they had drunk together in Germany, of the excellence and pleasantness of the Schwalbach waters; and he said that it would be folly to compare the finished pleasures of Spâ with the comparative rusticity of Epsom or Tunbridge. But Bath he considered afforded far better accommodation to strangers than Aix la Chapelle, both in hotels and in elegant private houses, provided and ornamented with very handsome furniture, which were let during the summer months, and which encircled the waters like the tiers of a theatre. The advantage of the privacy of the baths at Aix he thinks more than counterbalanced by the freedom of the open air at Bath, which does not allow the vapours to be confined, and which leads to the mutual civilities and agreeable conversation of the patients who bathe together in England. At the moment when he was writing, Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Manchester, a young lady of the sweetest disposition, and of manifold accomplishments, had entered the Cross bath for the first time, accompanied by a bevy of noble young ladies, and presented a most agreeable spectacle of modesty to those, including himself, who were viewing her from the opposite gallery.'

He goes on to say, that the baths of Aix, owing to the heat, were only used in spring and autumn; those of Bath could be used in the height of summer. Garth, in his 'Dispensary' a few years later, says of patients:—

'They cheaper than for our assistance call
Might go to Aix or Bourbon spring and fall.'

We quote again the substance of what Pughe says:—

'At Aix people bathe morning and evening; indeed, the baths are never empty; ours are only used in the morning by respectable bathers of either sex. At Aix he was able, either at the public fountains in the early morning, or during the day, at the various hotels, to enjoy the most agreeable society, where among the variety of people of different nations, one could hear what each had to say about his own country. He greatly approved of the doctors not only allowing, but recommending a fair allowance of Moselle wine, &c. At Bath, bowls were the great amusement, and every one went to watch the skill of the
the

the players, with their balls of *lignum guaiaci*. The forenoon was spent at the hospitable tables of noble gentlemen, or at private ones; and after the heat of the day was over, people generally went back to the bowling-green, or ladies formed parties to walk in the fields. Some people, however, staid over their cups and drank, while some betook themselves to the Turkish practice, now coming into general use, of drinking the fluid called in that barbarous language coffee, and to read letters, and to hear the latest news.'

He does not mention the mixture of tea and coffee known in those days under the name of *twist*. Later in the evening they used to go, as Pepys did, to see the boys swimming and diving, and playing their antics in the public baths.

But besides Buxton and Bath, there were many other baths in England in those days. One of the earliest known in this century was Knaresborough, which was in high repute before the neighbouring Harrogate was heard of; but the one which attained the most celebrity was Tunbridge. Evelyn, in 1652, carried his family thither, and stayed in a 'very sweet place, private and refreshing;' and, after drinking the waters for some days, left his family for a time in the little cottage at the Wells. In 1663, the Court visited Tunbridge Wells. Nothing can be livelier than Evelyn's account:—

'The Court set out soon after to pass about two months in the place of all Europe the most rural and simple, at the same time the most entertaining and agreeable.

'The company are accommodated with lodging in little clean and convenient habitations that lie straggling and separated from each other—a mile and a half all around the wells, where the company meet in the morning. This place consists of a long walk shaded by spreading trees, under which they walk while they are drinking the waters. On one side of this walk is a long row of shops, plentifully stocked with all manner of toys, lace, gloves, stockings, and where there is raffling, as at Paris in the Foire de St. Germain. On the other side is the market, and as it is the custom here for every person to buy their own provisions, care is taken that nothing offensive appear on the stalls. Here young, fair, fresh-coloured country girls, with clean linen, small straw hats, and neat shoes and stockings, sell game, vegetables, flowers, and fruit. Here one may live as well as one pleases—here is likewise deep play and no want of amorous intrigues. As soon as the evening comes, every one quits his little palace to assemble on the bowling green, where in the open air those who choose dance upon a turf more soft and smooth than the finest carpet in the world.'

To this the Memoirs add that there was dancing every night in the Queen's apartments, because the physicians recommended it to her; and that even those who did not care for dancing, danced that the exercise might help to digest the waters.

The

The advice given by a physician of this period * to his patients going to Tunbridge is amusing, but we are obliged to curtail his leonisms:—

‘Leave pining cares behind when you come to Tunbridge, expatiate your mind, and harken sometimes to the charming music you have there, or melody gently soothing nature, disposes the spirits into a dancing. Physicians here are many, able, and eminent. Many learned divines and spiritual guides are not wanting. Moreover, at Tunbridge you will find conference with eminent and famous wits. The whole ambient of the horizon is filled with an inexhaustible series of odoriferous and frequent effluvia incessantly exhaling from sweet-scented herbs and plants. Those who drink these waters must be facetious, cheerful, gay, jovial, free from melancholy, peevishness, &c. As in reference to the number of glasses you may make it odd or even, though some philosophers prefer the odd before the even, and attribute to it greater properties.

Dr. Wittie † tells us of another well, into which they must observe to dip children naked, five, seven, or nine times, according to the custom, or some think it will not do. Another writer of this period gravely assures us that, according to the renowned Kircher, there were four hundred and seventy-nine millions one thousand and six hundred sorts of water. Yet this was an age in which people boasted of the great perfection and knowledge of physicians in England, far exceeding that of former ages, while the great general decay of nature was also considered by many to be very remarkable.

In those days we learn how Turkish baths, long popular on the Continent—indeed, Montaigne had described them and their licence at Rome a century before—were revived in London, and we have full accounts of their use in the Duke’s Bagnio in Long Acre. There were, at least, three other such baths at that time in London. The proprietor, recommending these baths, thus quaintly expresses himself:—‘A man after leaving the Bagnio betakes himself to his place of business, finding himself as active and vigorous as if he had just skipt into the world.’ More could scarcely be said for Mr. Urquhart’s baths in Jermyn Street. The bagnios were soon used as places for assignations; and their use at last became disreputable, and was abandoned. Artificial baths and artificial waters were in those days largely employed, and recommended in cleverly written pamphlets; in fact, bath life, in every variety, seems to have been at its height in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. Writers of the day speak thus:—

* P. Madan, ‘Waters of Tunbridge,’ 1687.

† ‘Scarborough Spa,’ 1667.

‘What

'What flockings there are every summer to Tunbridge where the best mineral waters are. Those of Bath are much frequented in summer, and might be more so. How are Epsom, Scarborough North Hall, and the sulphur bath of Knaresborough frequented. Never was the use of baths so much in vogue in Europe as now. The most renowned and those that indeed excel all other natural baths in Europe, are those of Hungary, at Glass-hütten. These baths are exceedingly frequented—those of the city of Aken are most celebrated. At Baden, in Austria, fourteen well beautified baths are much resorted to. Persons from all parts of Europe do throng and flock to Bourbon for the sake of bathing in the waters. How are these wells crowded in May and September, by persons of several nations, and what confusion of tongues is there every season at the spas in Germany.*

With all these praises of foreign waters, we should be quite out of the fashion if we did not return to the Continent; first noticing a very English state of things mentioned by Dr Peters:—

'I cannot omit the taking notice of a very great abuse occasioned by a rabble of Londoners and others weekly frequenting the Dulwich wells on Sundays, when under pretence of drinking the waters they spend that holy day in great profaneness, who after they have (for the most part of them) gorged themselves with the water, do drink upon it an excessive quantity of brandy (that bane of Englishmen) or other strong liquors.'

We are afraid that a rabble of Londoners would not behave much better now, though in our days we have no excuse for our excesses, as learned physicians no longer discuss the question as they did in grave Latin at that period, whether it does not improve a man's health to get drunk once a month. Our first guide to the Continent shall be a certain De Burgo or Burke, Abbot of Clare, and Vicar Apostolic of Aghadoe, who published at Milar in 1689, a gossiping Guide, 'Dell' Acque,' &c., to Massino and Bormio, to St. Moritz, Schultz, and Favera. The book is meant to convey useful information respecting the baths, and also to relieve the tedium of such places, which will at times be felt, in spite of the grandeur of their situations, not that the Abbot says anything of the scenery. He gives an account of the religious war in the Valtelline, a treatise on jealousy, lists of distinguished men and women, some acrostics and a list of witty replies, on of them containing scandal against Oliver Cromwell. We think we may venture on one of his witty replies, which will illustrate harmlessly the freedom of speech of those days. A certain lady, meeting a very fat Abbé, asked him when he expected his

* Haworth's, the 'Dukes Bagno,' &c., 1683; Dr. W. Simpson, 'Zymologia Physica.'

accouchement. To this he instantly replied, 'I am only waiting till I can find a *sage femme*.' It is curious to read the praises at that period of the waters of St. Moritz, now so popular with the English, though not a word is said about its elevation, which makes it such a delightful residence during the three summer months.

We have not, we believe, hitherto mentioned the main causes of the popularity of hot springs with ladies, in ancient as well as in modern times—the hope of the honours of maternity for those who are not blessed with children. The Abbé de Burgo is very re-assuring on this subject: 'Bormio is called the paradise of ladies, because as many sterile ladies as bathe in this spring suddenly become prolific, whence it happens that one sees come thither every year duchesses, matrons, and most noble ladies, without any other malady except the hope of offspring, and never yet has one been seen defrauded of her hopes!' Such ladies as will take the word of the Abbé, and have no faith in Ems or in Ischia, had better repair to the waters of Bormio, as we fear that at present they will meet with but poor accommodation at Massino, which place also enjoyed the good opinion of the Abbé in this respect.

We should have been glad, had our space admitted of it, to have gone back a little in time, and said something of the delightful island of Ischia, a book on the waters of which was dedicated in the end of the sixteenth century to Victoria Colonna, who was the centre of a literary group in her insular retirement, but whose aspirations after maternity were not fulfilled even by the famous waters of Citara, in her own favourite island.

We must now turn to France and to Vichy, which Madame de Sevigné visited in 1676 and 1677. What strikes one most on reading her letters, is the admiration she expresses for the country about Vichy, and for the banks of the Allier. To ordinary eyes in these days, that country is not ugly, but it is far from being beautiful. However, Madame de Sevigné was not singular in her opinion, for the eloquent Fléchier said that there was no landscape more beautiful, more rich, or more varied than that about Vichy. Madame de Sevigné's letters show the mode of life there, and talk plainly of various matters to which modern society alludes with reserve:—

'I went this morning to fetch the canoness to go at six o'clock to the fountain. All the world is there, one drinks and makes wry faces, for recollect they are boiling, and have a very disagreeable taste of saltpetre. One turns about and comes and goes—one walks and goes to mass—and people converse confidentially about the operation of the waters. Nothing is talked of but that till noon. Then one dines;

dines; after that we visit each others' houses—to day the meeting was at my house, Madame de Brissac played at Ombre with two gentlemen while the canoness and I read 'Ariosto.' Peasants came to dance the bourrée to a flute. At four o'clock one goes out to walk in the delicious country, at seven we have a light supper and go to bed at ten.'

Madame de Sevigné's accounts of her douches at Vichy are well known to her readers: how she at first dreaded them, and how she came to like them, with many other details, perhaps the most curious of which is that she found an agreeable physician, an 'honnête garçon' and no charlatan, who was so complaisant as to come and support her courage, by talking to her for half an hour from behind a curtain, while she was being douched; and attended to talk and read to her, for the two hours while she lay in bed after her douches; but she is always bursting out into praises of the place. The beautiful country, the river Allier, the thousand little woods, the brooks, the meadows, the sheep, the goats, the peasants with their dances, would alone cure her. 'It is the most surprising thing to see peasants dance, men and women, with an ear as good as yours, and with equal lightness and elegance about them. I am in raptures with it. I have every evening for a very trifling sum a violin and a tambourine, and it is a real pleasure to me to see the shepherds and shepherdesses dance in the copsewood, as in the "Astrea" (a romance then popular).

We cannot dwell on the important services of Sir John Floyer at this date,* who, by his advocacy of cold bathing, produced as great a revolution in Europe as Musa had done in the days of Augustus; but some remarks of his illustrate the spirit of the age:—

'The civil wars have occasioned the neglect of many famous waters, but I will add this most particular cause of their decline. As the virtues of the waters formerly supported the reputation of the Saints, so now the want of a proper religious office to be used by the devout at the time of bathing and drinking waters, leaves all to a general debauchery of manners in such public places, and does very much to lessen the number of those who would come thither, if but the ends of devotion and health were served by coming to those places. This neglect of our Church I cannot but censure, being no less injurious to the bodies than the souls of good men.'

Our next extracts will give some idea of society at a German bath, supplied from an account of the bath, interspersed with novelettes, which appeared in 1736, under the title of the 'Amuse-

* 'Use and Abuse of Baths,' London, 1697.

ments of the Waters of Aix-la-Chapelle; a similar book on the 'Amusements of Spa,' by the same author, had been published the year before. There are several such accounts of popular baths.

'My toilet did not occupy me long, in fact it is bon ton in Aix to appear in negligé and without your sword in the morning. The ladies, like the gentlemen, endeavour to devise becoming deshabilles. In addition to the crowd of ladies, young and old, and gentlemen, some in rude health, others interestingly pale, there were sprightly priests, worn out monks, petit maitre abbés, religieuses, grissettes, and bourgeois. It was easy to make out nationalities by the dress. One knew the Englishwomen by their red mantles, and their small black pointed hats — the French by their head-dress, the Swedes by their furred mantles, and the Flemish by their large capes. The dress of the men was at least as burlesque; some in long robes de chambre, who could scarcely drag themselves on crutches, or supported on long staffs; others who walked about in small silk gowns after the Polish fashion; a number of Germans in shooting costumes covered with lace, and a quantity of Prussian officers, easily recognised by their short, tight, green surtouts. The variety in dress was only equalled by the variety of physiognomy. And people in rude health and spirits were mixed up with the paralytic, the dropsical, and the melancholic. As each nation spoke its own language at the well, although German was the language of the country, and French of society, there was a perfect babel of tongues. . . . In the morning it is a crowd of invalids, who are only occupied with their maladies and the remedies for them. One complains of his system being upset by the baths, another grumbles at his physician and his regimen; this one objects to the smell of the water, that one to something else; many of them, after hearing their complaints, you would not promise a month's lease of life. Yet these same persons will appear after noon quite different people, and form a group of convalescents who breathe only of gallantry, pleasure, fun, and amusement. At times one can scarcely believe one's eyes, so great is the transformation—well might some of the musicians sing a certain Vaudeville of which the refrain was—

'Tous les malades de Bourbon
N'ont pas besoin d'Apothicaire.'

After all, according to the 'Amusements of Aix,' the mass of patients were occupied only in parties of play, in balls, in promenades, petit soupers, serenades and excursions. Pleasure and amusement were professedly the great helps to a cure:—

'C'est l'élixir souverain
Pour le cœur, la tête, et le foie;
Malades qui venez au Bain,
Pour en rendre l'effet certain,
Livre vous sans cesse à la joie.

These

These verses are of no particular merit, but are amusing, = again recommending that enforced hilarity which almost all writers have prescribed. Indeed we must owe it to our insular gravity that our own Dr. Turner, Dr. Jones, and Sir John Floyer, are almost alone in recommending that a trip to a bath should be undertaken in a serious spirit.

During the eighteenth century, Harrogate, Cheltenham, Leamington, and a host of minor wells, especially in the neighbourhood of London, became known. Some Irish springs became popular at the head of which was, perhaps, Swanlinbar. Scotland, too, put in its claims to notice; Peterhead was introduced to the public in the year 1626, and Moffat in 1659. The latter was the well that in those days found most general favour. Its character seems to have been much the same then as now. The 'Tourist through Scotland' in the year 1732, talks of the famous wells of Moffat being much frequented, 'but here is no Ruffling, Walking, and Dancing, as at Bath and Tunbridge. An universal quietness reigns in the place.'

Most of us are familiar with the reign of Beau Nash, the monarch who presided over the dissipation and play of Bath about the middle of the last century; and the rhymes of 'Anstey's Bath Guide,' the most popular book of the day, still afford much amusement. Smollett gives us in his 'Humphrey Clinker' a young lady's picture of things at a somewhat later period:—

'All is gaiety, goodhumour, and diversion. The eye is continually entertained with the splendour of dress and equipages, and the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, and chairs. Then we are welcomed by the city waites in our own lodgings—we have music in the pump-room every morning, cotillons every forenoon in the rooms, balls twice a week, concerts every other night, besides private assemblies and parties without number. At eight in the morning we go in dishabille to the pump-room, which is crowded like a Welsh fair, and there you see the highest quality and the lowest tradesfolk jostling each other without ceremony, hail-fellow-well-met. The noise of the music in the gallery—the buz of conversation, and the heat of the crowd gave me a headache the first day, but I soon got accustomed to it. Right under the pump-room windows is the King's bath—a large cistern where you see the patients up to their neck in the hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces; but they look so flushed and so frightful, that I always turn my eyes another way.'

Miss Burney's *Evelina*, too, was amazed at the public exhibition of ladies in the bath:—'It is true their heads are covered, but the very idea of being seen in such a situation by any

one who pleases to look is indelicate.' Or, as Anstey puts it:—

'Ah 'twas pretty to see them all put on their flannels,
And then take to water like so many spaniels;
T'was a glorious sight to see the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks.'

Harrogate at that time was only becoming known, and Cheltenham and Leamington were not yet heard of.

Scarborough again, although its spa was less in favour than in the century before, was as deservedly popular as a sea bathing-place as it is still. It, too, was visited by Mr. Bramble, and the description of his being pulled out of the sea in front of the company by his servant is a picture that never will be forgotten.

Up to this period the numerous wells close to London, with their tea-gardens, their pump-rooms, dancing-rooms, and theatres, had been very flourishing. Foreigners towards the end of last century used to remark on the extreme fondness of the Londoners for their tea-gardens. There were mineral wells in use all round London, but their chief seat was in the valley of the Fleet, which poetasters of those days compared to the valley of the Arno. Here were the London Spa, the Cold Bath, Bagnigge Wells, St. Chad's Well, but the oldest and most important was the chalybeate of Saddler's Wells, so popular in the beginning of the century as to attract five or six hundred visitors of a morning. It and Bagnigge Wells had establishments on a large scale, with grottoes, temples, fountains, and pleasure grounds. Going west by a road anything but safe after dark, you reached first Pancras well, with its garden, and two miles further west Kilburn, then similarly supplied. But we cannot pursue the list of these places which environed London. The sites and even the names of many of those fountains are forgotten, although along the valley of the Fleet there still remain traces of them in the names of the streets and districts. We have Clerkenwell, Spa fields, Bagnigge Wells Road, Amwell, Well-street, Spring-street, Coldbath-square, where a bath still exists, and Saddler's Wells, represented by its theatre.

It was in the latter half of the 18th century that the practice of bathing in the sea was introduced in England; it spread from this country to the Continent, and it appears to become more popular every year along the coasts from Heligoland to Biarritz and San Sebastian. You may resort to the most crowded and fashionable sea-bathing places, or to many a secluded corner in Wales, Ireland, or Normandy, as you will. The ancients had little or nothing of the sea-bathing now so popular among us.

But

But all this time we have scarcely mentioned, though it was known long before this time, Spa, the *Spa par excellence*—a name that has been adopted into our language, and appended to almost every English well.

It was in the latter half of the 18th century that Spa attained the height of its celebrity. Spacious hotels, comfortable houses, and sumptuous rooms were built. It was the fashionable town, the small Versailles of Europe, and the centre to which all the wits, all the lovers of pleasure, and dissipated people of every kind flocked. There were not only promenades, conversations, balls, the theatre, music, races, fêtes champêtres. These were not alone sufficient. Play established itself in some private houses, and spread like a contagious fever, so that laws had to be made for its regulation. After a time the gambling fell into the hands of two chief houses. The passion for gaming fascinated the whole world. Taken by his father to Spa at the age of sixteen, Charles Fox acquired those habits of play which never deserted him. In the midst of names illustrious in the arts and sciences, in letters and in finance, of prelates and princes of the greatest houses in Europe, were to be found adventurers, courtesans, and chevaliers d'industrie. But the year 1793 put an end to all this. Formerly full of ostentation and gaiety, the town became as silent as a necropolis. Its rooms and its promenades were deserted and abandoned, grass grew in its streets, and for nearly twenty years it was almost forgotten.

But Spa was not singular in the decay which overtook her during the wars of the Republic and of the Empire, nor singular in her recovery from that decay after those wars were over. It is not, however, our intention to follow the history of bath life further. Of its phases at the present day most of our readers have had opportunities of judging for themselves, for who has not visited a bathing-place, foreign or domestic? or does not meditate visiting one this autumn? Besides, if we did pursue the history of bath life, we should be going over the same ground again and again; in fact we fear that our readers must have discovered a good deal of monotony in the pictures we have already given. Bath life has always remained essentially the same. The Romans indeed were more luxurious than we are in the use of our baths. Their stay in them was far more protracted—they used them more for pleasure than for health, and there was often a licence connected with them, happily unknown even at our most dissipated baths.* The distich which
declared

* The public bathing of men and women together in the same bath at Leuk, though an undesirable, is a very harmless practice; it is merely a grotesque relic

declared bathing to be one of the three pleasant vices which ruin the constitution now finds no application. The ancients associated athletic sports with bathing more than we do, they anointed their bodies with oils and perfumes after a fashion which we do not practise, and rather had people to dance for them than danced themselves. The Romans had music and theatres, and games with balls and games with dice, they had aquatic excursions and strolls about the country. They gossiped in the ante-rooms of their baths, and in the cookshops, and got the latest news there, nay there are even signs of the booksellers' shops having had some functions analogous to those of reading-rooms. All their idle people resorted to their bathing-places, and there was abundance of high play.

In all these respects we agree. We differ from them in dancing more, in having subscription balls, and in the ladies of our families being more associated with us in public amusements, and we differ from them especially in having our gambling more systematised. There were no gambling companies and banks in old times, as there are now.

But allowing for those and a few other minor differences, two thousand years have worked but little change in the general features of bath life. Seneca, were he to visit Homburg now, would consider it as unsuitable for the residence of a philosopher, or even of a virtuous man, as he thought Baiæ. Yet it and such places are crowded by personages who from their social or their professional position are considered to be our guides in public morals and in religion.

At this moment the question of doing away with public gambling at bathing places is attracting attention. Some years ago France abolished public gambling, and it took refuge beyond the Rhine. But it has been lately resolved that within the limits of the North German Confederation gambling shall cease at the end of 1872. Following the example of the North, Baden, though not belonging to the Confederation, has adopted a similar resolution; and meantime, by exacting a higher rent for the remaining three years from the lessees of its tables, hopes to form the nucleus of a sum for keeping Baden-Baden in order, when it is no longer in the hands of a company. The Belgian Government is, we believe, acting in a similar way with reference to Spa. It remains to be seen, whether the other German States not

relic of older days. Still we know of no good reason for this practice, which is also in use at two or three other baths, nor for that of men and women bathing together in the sea at many watering-places abroad. However ample the clothing may be, the practice has its evils. The fun of appearing in a bath costume has a great deal to do with its being patronised by ladies.

belonging to the Northern Confederation, will follow the example of Baden, and how the Swiss Confederation will act—whether it will permit the existence of gambling at Saxon. France sooner or later will be obliged to interfere at Monaco, one of the last refuges of the public gambler. Though it is in reality a subject for much congratulation, many English will be much disappointed at this closing of the tables, and will think that half the amusement or pleasure of a visit to Homburg is gone; but baths with good waters and good establishments and climate, and with picturesque scenery, will not in the long run be losers. For a time there may be a want of funds for keeping up the extensive establishments and grounds of the large baths, but Government must lend its assistance, and visitors will surely not be backward to pay such small sums as are usually levied in baths which are not leased by gambling companies. The chief baths in the Pyrenees are leased out to advantage, although no gambling is allowed.

In these sketches of bath life we have confined ourselves as much as possible to describing its social aspects and its amusements. We have not spoken of the absolute value of mineral waters, but the strongest proof of their merits is afforded by the fact that their use has never been abandoned, while as Jeremy Taylor, remarking on the uncertainties of medicine, in a funeral sermon, observes—‘Many principles in the art of medicine after being believed seven or eight ages come to be considered by a witty man, and others are established in their place.’ While some medicines drop out of use entirely, while others found in one age to be admirable are condemned in the next, few baths are ever forgotten, and certainly no hot ones. Baths, along with all scientific medicine, were neglected in the middle ages; but they continue to be regarded as valuable agents under all systems and modes of practice of regular, and even of irregular, medicine, and the baths which were the favourites of the Roman colonists are now more used than ever.

Believing mineral waters to be very important remedies, we are unwilling to part with our readers without taking a glance, hurried though it must be, at some of our modern spas.

We shall first say something of the baths that are situated at the higher elevations, because of late years invalids have shown great readiness to avail themselves of them, and because the early season for baths is already over for the present year. In fact, we English usually neglect the spring, and rush over to the Continent just at the hottest season of the year, when many of the popular baths, being situated in basins or in narrow gorges, have become intolerably hot. It is, therefore,

not

not surprising that we are glad to discover baths at greater altitudes.

1. The two highest baths in Europe are Panticosa, in the Spanish Pyrenees, and St. Moritz, in the Engadine. They are at a height of about 5700 feet. The first is small, cramped, and shut in; the other is in a fine elevated valley. The next highest are those of Tarasp in the Lower Engadine, where very important wells have come into notice; Bormio, on the southern slope of the Alps in the Valtelline; Leukerbad, at the foot of the Gemmi in the Vaudois; the Rigi-Kaltbad; Courmayeur and St. Didier, on the route from Italy by the Val d'Aosta; Barèges, in the Pyrenees are places at an elevation of a little more than 4000 feet. Every one of them is in the midst of magnificent scenery; good accommodation is to be had at all, unless perhaps Panticosa; and in most constitutions the good effects of the mineral waters are heightened by the effects of mountain climate.

2. Another group, among which we may class Bad Gastein, near Salzburg, Kreuth, in the Bavarian Alps, Gurnigel, and some other Swiss baths, Le Prese, on the way to Italy from St. Moritz, are at a height of about 3000 feet, as also Mont Dore, among the volcanic mountains of Auvergne. All these places are, more or less, to be commended:—Gastein, with glorious scenery, is one of the oldest and best baths in Europe, while Kreuth offers a perfect picture of sylvan simplicity, and Mont Dore is one of the best-managed establishments in France.

3. At a slightly lower elevation generally, although some, like Engelberg, are higher, come many of the favourite spots of the milk and whey cure—among which the Swiss ones are pre-eminent, such as Heiden, Weissbad, Gais — or Aussee, in the Salzkammergut, and, for those who do not wish to cross the Alps from Italy, the establishment on Monte Generoso, a beautiful mountain north of Lugano, deserves a trial. Many a case of threatened consumption will profit more by such places, if the milk (not the whey) cure be tried, than by seeking greater elevations. This class of stations is chiefly to be visited in spring, though they have also an autumn season.

4. Though not having really mountain climates, many baths are raised sufficiently above the plains to give a character to their climate. They range in elevation from about 1200 to 2000 feet. Some of these are the baths of Wildbad, Griesbach, Rippoldsau in the Black Forest, Reichenhall, and Ischl, near Salzburg, Marienbad and Elster, in Bohemia or its borders, Plombières, Eaux-Bonnes, Bagnères de Bigorre, and de Luchon, in the Pyrenees, and others in France, Pfeffers and Ragatz in

Switzerland, St. Gervais, close to Chamouni, and Recoaro, not far from Verona. Several of these are most desirable places.

But there are many people who have not time or patience to undergo regular treatment, yet who want a complete change; let them seek the highest spots, even though they may have no springs of importance; and, fortunately, of late years accommodation for visitors has been supplied at many of them, ranging from 3000 to nearly 8000 feet. We can but enumerate a few of them. The Jungfrau Hotel on the Aeggischhorn is at a height of 7645 feet. The neighbouring Bel Alp, with a very bad road up to it, 1300 feet lower; Pontresina, amid glorious scenery, near St. Moritz, and superior to it, if you are not going to bathe or to drink the waters, is at a height of 5587 feet; Samaden, near it, most comfortable, but not so picturesque; the Engstlen Alp in Meyringen, as high as St. Moritz; Mürren, at a comparatively small elevation, giving one of the finest views of the Jungfrau and the higher ranges; Zermatt, near the Matterhorn; the smiling plateau of Davos, or the secluded valley of Bergun, besides many quiet valleys, such as Château d'Aex, and places like Sepey and Carbaloz, the number of which can scarcely be told. Nor are such places wanting in the Tyrolese Alps. Few can surpass in beauty Ber-tisau, on the Achen lake, the finest of all in the Bavarian Tyrol. To visit some of these places the traveller may possibly be obliged to ride. He must at times put up with the liquid manure of the meadows, and possibly with unpleasant smells still closer to him. He, of course, cannot get as good a table as in old established stations down below. Still, those who have once visited these heights, well know how refreshing and invigorating they are, and will visit them again, while philosophers are determining what change in the air it is that produces their exhilarating effects. To over-worked brains, and to systems below par, both of men and women, those climates often give an extraordinary degree of relief.

If bath cures in the spring are neglected by the English, those in the winter are much more so. There are not, indeed, many places at present where such a cure can be carried on conveniently. Most baths, even in the South of Europe, are closed during winter, and we have seldom seen anything look more miserable than an Italian watering-place at that season. Still there are various places where treatment may be carried on with great advantage. First comes our own Bath, where, along with excellent bathing arrangements, one can share in the amusements and the society of a considerable town. The case of Aix-la-Chapelle is similar, though its continental climate is colder; and the absence of pleasure-grounds is less felt in winter than at other
other

other seasons of the year. Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden, and possibly Canstadt, might be resorted to in the winter season. In France we have Vichy, its greatest bathing establishment, open in winter. Bagnères de Bigorre also offers its first-rate bath arrangements, though it must be somewhat dull at that season. Amélie les Bains, with its quiet family party, living for an incredibly small sum in the establishment of Dr. Poujaud, is now expressly a winter station. Balaruc, near Montpellier, of ancient fame, with its mild climate, is well fitted for winter cures, while Ischia offers advantages which could easily be made available at any period of the year.

It would be out of place here to discuss the therapeutic action of mineral waters, or to recommend particular baths to patients. Of this subject physicians in England rarely know much, and in consequence of their ignorance underrate the value of mineral waters. We would, however, strongly recommend patients, before choosing a bathing-place, to consult a well-informed medical man; as the indiscriminate use of some of the more powerful waters, such as those of Carlsbad, will be attended with injurious, and possibly even fatal, effects. But, with this caution, we may venture on a few hints.

One class of patients, among whom the gouty and dyspeptic may be specified, will seek alkaline waters, of which Vichy, Ems, and Neuenahr in the valley of the Ahr are some of the best known.

Another class will find that the salt springs of Homburg or Kissingen, or Soden or Harrogate, with its salt and sulphur, or many others, will restore their digestive powers and help them in many ways, or they may try cold sulphur waters in Great Britain. Those who are unfortunate enough to have deranged livers, will do well to repair to Carlsbad, Marienbad, or Elster.

Ladies, and delicate children, may find advantages from visiting Kreuznach, Ischl, Reichenhall, Kreuth, Rehme, advantages which, with a little management, might be obtained at our own neglected *wiches*, or salt springs, and at the seaside. The ladies' baths, *par excellence*, are Bocklet, Ems, Franzensbad, Liebenzelle, Schwalbach, Schlangenbad, and, out of Germany, Nèris, Plombières, St. Sauveur, Bormio, and Ischia; affording a wide enough choice.

Those who suffer from rheumatism and cutaneous affections may avail themselves of either of the Aixes, of the Pyrenean baths, and of many others, and, indeed, might do worse than visit Mehadia in the Carpathians. One set of patients will find themselves wonderfully soothed, and their nervous systems restored by Gastein, or Wildbad, or Ragatz, while those who require energetic treatment for stiff joints and old wounds have a great variety

variety of places, with very hot waters from Baréges in the Pyrenees to Teplitz in Bohemia to select from.

The very numerous class who suffer from debility will rejoice in the carbonated chalybeates of Spa and Schwalbach, and in the champagne waters of Pyrmont; or may prefer the shady groves of the Black Forest at Rippoldsau, or the mountain climate of St. Moritz. Pale faces and lips will at such places resume their natural colours, and the muscular system regain its pristine strength. In the case of such persons it is almost impossible to exaggerate the beneficial action of the iron-cure, the three head-quarters of which are Schwalbach, St. Moritz, and Pyrmont. But our space renders it impossible to pursue this subject further.

We hope that we have said enough to show how very various mineral waters are, and that if care be taken in the selection of a bath, one may be found to meet the requirements of almost every patient.

With reference to the works placed at the head of this article, the two first of them now 300 years old, supply a stupendous amount of information; it is mainly to them, and to foreign literature, that we must look for the history of bathing. We regret that Lersch's very complete book did not reach us till these pages were written. Few modern English works (and the older English Balneological literature is very superior to the modern) treat of the subject at all. Some hints on it may be gathered from Dr. Macpherson's useful and discriminating handbook, but for most of our facts we have been obliged to refer to the original authorities.

ART. VII. — *Rig-Veda-Saṁhitā*. The Sacred Hymns of the Brahmans. Translated and explained by Professor F. Max Müller, M.A., LL.D. Vol. I. London, 1869.

SANSKRIT literature is all based on the 'Rig Veda.' Not only is the 'Rig Veda' the oldest Sanskrit work,—it is the foundation on which all the subsequent literature more or less rests. No doubt the Hindu mind has immensely changed since that old Vedic time; the nation has been conquered again and again, and a thousand foreign influences have been at work to alter the whole fabric of society. Internal corruption has also debased the national character; idolatry has pursued its inevitable downward course, and, with the gradually increasing gloom of superstition, the lights of intellect, taste, and morality have
burned

burned more and more dimly in the darkness. In India, indeed, we can best read the history of the human mind, when left to itself, without revelation to guide it. It is but the dream of a poet that it is the law of natural religion to improve as it passes from generation to generation. Thus Keats makes Oceanos, in the 'Hyperion,' address his Titan peers and console them for their inevitable fall before Jupiter and the new dynasty:—

'As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a new perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old darkness.'

There is no known mythology which has followed this law; and certainly India not only does not exemplify it, but is a glaring instance of the direct opposite. The religion of the 'Rig Veda' is the purest that India has ever known, and all her subsequent national religious history is but that of debasement and decay.

It is here that such books as Hesiod's 'Theogony' so fatally mislead us in the history of ancient mythology. We read there of the three consecutive dynasties of the gods: first, the old primeval powers of Nature, Earth, Heaven, Night, and Day; these are followed by the more humanized but still monstrous race of the Titans, such as Oceanos, Iapetos, Têthys, and Kronos; and these are in their turn dethroned by the still more humanized forms of Zeus, Hêrê, Poseidôn, Dêmêtêr; and we can trace everywhere Keats' law, that the younger are more perfect, and succeed by right of that perfection to the supremacy. But this series of dynasties does not represent an historic succession; it is but a line of shadows flung by the poet's imagination, as by some magic lantern, on the blank darkness of a past about which historically he knew absolutely nothing. It is 'a Past that never was'—that never could have been—'a Present.' There never was a time when that earlier dynasty of Titans, or that still earlier dynasty of Earth and Heaven, were actually the only recognised deities of the national pantheon; our earliest records bring us still to Zeus and his peers,—we never reach that Hyperborean period,

'When yet there was no fear of Jove.'

It is only in Sanskrit literature that this record of revolutions
in

in heaven,—this chronicle of successive dynasties in the gods of the national religion,—is not a poet's dream but an actual historic fact. In India we can trace, in the long succession of Sanskrit books, the slow periodic changes in the orbits of the constellations of the national mythology. In other mythologies our philosophers have but done what the astronomers of China and India have often done in their pretended records of ancient astronomical observations; they have started from the present and counted backwards, and then assumed that the results so obtained were the actual records of ancient observations. But these ancient observations in the *astronomy* of mythology exist nowhere but in Sanskrit literature; nowhere else can we actually place ourselves in different æons of the national belief; nowhere else can we trace with certainty those slow secular movements, which are only visible in their effects after the lapse of many generations.

Now the religious history of India is one continued decline.* In the 'Rig Veda' we have the worship of Nature: its chief deities are Fire—the Sun,—Indra the god of the visible firmament, the personified power of wind and rain,—and the Dawn and the Winds; and to these deities a very large proportion of the hymns is addressed. Priests are often mentioned, but they form no separate cast. In the later Vedas we find the religion of the 'Rig Veda' already debased; the worship is paid to the same deities, but it is no longer the simple patriarchal worship which generally prevails in the 'Rig Veda'; it is now a cumbrous ceremonial, and the old hymns, shorn of their old moral significance, are only used as the muttered or chanted spells over some libation or sacrifice. Cast has arisen with its baneful influence,† and superstition has followed in its train; and many portions of the later Vedic books are almost as childish as the worst of the mediæval literature. The next phase of the national belief is the worship of the Triad or Trimūrti, where Brahman, Vishṇu, and 'Siva' are adored as the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer. This worship of the Triad invariably ended in the exaltation of one over the other two, and Sanskrit literature has two phases, as it is devoted to the adoration of Vishṇu or 'Siva. 'Siva is generally worshipped under an obscene symbol or in connection with his consort Devī or Kālī, and the characters of both are cruel

* We do not here reckon Buddhism, the great protest against Brahmanism; it lay beyond the Brahmanical pale, and has vanished from India, leaving only a few scattered traces in Hindu literature.

† A few indistinct traces of the three upper or twice-born casts may indeed be found in the 'Rig Veda,' but it is entirely silent as to the 'Sūdra or servile cast, except in one solitary passage, x. 90. In the other Vedas the cast system is fully developed.

and terrific. Vishṇu is worshipped under one of his ten *Avatāras*, especially Rāma and Kṛishṇa. Yet it is singularly characteristic that the worship of the *avatāra* Rāma, the benevolent and self-denying King of Oude, whose exploits form the subject of the heroic poem the 'Rāmāyaṇa,' has left comparatively few traces in the religious history of India. Kṛishṇa is the favourite deity of all the later mediæval literature; and his childish and youthful exploits and profligacies have for ages been the delight of educated and non-educated Hindus.* His wayward and capricious miracles, combining superhuman power with an infra-human and almost irrational irritability and wilfulness, have not a little to remind us of those apocryphal legends of our Lord's childhood, which perplexed the first centuries of the Christian Church. This phase of belief leads us to and blends with the religion of the Purāṇas, where Vedic legends are still dimly remembered, but only in an absurdly distorted form, and every trace of ancient enthusiasm and poetry is degraded into one dead level of prose. The 18 Purāṇas with their supposed total of 1,600,000 lines, are a monument of human inanity; the monstrous medley of mythological exaggerations (if we exclude some parts of the Bhāgavata) is hardly redeemed by one spark of genius. Below these come the 'Tantras,' a class of books of which but little is known in Europe, but which, until English education began in India, were the creed of a large proportion of Hindus. They remind us of some of the supposed calumnies against the Gnostics, and may perhaps lend some credence to the accounts of the early Fathers. Old Pundits in Bengal will still maintain that the Tāntric was the grandest religion of all, only it was beyond human nature to carry it out; for it is based on the idea that we should practise every kind of excess to the utmost, and yet carry a mind fixed on the Supreme Being in the midst of it all. He who worshipped God with purity of life was but a *pa'su*, a mere 'beast;' while he who worshipped him in orgies of drunkenness and licentiousness was a *vīra*, a 'hero.' The Tāntric rites were not long ago very prevalent in Bengal, and though, as Western culture and the study of English spread, such ideas and rites retreat into obscurity, the Tantras were but the lowest step of that progressive degradation which we traced from the simple and elevated Nature-worship of the 'Rig Veda.'

* Thus the text-book of logic, the 'Bhāṣāparichchheda,' used universally throughout Bengal and the north-west, which was written about 200 years ago, commences with the following invocation, 'Salutation to Kṛishṇa,—to him, lovely as a fresh cloud,—the stealer of the raiment of the young women of the cowherds,—the seed of the world-tree.'

But

But all-important as the 'Rig Veda' is for the true appreciation of Hindu thought, as the starting-point of the national literature and belief, this is not its chief point of interest to European readers. It is the undoubted antiquity of the collection which lends it its peculiar value. It is the only glimpse we can get into that prehistoric world behind Homer and Hesiod, about which Greek and Roman mythology are absolutely silent. Greek mythology has no eye for anything beyond Olympus and its kindred ranges,—its horizon is bounded by those Macedonian mountains; for aught that it can tell us, the Greek race might have been actually autochthones,—they might have lived from all time in that south-eastern corner of Europe, the lineal descendants of the stones which Deucalion and Pyrrha flung behind them after the deluge. It is the 'Rig Veda' alone which reveals an earlier world, an earlier mythology. For though it is no doubt Hindu—Hindu in its ideas as well as in its language,—it belongs to so early a period that it may claim to be Indo-European rather than Hindu. The Âryans, or early Hindus, had not yet conquered India,—they were still struggling on the north-western frontier of that vast continent; they had not yet buried themselves in the boundless plains of that isolated land, where they were to lose all sympathy with their Western brethren, and to become ever more and more enervated by the influence of cast and superstition, until a nation from the farthest West should come to India to bind again the long-severed link of relation. In the 'Rig Veda' the Hindus are not yet peculiarly Hindu, the Indo-European characteristics still predominate; we feel when we read the hymns, that they are not beyond the reach of our sympathies,—we can partly understand these old poets, because they belong to the race rather than to the tribe.

Veda means 'knowledge,' from the Indo-European root *vid* 'to know' (*oîda*, *video*). There are properly four Vedas, the Rig, the Yajus, the Sâman, and the Atharvan; but the last was always reckoned by the Hindus as of inferior importance to the other three,—it is the only one to which we have no native commentary. Each Veda consists of two portions—the *saṁhitâ*, or the hymns, and the *brâhmaṇa*, a mystical commentary on their ceremonial application, which is illustrated by all kinds of legends, and philosophical or theological disquisitions. The 'Rig Veda' is evidently the earliest of the four; it consists of a number of ancient poems, by no means of an exclusively religious character; while the Yajus and Sâman are connected with a special ceremonial, and are therefore liturgical. Thus the Yajus is especially intended for the *adhvaryu* priests, who perform the manual labour of the sacrifice; they prepare the sacrificial

ficial ground, light the fire, kill the animal, &c.; and they had generally to mutter their verses in an inaudible voice. The Yajus exists in two recensions—the Taittiriya, or Black Yajus, where the hymns and the prose comments are mixed together, and the Vâjasaneyi, or 'White,' where the hymns are put separate by themselves; these recensions belong to two different schools, and represent an early schism. The Sâma Veda was the liturgy of the *udgâtri* priests, whose business was to chant the hymns. The *hotri* priests were required to be conversant with the whole of the 'Rig Veda,' and, consequently, it was never arranged, as the others were, in a way adapted to the ceremonial requirements; it is a collection of hymns, like the book of Psalms, verses of which were selected for different sacrifices. The 'Yajur Veda' and the 'Atharva Veda' continually quote from the Rig, though much of their contents is original; but the Sâman is almost a cento of verses from it, arranged in a different order and frequently disjoined from their proper context and connexion. The Atharvan is mainly, like the Rig, an original collection of old poems, and, to a European reader, comes next to it in interest, as it is an historical, not a liturgical collection. Many of its hymns are incantations, and it has many curious allusions to the manners and customs of the time.*

The 'Rig Veda' consists of 1028 hymns, and these contain 10,580 verses, varying from one to two lines each. It is either divided into eight books, called Ashtakas or Ogdoads,—a merely mechanical division according to bulk,—or into Maṇḍalas or Circles, which rather relates to the authorship of the hymns. Thus the hymns of each of the Maṇḍalas, from the second to the seventh, belong to one particular sage or his family; it is only the first and three last which include a variety of authors. Each Maṇḍala generally commences with hymns to Agni, then follow those to Indra, and then those addressed to other deities.

The study of Sanskrit has produced the new science of Comparative Philology; but the Sanskrit of the Veda has been a most important auxiliary to the classical language. Here we find a number of archaic forms, which are of the utmost interest and value for the interpretation of the cognate languages. Thus the

* Thus the Sanskrit word *'sva'sura*, 'a father-in-law' (cf. *ἐκπύς*, Lat. *socer*, Goth. *svairra*), has been analysed as derived from *sva-sûra* = *ἱδὸς κρύπος*, and may be thus compared with the term used in the Sanskrit epics and dramas, as that to be applied by a woman to her husband, *âryaputra*, 'son of a venerable one.' This derivation is singularly illustrated by a line of the Atharva-Veda, which describes the demons of night as retreating before the sun, 'as a daughter-in-law before her father-in-law;' and Prof. Weber has compared a passage from the 'Kâṭhaka,' which mentions as the *ne plus ultra* of impropriety, that wine-drinking makes the daughter-in-law and father-in-law sit chattering together.—*Ind. Stud.*, v, 260.

târâ of the classical Sanskrit might seem a doubtful elucidator of *ἀστὴρ* or *stella*; but the Vedic *stri* (*star*) is of undoubted kindred, and supplies at once the original root-meaning, 'strewer' of light (from *stri* 'to strew'). Classical Sanskrit has here lost the initial *s*, which the cognate languages have retained, and which only the Veda has enabled us by positive proof to replace in the mutilated *târâ* (cf. Homer's *τείρεα*). Thus we have R. V. ii. 2. 5, where Agni is thus described; 'blazing with radiant diadem he gleams along earth and heaven, as the sky with stars' (*dyaurnā sribhīh*). *Stri* (i.e. *star*) connects itself at once with a host of kindred forms, since we have *στεροπή*, *στέροψ*, and *ἀστράπτω* in Greek, besides the Latin *stella* (for *sterula*), and *astrum*, the Gothic *stairno*, and Old High German *sterro*; and its best commentary is the line of Lucretius,

'Aurora novo quum spargit lumine terras.'^{*}

In the same way the ordinary Sanskrit might have helped us to connect its infinitive in *tum* with the Latin supine, and to explain *dātum* and *sthātum* as accusatives of an old nominal derivative from the root; but this conjecture is raised into certainty when we find in the Veda other cases used of the same form, as the dative *dātave* 'for giving,' and the genitives *sthātos* and *etos* (from *i* 'to go'). In connection with this subject, we quote the following note of Professor Müller's, on the form *dāvāne*, which frequently occurs in the 'Rig Veda' as the dative of a *nomen actionis* formed from *dā* by the suffix *van*.

'The termination *vāne* explains, as has been shown by Professor Benfey, Greek infinitives, such as *δοῖναι*, i.e. *doenai*, or *δοφέναι* = Sanskrit *dā-vāne*. The termination *mane* in *dā'-mane*, "for the purpose of giving," explains, as the same scholar has proved, the ancient infinitives in Greek, such as *δόμεναι*. It may be added that the regular infinitives in Greek, ending in *έναι*, as *λελοιπ-έναι*, are likewise matched by Vedic forms, such as ix. 61. 30, *dhū're-ane*, or vi. 61. 13, *vibhe-āne*. In the termination *av*, which stands for *ev*, like *eis* for *esi*, we have, on the contrary, not a dative, but a locative of an abstract noun in *an*, both cases being equally applicable to express the relation which we are accustomed to call infinitive, as we see from their juxtaposition in vi. 71. 2,

"Devasya vayam savituh savimani (loc.)

'Sreshṭhe syāma vasunah cha dāvane (dat.).

"May we be in the best favour of the god Savitṛi, and for the award of his treasure."

^{*} * It is curious to see the metaphorical adaptation of the old idea in Valerius Flaccus, iii. 33:—

'Jam prona leves spargebant sidera somnos.'

Similarly

Similarly the Latin infinitive is only a dative case *ase* of an old verbal abstract in *as*; thus in the Veda we have *jiv-ase* 'for life, to live,' and *ayase* 'to go'; the *s* becomes *r* regularly in Latin, and hence we get *viv-ere* and *ire*. Another Vedic form in *dhyai* or *adhyai*, i.e. a dative from the termination *dhi* or *adhi*, gives us the Greek *εσθαι*; thus *bhāradhyai* from *bhar* 'to bear,' becomes *φέρεσθαι*, *sāhadhyai* from *sah* 'to endure' becomes *ἔχεσθαι*. It is deeply interesting to watch such expressions, which in each language had become petrified as meaningless forms, thus regaining their long-lost significance, and to find them still breathing in the old Vedic times 'viva per ora virum.'

There is a well-known passage in Hesiod's 'Theogony' (722), which measures the supposed distance between heaven and earth, or again between earth and Tartarus by the fall of a *χάλκεος ἄκμων*,*

'A brazen anvil rushing from the sky
Through thrice three days would toss in airy whirl
Nor touch this earth till the tenth day arose;
Or down earth's chasm precipitate revolve,
Nor till the tenth sun rose attain the verge
Of Tartarus.'—Elton.

And Eustathius in his Commentary on Iliad *o*, line 30, gives two spurious lines which singularly illustrate the meaning of *ἄκμων* as a thunderbolt. Jupiter had said that he had hung two *ἄκμονας* to Juno's feet, when he suspended her from heaven, and then come the lines—

'πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὴ σ' ἀπέλυσσ' ποδῶν, μύδρους δ' ἐν Τροίῃ
κάββαλον, ὅφρα πέλοιτο καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι.'

And Eustathius adds that the Cicerones (*οἱ περιγηταί*) still showed the meteorolites which thus fell from heaven. Now *a'sman* in classical Sanskrit only means 'a stone' just as its exact representative *ἄκμων* in ordinary Greek only means 'an anvil;' but in the Veda we find *a'sman* often used in this old sense of 'thunderbolt.' Thus in R. V. i. 121. 9, we have 'O Indra, thou didst throw upon the swift-moving (*asura*) thy iron bolt (*āyasaṃ a'smānam*) that was brought to thee by Ribhu from heaven,' and again in R. V. iv. 22. 1, Indra is described as 'he who bears the *a'sman*' or thunderbolt. Like other words meaning 'rocks' or 'mountains,' *a'sman* is applied in the Veda to a cloud, thus in R. V. ii. 12. 3, it is said that 'Indra generated fire between the two clouds' (*a'smanos*). In Zend we

* Cf. Prof. Roth, 'Zeitschrift für vergleich. Sprachforschung,' vol. ii.; Prof. W. H. Miller, 'Sitzungsber. der Kais. Akad. der Wissenschaften,' 1864.

find a still further extension of the word's meaning, as there it more commonly signifies 'heaven' (hence the common word *âsmân* 'heaven' in modern Persian); and Professor Roth has illustrated this by a passage in Eustathius (on Il. σ. 410, 476), where Alkman is quoted as calling Akmon the father of Ouranos, and the Ouranidai are called the Akmonidai. The original idea implied in the word seems to be 'a stone,' from which branch out two different sets of meanings, (i.) a stone for slinging, then a thunderbolt, and a hammer and anvil; and (ii.) a rock, then a cloud, and the solid arch of heaven, cf. Homer's οὐρανὸς πολύχαλκος and the στερέωμα of the Septuagint.

But interesting as the Veda is for the light which its language throws on the ancient words and forms of the Indo-European speech in its oldest phase now accessible to our research, it is for its light on ancient thought and feeling that it is so peculiarly valuable and important to us. Here it has opened a new and undreamed-of world.

The very style of the Veda is totally different from what we should have expected from later Sanskrit literature. All this later literature is more or less artificial; we everywhere feel that it spoke to the few,—it never appealed to universal sympathy or aimed at being a national utterance. Even Kâlidâsa, the finest of all Sanskrit poets, is no exception to the rule; his genius is cramped by conscious art and learning; it is Brahmanical, not Indian; and we are everywhere reminded of the Pleiads of the court of the Ptolemies, not of the universal poetry of Athens and Greece in their prime. The very style of the Hindu classical writers betrays the inspiration of the schools. Thus Sanskrit has been often praised for its facility in forming compounds, by which it can weld into an epithet what other languages must express by a dependent sentence; as when the Mahâbhârata describes the severed head of the Asura as falling from heaven, and shaking the earth *sa-parvata-vana-dvīpām*, 'with-all-its-mountains-forests-and-islands,' or when Kâlidâsa paints the scenery in the quiet hermitage with the grains of wild rice beneath the trees, 'fallen-from-the-openings-of-the-hollow-trunks-filled-with-parrots,' *'sūka-garbha-koṭara-mukha-brashtāḥ*, and the paths of the reservoirs 'marked-with-lines-by-the-drippings-from-the-end-of-the-bark-clothes,' *valkala-'sikhā-nishyanda-rekhān-kītāḥ*. But picturesque as such epithets may be, and vividly as they group together a series of scattered incidents, language loses thereby more than it gains; it seems to be sliding back into that old period of agglutination, which properly distinguishes the Turanian from the Indo-European and Semitic families. It has been said that the Turkish form *sev-ish-dir-il-eme-mek*

eme-mek, as derived by successive additions from the original *sev-mek* 'to love,' 'would be perfectly intelligible, and might be used, for instance, if, in speaking of the Sultan and the Czar, we wished to say that it was impossible that they should be brought to love one another,'* while *sev-ish-dir-il-me-mek* would only mean that they are not to be so brought; but we feel instinctively that it is a far higher stage of development which we find in the infinite variety of the Greek, with its delicate distinctions of mood and tense, and its subtle play of particles. It reminds us of Rabelais' fable, where Panurge finds himself in a region of such intense cold that his words froze as he uttered them, and they only thawed and became audible when he reached a warmer clime; and the cold frozen forms of Turanian grammar as compared with the living warmth and flexibility of the Indo-European are but a symbol of the dull sterility of the one race as compared with the unwearied activity and fertility of the other. But in the Veda the language is all natural; there are compounds indeed in abundance, but they are like the compounds of Homer or Sophocles; and the 'blazing-haired' Agni (*'sochish-ke'sa*) or the 'golden-bearded' Indra (*hari-'sma'sru*) are only like the *ροδοδάκτυλος* 'Hṓs or the *χρυσοκόμης* Διόνυσος, which western taste has for ages accepted as the true limits of this power of compounding in language. Beyond this limit, we step into the grotesque; and the Greek sense of beauty rejected all such abnormal compounds with the same instinct by which it produced its statues of Jupiter and Apollo instead of the barbarous symbolism of Hindu sculpture with its four heads and eight arms, or of the Egyptian with its monstrous minglings of the human and the brute.

Some twenty years ago Professor Max Müller published, under the patronage of the old Court of Directors, the first volume of his elaborate edition of the 'Rig Veda' with the commentary of Sâyaṇa; and since then we have had the texts of the 'Sâma' and 'Atharva Veda,' published in Germany by Professor Benfey and Professors Roth and Whitney, while an edition of the text of the 'White Yajus' with Mâdhara's 'Commentary' has been published by Professor Weber, and a similar one of the 'Black Yajus' with Sâyaṇa's 'Commentary' has been half accomplished in Calcutta.

Sâyaṇa and his brother Mâdhava are men of some interest in the mediæval literary history of India. When the first or pre-Mogul period of Muhammadan supremacy came to an end, as Muhammad Toghlaḥ's tyranny broke up the feebly cemented

* Max Müller's 'Lectures on Language,' 1st series, p. 320.

empire into independent fragments, the native kingdom of Karṇāṭa, which had only recently been conquered, revived about A.D. 1344, under a new dynasty with a new capital at Vijayanagara, the 'city of victory.' The tradition in the Deccan ascribes its founding to two Princes, Bukkarāya and Harihara, with the aid of a learned Brahman, Mādhava Vidyāranya. Mādhava became their prime minister, and, with the recovery of independence, there arose a temporary revival of Hindu learning in the South of India. To Mādhava and his younger brother Sāyaṇa we owe a series of commentaries on the Vedas, the philosophical systems, law, and grammar; and all the works thus issued enjoy the highest reputation throughout India.

But here we are met by the perplexing question,—how far can this late school be trusted for preserving the unbroken tradition of Vedic interpretation from those remote times when the songs of the 'Rig Veda' were still a living voice, not a dead echo? To this question very different answers have been given: on the one hand, it has been maintained that Sāyaṇa's commentary comes to us with all the weight of an authoritative tradition,—that, far from himself or his predecessors inventing an interpretation, they rigorously confined themselves to handing down the immemorial explanations transmitted through successive ages from the remotest times; on the other hand, his interpretation has been criticised with the keenest hostility, and some have even maintained that, to understand the 'Veda' aright, it is essential to ignore all that Sāyaṇa tells us. This is not the place to enter into the discussion of such intricate questions of pure Sanskrit scholarship; more especially as the truth probably lies, as usual, in the mean between the two extremes. Professor Müller has well said, in a paper in the 'Royal Asiatic Society's Journal' (vol. ii. p. 452), 'that there is no necessity for going beyond Sāyaṇa's interpretation, whenever that interpretation satisfies both the rules of grammar and the requirements of common sense; three-fourths of the Veda may thus be translated by anybody who can understand Sāyaṇa's commentary.' But there is a residue, whatever the precise proportion may be, for which Sāyaṇa's aid is insufficient, where 'his interpretation offends clearly both against grammar and against sense. Here the fault must either rest with Sāyaṇa or with the text of the Veda. The poets of the Veda, who strictly observe a grammar of their own, and who in by far the greater part of their hymns utter thoughts that are both intelligible and coherent, cannot be supposed suddenly to have forgotten themselves, and to have set grammar and sense at defiance.' Here

we are clearly at liberty, if we can, to find some better solution than that offered by the tradition. We are no more bound to accept Sâyaṇa's explanation—

‘Addicti jurare in verba magistri,’

than we feel ourselves in the case of the invaluable scholiast on Aristophanes, or of Rashi's or Eben Ezra's commentaries on the Old Testament. But we think that, in one respect, Sâyaṇa has not always been treated rightly; his interpretations may be sometimes set aside on due reason shewn, but they should never be ignored. However wrong Sâyaṇa's explanations may occasionally be, they no doubt do faithfully represent the Indian tradition; and though they may sometimes pervert the original meaning, and thereby mislead us when we would recover the lost ideas of the early fathers of our Āryan race, they are always faithful exponents of those ideas as they have influenced India, and thus Sâyaṇa is an all-important link in the history of Hindu literature and religious thought.

Professor Wilson's translation, therefore (of which four volumes have been published), based as it is on Sâyaṇa's commentary, will always retain its value, however much light may be thrown by modern scholarship on those parts of the ‘Veda’ which the mediæval Hindus themselves misunderstood. The ‘Veda,’ as we have said, has two separate points of interest: the purely Indian, and the Indo-European; and if we must seek the aid of comparative grammar and all the resources of modern scholarship to unravel some of its riddles when we would trace out the original meaning of the hymns, we must turn to Yâska and Sâyaṇa when we would connect them with the religious developments of the Hindu world.

Professor Müller's translation has a very different aim. He does not propose to give that interpretation of the ‘Rig Veda’ which Hindu tradition has preserved, but he desires to penetrate into the real meaning of the hymns, as their original authors meant them to be understood by their first circle of hearers. The following extract from his preface will best illustrate his meaning. After describing the respective translations of Wilson, Langlois, and Benfey, he thus proceeds to vindicate his own point of view:—

‘It may sound self-contradictory, if, after confessing the help which I derived from these translations, I venture to call my own the first translation of the Rig Veda. The word translation, however, has many meanings. I mean by translation, not a mere rendering of the hymns of the Rig Veda into English, French, or German, but a
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full account of the reasons which justify the translator in assigning such a power to such a word and such a meaning to such a sentence. mean by translation a real deciphering, a work like that which Burnouf performed in his first attempts at a translation of the Avesta,—a *traduction raisonnée*, if such an expression may be used. Without such a process, without a running commentary, a mere translation of the ancient hymns of the Brahmans will never lead to any solid results. Even if the translator has discovered the right meaning of a word, or of a whole sentence, his mere translation does not help us much, unless he shows us the process by which he has arrived at it, unless he places before us the *pièces justificatives* of his final judgment. The Veda teems with words that require a justification; not so much the words which occur but once or twice, though many of these are difficult enough, but rather the common words and particles, which occur again and again, which we understand to a certain point, and can render in a vague way, but which must be defined before they can be translated, and before they can convey to us any real and tangible meaning.

Much of the 'Veda' will always remain uncertain in its meaning; but we need not wonder at this, when we remember how many doubtful phrases still puzzle the readers of Homer and Shakespeare. Such words as ἡλιβατος, ἀνοπαῖα, τετραφάληρος, &c. are as doubtful, in their exact meaning, to us, as they were to the ancient scholiasts, and will probably always remain so.

The 'Rig Veda' bristles with difficulties of a still more formidable nature, since it is much more ancient both in years and in character, and therefore still more ruthlessly

'With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;'

and it will only be by the patient co-operation of many generations of scholars that its obscurities will be, if ever, removed. Professor Müller might almost be thought to have gone to an extreme in his elaborate commentary to explain and justify his interpretations, as only twelve hymns are given in this first volume; but the notes are so rich in Vedic lore, and so filled with matter of the deepest interest for the student of comparative philology and mythology, that, valuable as the translation itself is, it is almost eclipsed by the costly setting in which it is enveloped. As he does not intend to translate the whole of the 'Rig Veda,' he has preferred to group the hymns according to the deities to which they are addressed; and, consequently, in the present volume, and the second which is to follow shortly, we have all the hymns to the Maruts, or the Storm-gods. He also gives for each hymn the Sanskrit original in what is called the Pada

Pada text, 'i. e. the text in which all words (*pada*) stand by themselves, as they do in Greek and Latin, without being joined together by the rules of Sandhi.'*

As a specimen of Professor Müller's translation, we extract his version of the 37th hymn of the first Maṇḍala. It is a good example of the poetical insight with which he interprets these utterances of ancient song. To translate the 'Veda' properly demands a translator who is at least enough of a poet to be a thoroughly good prose writer; mere scholarship is not sufficient, unless it be backed by an imagination which can reproduce in vivid freshness thoughts and feelings which in themselves are so encrusted with the rust of three thousand years that the common eye can sometimes hardly see a meaning to decipher.

* 1. Sing forth, O Kaṇwas, to the sportive host of your Maruts, brilliant on their chariots and unscathed,—

* 2. They who were born together, self-luminous with the spotted deer† (the clouds), the spears, the daggers, the glittering ornaments.

* 3. I hear their whips, almost close by, as they crack them in their hands; they gain splendour on their way.

* 4. Sing forth your god-given prayer to the exultant host of your Maruts, the furiously vigorous, the powerful.

* 5. Celebrate the bull among the cows (the storm among the clouds), for it is the sportive host of the Maruts; he grew as he tasted the rain.

* 6. Who, O ye men, is the oldest among you here, ye shakers of heaven and earth, when you shake them like the hem of a garment?

* 7. At your approach the son of man holds himself down; the gnarled cloud‡ fled at your fierce anger.

* 8. They

* This text enables the reader at once to see the original words, without having to disentangle them from those which precede and follow, and thus to restore the initial and final letters which the laws of euphony have modified. Thus the third line of the first hymn in this volume is usually printed—

'Ketūm kṛiṇvānaketāve pēḥo maryaḥ apeḥāse sāmushādbhirajāyathāh,' while it is here given as—

'Ketūm kṛiṇvān aketāve pēḥaḥ maryaḥ apeḥāse sām ushāt-bhīh ajāyathāh.'

† 'The spotted deer are the recognised animals of the Maruts, and were originally, as it would seem, intended for the rain-clouds. The Hindu commentator is perfectly aware of the original meaning of *prishati*, as clouds. The legendary school, he says, takes them for deer with white spots, the etymological school for the many-coloured lines of clouds (*R. V.*, i. 64. 8.)'—M. M.

‡ This might mean 'the gnarled mountain,' *parvato girah* (literally 'possessed of knots,' *parvan*); but both these nouns are frequently used in the 'Veda' as a bold metaphor for a cloud, as are other names for a mountain, as *adri*, &c. (see Naigh. i. 10);* In the "Edda," the rocks said to have been fashioned out of Ymir's bones are supposed to be intended for clouds. In old Norse, *blaeker* means both cloud and rock; nay, the English word *cloud* itself has been identified with the Anglo-Saxon *clād*, rock; see Justi, "Orient und Occident," vol. ii. p. 62.—(Müller's 'Transl.' note, p. 44.) It is interesting to see how this primeval metaphor has passed into a legend

'8. They at whose racings the earth, like a hoary king, trembles for fear on their ways.

'9. Their birth is strong indeed; there is strength to come forth from their mother, nay there is vigour twice enough for it.

'10. And these sons, the singers, enlarged the fences in their coursings; the cows had to walk knee-deep.

'11. They cause this long and broad unceasing rain (*literally*, son of the cloud) to fall on their ways.

'12. O Maruts, with such strength as yours, you have caused men to fall, you have caused mountains to fall.

'13. As the Maruts pass along, they talk together on the way; does any one hear them?

'14. Come fast on your quick steeds! there are worshippers for you among the Kanwas; may you well rejoice among them.'

As another example of the abrupt but vividly picturesque poetry of the 'Rig Veda,' we give the following hymn from the third Maṇḍala, which contains a dialogue, said to have been held in mythological times, between the great sage Viśwāmitra and the two famous rivers of the Punjab, the Vipā's and the 'Sutudrī, better known as the Beas and Sutlej. Viśwāmitra had been for some years the family priest of king Sudās, and, having gained much wealth in his service, was returning with it to his home, when he and his followers of the race of Bharata were stopped at the confluence of the two rivers. The Beas is the ancient Hyphasis (which is only a slight corruption of the Sanskrit name Vipā's), and it now flows into the Sutlej near a little village called Hurrekee, not far from which the Sikhs erected their bridge of boats when their army made its last stand at Sobraon in the first campaign of 1846. The hymn itself is full of the simple-hearted poetry of a very early time. The comparison with which it opens—describing the two rivers rushing down from the Himalayas to the sea, as two cows hastening to lick their calves—how full it is of the spirit of those half-nomad times, and how different from the later pseudo-poetic feeling which inspired Euripides when he speaks of the—

ταυρόμορφον ὄμμα Κηφισοῦ πατρός,

or Horace's—

'Tauriformis volvitur Aufidus.'

In the Veda poet it was the spontaneous outburst, the imme-

legend in classical Sanskrit literature, which represents Indra as having with his thunderbolts cut off the rocky wings of the mountains which became the largest kind of clouds. A remnant of the same idea may probably be the connecting link between πτερος, and the Sanskrit *patra*, 'a wing.'

diatē

comparison suggested by the most natural home association; in the other poets it is only a conventional commonplace, which has come down from an earlier time, and lost by the way its freshness and truth.

'1. Eager from the flanks of the mountains, like two mares loosened from their stall and vying in speed,—like two white cows longing to their calves, the Vipá's and 'Sutudri hasten with their united waters.

'2. Impelled by Indra and imploring his leave, you go to the goal as two charioteers to their goal; flowing together and fertilizing the land with your waves, each of you, bright rivers, hastens to the other.

'3. I have come to the far-flowing mother-most river, we have come to the broad auspicious Vipá's, as ye flow together to a common home, like cows hastening to lick their calves.

'4. *The Rivers.* Fertilizing the land with our water, and hastening to the goal appointed by the god, our onward-flowing rush brooks not of delay; what wants the sage that he thus calls to the rivers?

'5. *Vi'svámitra.* Joyfully listen to my kindly speech; rest, rivers rich in water, for a moment on your way;* I, the son of Ku'sika, desirous of protection, with earnest prayer invoke the river before me.

'6. *Rivers.* Indra, the wielder of the thunderbolt, dug our channels; he smote the cloud (Vritra), the blockader of waters; he the fair-handed, the impeller, has brought us on our way; by his command we flow broad rivers.

'7. Ever is that heroism of Indra to be proclaimed, when he cut Ahi in pieces, with his thunderbolt he smote the surrounding obstructors; the waters flowed seeking their goal.

'8. O utterer of praises, forget not this thy speech which future generations shall proclaim; in hymns, O poet, pay us due reverence; degrade us not among men, so may honour be thine.

'9. *Vi'svámitra.* O sisters, listen kindly to him who praises you; he has come to you from afar with waggon and chariot; bow down lowly, be easily crossed, O rivers,—be lower than the axles with your streams.

'10. *Rivers.* Hymner, we hear thy words, that thou hast come from afar with waggon and chariot; we bow down to thee, as a woman giving milk to her child, as a maiden to a man, to embrace him.

'11. *Vi'svámitra.* When the Bharatas with me have passed over you, when the war-loving troop have passed with your leave, urged on by Indra, then let your natural rush have its way; I will ever devote myself to your praise, for ye are worthy of adoration.

'12. The war-loving Bharatas have crossed; the sage has offered his praise to the rivers; O streams, dispensing food and abounding in wealth, spread plenty, fill your channels, and flow swiftly on.

* We here adopt, in preference to the Scholiast's explanation, that given by Professor Roth, 'Zur Lit. und Geschichte des Weda,' p. 103.

'13. Let

'13. Let your waters so flow that the pin of the yoke may be above them,—O waters, leave the traces untouched; swell not your streams, ye who are void of all evil, who injure not others and are yourselves inviolate.'—*Rig Veda*, iii. 33.

We have in the Vṛitra and Ahi of this hymn an allusion to one of the most common mythological personifications in the *Rig Veda*, by which the grand atmospheric phenomena which in the tropics usher in the rainy season, are converted into a personal conflict between Indra and the demon who withholds the cloud's precious stores. Vṛitra is the encompasser, or concealer,* *Ahi* (ἄχις) is the dragon, and each personifies the black mass of clouds which so often in India rises for days without raining, until a thunderstorm lets loose the imprisoned waters. Thus we read in i. 32:—

'With his vast destroying thunderbolt Indra struck the darkling mutilated Vṛitra; as the trunks of trees are felled by the axe, so lies Ahi prostrate on the earth. The waters carry away the nameless body of Vṛitra, tossed into the midst of the never-stopping, never-resting currents. The foe of Indra has slept a long darkness.'

It is an interesting glimpse into the ancient ethnology of India, when (as in ii. 11.18, according to Sāyana) we find Vṛitra designated as the Dasyu, which in the 'Veda' is the distinguishing appellation of the dark-skinned aboriginals, as contrasted with the fair-skinned Āryans from the north.

As such simple poems are peculiarly pleasing from the contrast which they present to the excessive elaboration of the classical Sanskrit literature, we add the following short one to Ushas, the personified Dawn, from the first Maṇḍala. Such poems indeed are a refreshment to the Vedic, as much as to the ordinary Sanskrit, student; for the *Rig Veda* is too often prosaic as well as difficult; we are continually baffled, as in the early Arabic poetry of the Hamāsa, by the conciseness and apparently studied obscurity of the language, and it is only at intervals that a living spring of poetry, such as touches modern sympathies, gushes out from the hard rock.

'1. O Ushas,† come by auspicious paths from the bright region of

* Vṛitra seems to reappear in the Greek ὄφρηος, 'the time before daybreak,' and a trace of the old legend survives in the mythical dog Orthros, the son of Typhaon and Echidna, which kept the herds of Geryoneus in the island Erytheia, and is killed by Hercules. It is curious to notice how the old idea is reversed in Nonnus (xxx. 137); there Orthros is represented, with Aurora, as Night's great enemy.

† *Ushas* comes from *vas*, 'to shine,' i.e., originally *vasas*; we have the same word in ἠώς, Æolic *alōs*, the Latin *aurora*, and the Gothic *uhtvo*.

heaven;

aven; let the purple kine bring thee to the dwelling of the offerer of the soma juice.*

2. Ushas, in the wide and beautiful chariot wherein thou ridest, come to-day, daughter of heaven, to the pious offerer of the oblation.

3. White-complexioned Ushas, upon thy coming bipeds and quadrupeds are stirring, and the winged birds flock round from the ends of the sky.

4. Thou, Ushas, shining forth illuminest all the ether with thy rays; such as thou art, the Kanwas, desirous of wealth, praise thee with their hymns.'

The praises of Ushas have inspired some of the most beautiful passages of poetry in the 'Rig Veda,' and it is not without interest to observe the tender tone of melancholy pensiveness which is a strong characteristic of the Hindu mind, coming out even in these the earliest efforts of its imagination. Thus in R. V. i. 92:—

'The divine and ancient Ushas, born again and again and bright with unchanging hues, wastes away the life of a mortal, like the wife of a hunter cutting up and dividing the birds.

'She has been seen illuminating the ends of the sky and driving into disappearance her sister (the Night); wearing away the ages of men, she shines forth with light, the bride of the lover (the Sun).'

Or again in R. V. i. 113.

'Following the path of the mornings that have passed, and first of the endless mornings that are to come, Ushas, shining forth, arouses life, and awakens every one that lay as dead.

'Those mortals who beheld the pristine Ushas dawning have passed away; to us she is now visible, and they approach who shall behold her in after times.'

These lines are, at the least, 3000 years old, yet they express the modern sentiment of our great living poet:—

* The soma-plant plays a very important part in the Vedic ritual, and it corresponds to the Homa of the Zendavesta; but it is doubtful what plant was originally intended by the name. It is described as 'a creeper, of a dark colour, sour, without leaves, milky, and pulpy externally; it causes phlegm and vomiting, and is a favourite food of goats,' see Müller, *Zeitschr. d. D. M. G.* ix. It is said to come from the north, and to be brought of barbarian tribes; but the soma of the 'Veda' is no longer known in India. Dr. Haug says that 'the plant at present used by the sacrificial priests of the Dekkhan is not the soma of the Vedas, but appears to belong to the same order. It grows on hills in the neighbourhood of Poona, to the height of about four or five feet, and forms a kind of bush, consisting of a certain number of shoots, all coming from the same root; their stem is solid like wood, the bark greyish, they are without leaves, the sap appears whitish, has a very stringent taste, is bitter but not sour; it is a very nasty drink, but has some intoxicating effect' (*Ait. Br. transl.* p. 489). The ceremonial writers allow the plant *pātika*, *Guilandina Bonduc*, to be used as a substitute for the soma. The Parsees of Bombay use the branches of a particular tree, obtained from Persia in a dried state.

'From grave to grave the shadow crept;
In her still place the morning wept;'

only to the ancient poet the powers of nature in their eternal courses (like the soul itself in later Hindu philosophy) are the passionless 'spectators' of mortality and its sufferings, not the active sympathisers.

But Ushas herself is a very subordinate deity in the 'Rig Veda'; its chief deities, as we have said, are Indra, Agni, and the Sun.

Indra is the personification of the phenomena of the visible firmament, he is especially the god of the thunder and the rain. There is no satisfactory etymology of his name, which must therefore be very old; but it is singular that we find no traces of it in Western mythology. The name does occur in the Zoroastrian books, but with one of those strange transformations which prove that the Zendavesta represents an old religious schism which separated the Iranian and Hindu tribes,² who had remained more or less united when the other branches of the great family had migrated westward. Indra in the Veda is the chief of the gods, the devas; and he retains something of this rank in the Zendavesta; but the devas are no longer gods, but demons (compare the modern Persian *dīw*), and Indra is one of the principal councillors in the infernal kingdom of Ahriman.

Agni (Ignis) is the deity of fire, and more hymns are devoted to his honour in the 'Rig Veda' than to any other god, except Indra. It is chiefly in connection with the sacrifice, that he assumes such a prominent place in the old Hindu pantheon. This, the keynote, is struck in the very opening lines of the first hymn:—

'I glorify Agni, the priest of the sacrifice, the divine, the ministrant, who presents the oblation, and is the possessor of great wealth.

'May that Agni, who is to be celebrated by ancient or by modern seers, conduct the gods hither.'

Sometimes he is sung as born from two sticks, in allusion to the Hindu process of kindling fire by rubbing together the two pieces of wood called *Arañi*; in others he is generated by Indra between two clouds; in others he is represented as the sun in heaven, the lightning in the firmament, and ordinary fire on the earth or in the waters.

The Sun is called *Sūrya* and *Savitṛi*; but these deities are often associated with several others as the *Ādityas*, or 'sons of Aditi,' a name which in classical Sanskrit is used for the twelve manifestations of the sun in the several months. In the

the 'Rig Veda' the Âdityas appear as seven, in the Taittiriya as eight, but in some of the Brâhmaṇas they are given as twelve. The names vary in the lists, but Varuṇa, Mitra, and Aryaman always appear among them. Mitra reappears in the Zendavesta as the well known Mithra, who is the angel presiding over and directing the course of the sun; and Aryaman may be similarly recognised as the genius Airyaman. In the 'Rig Veda' Mitra and Varuṇa seem more especially associated with each other; Mitra is the god of the day, and Varuṇa of the night.* The Indian tradition may be partly correct that Mitra represents the sun by day, and Varuṇa the setting luminary; but Varuṇa in the Veda has a much more extended sphere. In the later literature Varuṇa is the deity of the ocean, but this idea occurs only in one or two passages of the 'Rig Veda'; and the Greeks in their word *Oûpavós*, have retained the ancient idea of Varuṇa much more closely than the Hindus, who have wandered far away from the original conception of this deity. Varuṇa's connection with the Night may help to explain the moral character which is pre-eminently ascribed to him, and which is reflected in the hymns addressed in his worship. Professor Müller, in his 'Ancient Sanskrit literature' (p. 536 *seq.*), has given several of these hymns; we will only quote the following, which, indeed, occurs in the Atharva Veda, but is evidently an ancient fragment; and we know of no passage in Vedic literature which approaches its simple sublimity:—

'The Great One who rules over these worlds beholds all as if he were close by. When any one thinks that he cloaks a thing, the Gods know it all.

'They know every one who stands or walks or glides along secretly or withdraws into his house or into any hiding-place. Whatever two persons sitting together devise, Varuṇa the King knows it as the third.

'This earth too is Varuṇa the King's, and that vast sky whose ends are far off. The two oceans are Varuṇa's loins; he resides too in this little pool.

'He who should flee far beyond the sky, would not there escape from Varuṇa the King; his messengers from heaven traverse this world, thousand-eyed they look beyond this earth.

'King Varuṇa sees all,—what is within and beyond heaven and earth; the winkings of men's eyes are all numbered by him; he moves all these things as a gamester his dice.

'May all thy destructive nooses, O Varuṇa, which are cast sevenfold and threefold, bind him who speaks falsehood, and pass by him who speaks truth.'

* Thus there is a text in the 'Taittiriya Brâhm.' i. 7. 10, 'the day belongs to Mitra, the night to Varuṇa.'

In some of the hymns of the 'Rig Veda' Varuṇa is called *asura*, but we also find the appellation applied to Indra, Agni, and other deities. This word has a very interesting history. In classical Sanskrit it only means a demon; and this meaning occurs occasionally even in the early books of the 'Rig Veda,' and often in the later tenth. In the Atharva Veda it occurs very frequently in this sense; and the Brâhmaṇas are never tired of beginning their legends with the phrase *devâsurâ vâ eshu lokeshu samayatanta*, 'the gods and asuras contended in these worlds.' But generally in the 'Rig Veda' the word has no such evil meaning, and it appears to have been originally derived from *as* 'to be' with the affix *ura* (*as-ura*), and to have meant 'living,' 'spiritual.' But in later times *asura* acquired a malevolent meaning, just as the Greek *δαίμων*; and even in the great epics, the Râmâyana and Mahâbhârata, we find a new word *sura*, coined to express the good deities. Henceforth *sura* and *asura* play the same part in the legends which had once been played by *deva* and *asura*; and a new legend is invented for an etymology,—the *suras* being those heavenly beings who shared the liquor of immortality (*surâ*), while those who were excluded became the *a-suras*.* But degraded as was the fate of the word in India, it was amply revenged elsewhere. *Asura* becomes *ahura* in Zend, and the name of the good principle in the Zoroastrian books is Ahura mazdâ, 'the living creator,' or 'the living wise one.' The Zoroastrian faith is expressly called the *Ahura* religion in contradistinction to the *deva* religion; and few heathen names have been more celebrated in the annals of religious thought than the Oromasdes of the ancient Persians.

The deity 'Siva, who shares with Vishṇu the pre-eminence of worship in the classical literature, is not mentioned in the 'Rig Veda'; and it is probable that he was one of the gods of the aboriginal tribes, and that he was subsequently adopted (especially with the *linga* symbol) into the Brahmanical pantheon and identified with the Vedic deity Rudra, whose name is now one of 'Siva's appellations. In the 'Rig Veda' Rudra† is a subordinate deity; he is called 'the father of the Maruts' (or storm-

* The grammarians, however, preserved the old tradition that *asura* had originally no connection with *sura*. Thus the Uṇādi Sūtras derive *asura* from *as* 'to throw' (i. 43), and *sura*, *surâ* from *su* 'to express the soma-juice' (ii. 24).

† His name is usually derived from *rud* 'to weep,' either as being one who himself wept, or who causes others to weep. Modern scholars explain the word as 'one who roars,' and hence the appropriateness of the epithet in connection with the Maruts. *Rudrî* means a kind of lute, and has been conjecturally connected with *λύρα*. If this etymology be correct, it would be a singular instance how a *root*, as well as a *man*, may 'in its time play many parts.'

gods), he 'possesses healing remedies,' and 'is the greatest physician of physicians'; but there are traces, even in the hymns, that his power was not always beneficent. One of his epithets is *kapardin*, the 'braided-haired one,' which strikingly reminds us of the ascetic's matted locks, which are one of the peculiar characteristics of the modern 'Siva. These common epithets and attributes continue to increase in the Brâhmanas, but, as Dr. Muir observes* :—

* Between these passages from the Brâhmanas relative to Rudra and the earliest description of the same deity which we discover in the epic poems, a wide chasm intervenes, which no genuine ancient materials exist for bridging over. Instead of remaining a subordinate deity, as he was in the Vedic era, Rudra there has thrown Agni, Vayu, Sûrya, Mitra and Varuṇa completely into the shade; and though Indra still occupies a prominent place, he has sunk down into a subordinate position, and is quite unable to compete in power and dignity with Rudra ('Siva'), who together with Vishṇu now engrosses the almost exclusive worship of the Brahmanical world.†

A similar history attaches itself to Vishṇu, who equally holds in modern India a position totally different from that which he occupied in Vedic times. In the 'Rig Veda' he is often mentioned, but generally as associated with Indra, Mitra, Varuṇa, or some other deity; and his most celebrated exploit is his 'three steps,' which are often alluded to. Thus we read in i. 22, 'Vishṇu strode over this (universe); in three places he planted his step; it was enveloped in his dust.' What these three steps were, was disputed in very old times; for the Nirukta, our oldest Vedic commentary, quotes two different opinions regarding them, as held by two very early grammarians. According to 'Sâkapûṇi, they referred to Vishṇu's threefold existence, on earth, in the atmosphere, and in the sky; while according to Aurnavâbha, they meant the rise, culmination, and setting of the sun, the three steps being the hill where he rises, the meridian, and the hill where he sets. These three steps, like so many other Vedic hints, assumed a new and totally disproportionate significance in the classical literature. Every reader of Southey's 'Curse of Kehama' will remember the legend of Vishṇu's appearing in his dwarf-incarnation before Bali, the lord of the Asuras, and his asking three paces as a boon. They are

* 'Sanskrit Texts,' iv. 342. In pp. 252-356, and 54-251, Dr. Muir has collected all the important passages from Sanskrit literature which illustrate the history of the worship of 'Siva and Vishṇu.

† In the 'Sankara Digvijaya—a legendary history of the life and polemics of 'Sankara 'Achârya, the great teacher of the ninth century—we have (in ch. 33) a curious discussion between him and certain worshippers of Indra, which strikingly illustrates the difference between Indra as the Vedic and as the mediæval deity.

granted,

granted, and Vishṇu, assuming a miraculous form, with one step spans the earth, with the second the eternal atmosphere, and with the third the sky (Rāmāyaṇa, i. 31). It is curious to trace this legend back into a mere exaggeration of a natural phenomenon, as described in the 'Rig Veda'; but it is only one of the many instances in which comparative mythology has already resolved *numina* into *nomina*.

Closely connected with this question is the whole Hindu system of *avatārs*. The ten incarnations of Vishṇu, the Preserver, (of which the Dwarf is the fifth) form an important article of the modern Hindu creed; but the 'Rig Veda' is entirely silent regarding them. In the absence of all chronological data in Sanskrit literature, we cannot tell when the idea arose; but we can at least trace the germs of some of these incarnations in isolated expressions of the later Vedic books. Thus, in the Brāhmaṇa of the White Yajur Veda, we find Vishṇu appearing as a dwarf to settle one of the contests between the devas and the Asuras, and the latter are represented as giving to their rivals 'as much earth as this Vishṇu can lie upon.' The same Brāhmaṇa also represents the Creator Prajāpati as assuming the form of a tortoise (*kūrma*) to produce offspring; but here it seems to have meant merely an etymological pun, as *kar* 'to make,' suggested the word *kūrma*; 'what he created he made; in that he made it (*akarot*) he is therefore *kūrma*.' The same book has also an obscure allusion to the earth as having been raised up by a boar; and here again the boar is associated with Prajāpati. The tortoise and the boar are now reckoned as Vishṇu's second and third incarnations; as the boar, he raised on his tusks the world which had sunk to the bottom of the ocean; and, as a tortoise, he supported the mountain Mandara when the ocean was churned for the liquor of immortality.

The White Yajur Brāhmaṇa also gives the oldest myth concerning the Deluge which is to be found in Hindu tradition. According to this legend, Manu found a little fish in the water which had been brought to him by his servants; the fish begs for his protection, and promises to deliver him in the approaching deluge. Manu puts it in a vessel, but the fish grows so rapidly that he is continually obliged to change its receptacle, and at last he throws it into the sea. When the flood comes, he is saved in a ship, and he binds a rope to the fish's horn and is thus carried beyond the Northern Mountain. In the later literature the fish becomes the first of Vishṇu's ten incarnations.*

* In the Mahābhārata account it is Brahman, not Vishṇu, who assumes the form of a fish.

The 'Satapatha or White Yajur Brâhmaṇa is the latest of the Brâhmaṇas, and we need not be surprised, therefore, to find these initial hints there; but at best they are only casual suggestions, which may have formed the basis for the subsequent development.

Thus two of the most universal ideas in mediæval and modern Hinduism—the Trimûrti or Triad of Brahman, Vishṇu, and 'Siva' (with their respective consorts Saraswatî, Lakshmî, and Durgâ or Pârvatî), and the incarnations of Vishṇu,—are post-Vedic; and similarly, though Vedic hymns and verses are still chanted in the Hindu ritual, they are distorted from their original application and their true significance perverted and forgotten.

We have thus mentioned the more important deities of the 'Rig Veda,' and described their leading attributes; and it will have been sufficiently evident that the Vedic religion cannot be called monotheism.

But numerous as are the deities who are celebrated in the hymns of the 'Rig Veda,' it is deeply interesting to watch the unconscious workings of that monotheistic instinct which we believe lies within the human soul, and which is only entirely smothered in the lowest stages of barbarism. There seem to us two separate ways in which this instinctive tendency worked. In the first place, these various gods, in their mutual limitations and contrarieties, could not satisfy the logical faculty even in that early stage of civilization; for this logical faculty exists in every age, and is called into some activity with the first efforts of the imagination, though, of course, it only becomes conscious of its own workings in a far later stage of society. The desire '*rerum cognoscere causas*' is as active in children as in grown-up men and women; and some attempt at a cosmogony is one of the earliest efforts of the human mind. It is only the lowest type of the savage, who (as Mr. Campbell said of the Bechuanas) 'looks on the sun with the eyes of an ox;' and the infinite problems of the origin of all things are just those which most fascinate the mind, when it first awakes to gaze intelligently on the universe around it. Thus we find in the hymns of the 'Rig Veda' that the powers of nature,—the sky, the sunshine, the wind, fire, the ocean,—have been already personified as gods, *devâh* 'the shining ones;' and thus one question of the inquisitive soul has been answered; but soon another arises out of the very answer,—these shining ones, too, whence are *they*? Hence in the hymns we have a series of passages which represent these deities as themselves having been born; their existence is not the furthest

furthest limit to thought,—strong as they are now, they once were not, and there was something before them.

Thus we read in 'R. V.,' iii. 48 :—

'O Indra, on the day on which thou wast born, thou didst drink a will the mountain-abiding nectar of this Soma plant; for the youthful mother who bore thee, in the dwelling of thy great sire, gave it to thee before she gave the breast.'

So in 'R. V.,' vii. 20 :—

'A vigorous (god) begot him a vigorous son for the battle; the wife brought him forth, the heroic; him who is the leader of armies, the chief over men, the lord, the conqueror, the recoverer of the kine, the subduer of foes.'

Or in 'R. V.,' viii. 45 :—

'As soon as he was born, the slayer of Vritra grasped his arrow and asked his mother, "who are the fierce warriors and who are renowned?"

'Thy strong mother answered thee, "he who wishes thy enmity, fights as an elephant (?) in the mountain."'

Indian tradition makes Aditi the mother of Indra. The Âdityas, or sons of Aditi, are variously reckoned; but amongst them Varuṇa and Mitra are always included, as in viii. 47 :—

'May Aditi defend us, may Aditi, the mother of the opulent Mitra, of Aryaman and of the sinless Varuṇa, grant us protection.'

The second point to be noticed is the inconsistency of the language of the different hymns in their ascriptions of supreme dignity and power. On a general survey, it is evident that Indra is usually considered the Jupiter of the Vedic pantheon; he has more hymns in his honour than any other deity, and his exploits and power are most frequently celebrated :—

'He has filled the terrestrial region, he has fastened the constellations in the sky; no one has been ever born nor will be born, Indra, like to thee; thou hast sustained the universe [or "thou hast transcended"],' i. 81.

'All the gods cannot harm the many glorious works and pious exploits of Indra; who has upheld the earth and this sky, and, wonder-working, engendered the sun and the dawn.

'Doer of no wrong, such was thy true greatness, that, as soon as born, thou didst quaff the Soma juice; neither the heavens, nor the days, nor the months, nor the years resist the power of thee, the mighty one.—(iii. 32).

'Thou, Indra, art the conqueror, thou hast kindled the sun, thou art great, the architect of all things, the god of all.'—(viii. 98).

But

But this great pre-eminence is not exclusively Indra's right,—we find it in other hymns ascribed to other deities besides. Thus Varuṇa is addressed:—

'Thou, divine Varuṇa, art king of all, both of those who are gods and those who are men.'—(ii. 27).

'Permanent in greatness are the creations of that Varuṇa who propped up the broad heaven and earth, who appointed in their beauty to their twofold task the glorious sun and the constellations, and spread out the earth.'—(vii. 86).

In other hymns Indra and Viṣṇu are associated as equal in their attributes; in others (as in vii. 99), Viṣṇu alone 'propped asunder these two worlds, he upheld the eastern pinnacle of the earth.' In others, again, it is Indra and Soma 'who have propped up the sky with a support, and have spread out the earth, the mother.' So, in x. 85, it is the Sun god Sūrya who props up the sky, and, in x. 170, he is called by the very epithets which we saw applied to Indra—'the architect of all things and the god of all.' In i. 66, Agni is called 'all that is born, and that will be born.'

This alternating recognition of each several god as the Supreme belongs to the very essence of polytheism in a thinking worshipper; and that the Vedic poets were men who, however rude in culture, could raise their thoughts beyond the wants of a mere material existence, is self-evident in every part of the book. They were the lineal ancestors of those Brahman philosophers, whose talk, Megasthenes said, was chiefly about death; and the germ of nearly every subsequent speculation of interest in Hindu thought can be found in the 'Rig Veda;' only in the Vedic times the right balance was still maintained between speculation and action, and the Hindu had not yet learned to forget the present in the gigantic dreams of mythology and idealism. The Vedic poets felt, though they could not have consciously expressed, the very truth with which Aristotle closes the twelfth book of his 'Metaphysics,' that 'the world does not choose to be governed badly, for "the rule of many is not well, let there be one lord" (II. β. 204)'; and the dumb feeling expressed itself by this wavering allegiance, as each deity for the time asserted his supremacy, and each in turn absorbed the attributes and the existence of the rest.

But it was not merely that each god, at the time of his worship, gradually swelled, in the worshipper's eyes, into the Supreme; that Indra, Varuṇa, or Viṣṇu thus became the great Creator and Preserver, and gathered into himself all the scattered glories of the celestial hierarchy. It was not merely that each separate cloud-shape, as it was steadfastly gazed at, seemed to

waver

waver and intermingle its outlines with the others, or even that all the different masses sometimes coalesced into one; there were times when the clouds themselves disappeared, and melted into the empyrean blue beyond; when the idea of a Supreme Being suggested itself, antecedent to all these recognised deities—the great ineffable existence behind them, whose majesty they only served to conceal.

In such passages we have the genuine monotheistic instinct, however transient its influence on the poet's mind; we have heard that 'testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ' to which Tertullian appealed, 'when the soul, though cramped in the prison of the body, hemmed round by evil customs, emasculated by lust and perverse affections, and enslaved to false gods sometimes comes to itself as from a drunken bout, as from sleep as from an illness, and recovers its senses.' But this has nothing to do with the metaphysics of philosophy, which spring up at a long subsequent stage of national development and from a far different source; philosophy would rather dissolve even this blue into the darkness of the infinite void.

This primeval existence has many names; sometimes it seems to be called Aditi, the mother of the gods;† as in i. 89:—

'Aditi is heaven, Aditi is the firmament; Aditi is mother, father and son; Aditi is all the gods; Aditi is the five classes of men; Aditi is all that has been born, Aditi is all that shall be born.'

Sometimes he is called Brahmapaspati, as in x. 72:—

'Let us celebrate with praise the births of the gods in uttered hymns, whosoever of us may behold them in this later age.

'Brahmapaspati blew forth all these (births) like a blacksmith; in the former age of the gods the existent sprang from the non-existent.'

In x. 121, Hiranyagarbha is mentioned,—a name so celebrated in the later cosmogony, as the being produced from the golden egg which Brahm'a placed in the primeval waters:—

'Hiranyagarbha arose in the beginning; he was the one born lord of things existing. He established the earth and this sky; to what god shall we offer our oblation?'‡

* Cf. 'Odys.' ξ. 444:—

Θεὸς δὲ τὸ μὲν δώσει, τὸ δ' ἐάσει,
"Ὅτι κεν ᾧ θυμῷ ἐθέλει, δύναται γὰρ ἅπαντα.

† On Aditi, see Prof. Müller's most interesting note, pp. 230–248; he there shows that the name is the earliest invented (from a 'not,' and *diti* 'bond') to express 'the visible infinite.'

‡ See the whole of this striking hymn in Prof. Müller's 'Ancient Sanskrit Literature,' p. 569.

But the two most remarkable hymns are the following from the tenth book; in each the Supreme Being is not distinguished by any mythological name* :—

'1. The father of the eye, wise in mind, generated moisture when these two worlds were bowing to fall; when their eastern ends were fixed, then the heaven and earth extended.

'2. Vi'swakarman (the maker of all things) is wise, pervading, the creator, the disposer, and the highest object of vision. The objects of their desire inspire them with gladness in the place where men say that the One dwells beyond the seven sages.

'3. He who is our father, our creator, disposer, who knows all regions and worlds, who alone assigns to the gods their names, to him the other worlds repair for his commands.

'4. The former sages, who formed these creatures in the remote, the near (?), and the lower atmosphere, offered to him substance in abundance, as his worshippers.

'5. That which is beyond the sky, beyond this earth, beyond gods and spirits (*asura*),—what earliest embryo did the waters contain, in which all the gods were beheld?

'6. The waters contained that earliest embryo in which all the gods were collected. One (receptacle) rested upon the navel of the Unborn, wherein all the worlds stood.

'7. Ye know not him who produced these things; something else is within you. The chanter of hymns go about enveloped in mist and unsatisfied with idle talk.'—x. 82.

'1. There was then neither nonentity nor entity; there was no atmosphere, nor sky above. What enveloped (all?). Where, in the receptacle of what (was it contained?). Was it water, the profound abyss?

'2. Death was not then nor immortality; there was no illuminer of day or night. That One breathed calmly by its own nature;† there was nothing different from, or above, it.

'3. In the beginning was darkness, enveloped in darkness; all this

* We have adopted, with a few slight changes, the versions given by Dr. Muir in his 'Sanskrit Texts,' vol. iv. p. 6, and 'Journal R. A. S.,' 1865, p. 345. A fine poetical rendering of the second is given in Prof. Müller's 'Ancient Sans. Lit.,' p. 564; cf. also his eloquent remarks on it, pp. 559-563.

† *Swadhâ*, literally 'one's own place,' afterwards 'one's own nature.' It was a great triumph for the science of comparative philology that long before the existence of such a word as *swadhâ* in Sanskrit was known, it should have been postulated by Prof. Benfey in his 'Griechisches Wurzel-Lexicon,' published in 1839, and in the Appendix of 1842. *Swadhâ* was known, it is true, in the ordinary Sanskrit, but there it only occurred as an exclamation used on presenting an oblation to the manes. . . . Prof. Benfey, with great ingenuity, postulated for Sanskrit a noun *swadhâ*, as corresponding to the Greek *ἔθος*, and the German *sitte*, O. H. G. *situ*, Gothic *sidu*. The noun *swadhâ* has since been discovered in the 'Veda,' where it occurs very frequently; and its true meaning in many passages, where native tradition had entirely misunderstood it, has really been restored by means of its etymological identification with the Greek *ἔθος* or *ἦθος*.—Müller's Transl., p. 19, note.

was undistinguishable water. That One which lay void and wrapped in nothingness, was developed by the power of heat.

'4. Desire first arose in It, which was the primal gush of mind; this sages, searching with their intellect, have discovered in their heart to be the bond which connects entity with nonentity.*

'5. The ray which stretched across these (worlds) was it below or was it above? There were impregnating powers, and mighty forces, a self-supporting principle beneath and energy aloft.

'6. Who knows, who here can declare, whence has sprung, whence, this creation? The gods are subsequent to the formation of this (world); who then knows whence it arose?

'7. From what this creation arose and whether any one made it or not,—He who in the highest heaven is its ruler, he verily knows or (even) he knows not.'—x. 129.

We may be sure that this hymn, in some respects the most striking in the whole 'Rig Veda,' does not belong to the earliest period; the difficulty indeed at first is to believe that it can belong to the 'Rig Veda' period at all. Yet this very hymn is found embedded in one of the oldest of the Brâhmanas, the Taittiriya; and is applied there (ii. 8. 9) as the hymn to be used at the oblations of water enjoined in a certain sacrifice of a cow that has miscarried to the waters. The very use of such a hymn on such an occasion proves that it must have been long known when the Brâhmana was compiled; all true appreciation of its deep meaning must have well nigh faded away before it could have become thus degraded to a 'dead formula' in a comparatively insignificant ceremony. The occurrence of such mystic hymns in the 'Rig Veda' throws, at any rate, a new light on some of the Orphic fragments, which may perhaps reach back to a higher antiquity than modern criticism is usually disposed to assign them. It is very remarkable to find that the idea of 'Desire' (Kâma), which comes out as a merely isolated suggestion of the poet who wrote the hymn in the 'Rig Veda,' is taken up by subsequent sages, and in the 'Atharva Veda' there are some hymns especially addressed to Kâma, and in one of these (ix. 2) we have such lines as the following:—

'Kâma was born the first; him neither gods nor fathers nor men have equalled. Thou art older than these and everywhere great; to thee, Kâma, I offer reverence.

'Wide as are the heaven and earth in extent; far as the waters have

* The commentator explains this by a reference to those passages in the Upanishads, where the Creator is said to have desired to become manifold, and so to have called the world into existence; and he illustrates it also by human experience, as all our actions are similarly preceded by desire.

rept; far as Agni; thou art older than these and everywhere great;
thee, Kâma, I offer reverence.*

Such lines bear a strong resemblance to the Orphic mysticism regarding the Erôs-Phanês, and the idea of Erôs in the Symposium of Plato; and the development of the idea has run a parallel course in Greek and Sanskrit literature. In later Hindu mythology Kâma is the youthful deity who plays the same part as Cupid in Roman poetry; he is represented as bearing a bow whose string is formed of bees, and each of his five arrows is tipped with a peculiar flower; and Tennyson has taken this later Hindu Kâma as one of those legends of 'the supreme Caucasian mind' with which the soul is to delight itself in its 'Palace of Art':—

— over hills with peaky tops engrailed
And many a tract of palm and rice,
The throne of Indian Cama slowly sailed,
A summer fanned with spice.

But how different from this idea of the boy-god,—a mere personification of human sentiment and passion,—is the grand old figure of the Vedic Kâma, the first emanation of the Supreme,—as different in fact as the Erôs of Hesiod and Parmenides from the playful truant of Anacreon and Ovid!

Another point of still deeper interest is the occasional appearance in the 'Rig Veda,' as well as in the later 'Vedas,' of that deep reverence for the idea of speech, which every now and then crops up in the ancient world. We know how in Alexandria—the great centre for the meeting currents of Eastern and Western thought,—the idea of the Logos rose as a predominant feature of philosophic speculation. We can trace it especially in the Jewish mind when it came in contact with Greek philosophy. It is seen in the Memrâ, the 'Word of God,'—which in the Chaldee Targum so often appears as the translation of the Jehovah of the Old Testament. We find it in the Apocryphal books of the Wisdom of the son of Sirach and of Solomon, where the idea of Wisdom, as described in 'Proverbs,' is taken up and expanded; and it becomes still more developed in the writings of Philo. All this deification of Wisdom and the Logos was dreamy and mystical,—it belonged essentially to the unreal side of Platonism, and one feels instinctively the gulf which lies between the Logos of Philo and St. John. The latter takes up the idea as it was current in the highest culture of the time; but, while adopting

* See the whole hymn translated by Dr. Muir in the 'Journal R. A. S.,' 1865, p. 377.

the phraseology, he carefully strips it of its mysticism and unreality; and the Logos, which had until then been only the vaguest of dreams,—the airiest vision of mystic enthusiasm,—became a simple household truth, which the most prosaic can grasp, the simplest peasant can appreciate.

But it can hardly be denied that the original currency of the term is due to mystic philosophy. But how came the idea thus to prevail in Alexandria? Alexandria is especially memorable in the world's history as being the emporium for the commerce of thought between the East and the West; and the idea of speech as a divine emanation or energy first arose on the human mind in India. It may fairly be maintained that India is the native home of mysticism, if we mean by the term that dreamy enthusiasm of the soul, by which it projects itself into regions infinite beyond its experience and mistakes its own shadows for transcendental realities. Now in India we can trace continually in the old Sanskrit literature a hazy incoherent deification of Speech, and this idea seems to have exercised a fascination on mankind wherever it came. In itself it was merely a wild dream of mysticism, but mysticism was here wiser than it knew; and the very idea which, as originally used, might have well seemed the least hopeful of all possible forms of expression,—so steeped as it had become in pantheism and error,—was yet capable, when rightly applied and limited, of conveying to all Christendom the deepest religious truth.*

Our first illustration of this deification of Speech shall be taken from a Brâhmaṇa to the Black Yajur Veda (the Kâthaka xii. 5), where it is said, 'Prajâpati (*i.e.* the Creator) was all this Speech (*vâch*, *i.e.* vox, ὄψ) was his second;† he married her; she became pregnant; she went from him; she produced the created beings; she then again entered into Prajâpati.'

And again in a Brâhmaṇa of the 'Sâma Veda (Panch., x. 14):—

'Prajâpati alone was all this; speech was his alone, speech was his second. He reflected, "I will send forth this Speech; she shall go through this all, conquering." He sent forth Speech; she went through this all, conquering; she stretched herself upwards as a stream of water is stretched forth.'‡

* It is equally significant, on the other hand, to observe how instinctively the writers of the New Testament avoid the term *Erôs*, although this very word has been elevated by Plato to the sphere of the soul's relation to God. They felt that it was associated with moral and not merely intellectual error,—the word has become too deeply polluted to be touched.

† Cf. Philo. *ap.* Euseb. τὸν δευτέρου Θεόν, ὅς ἐστιν ἐκείνου λόγος.

‡ Cf. Prof. Weber, 'Ind. Stud.' ix. 477.

These passages, as we said, occur in the Brâhmaṇas; but they are only the development of the following hymn in the 'Rig Veda' (x. 125), which seems to be uttered by this very goddess Vâch:—

* 1. I range with the Rudras, with the Vasus, I range with the Âdityas and the Viśve devas; I uphold both Mitra and Varuṇa, Indra, Agni, and the two Aświns.

* 2. I uphold the foaming Soma, I uphold Twasṭri, Pûshan, and Bhaga; I grant wealth to the honest votary who offers sacrifices and presses the soma-juice.

* 3. I am the queen, the collector of wealth, the possessor of knowledge, and first of such as deserve worship; the gods have divided me in many places, as present everywhere and pervading all things.

* 4. He is nourished by me who sees, who breathes, and who hears what is spoken; without knowing it they rest on me. Listen, listen all; I speak what is worthy of belief.

* 5. I myself proclaim all this which is beloved by gods and men; him whom I love, I make terrible, I make him a priest, a seer, wise.

* 6. For Rudra I bend the bow, to slay the demon, the foe of Brahman; I make contention amongst the people, I pervade heaven and earth.

* 7. I produce the father (the sky) on the head of this; my birth-place is in the water, in the ocean; therefore I stand over all the worlds, and I touch yonder heaven with my form.

* 8. I blow like the wind, originating all worlds; beyond heaven, beyond this earth,—such am I by my might.

Professor Müller, in his 'Ancient Sanskrit Literature,' has pointed out a very interesting illustration of the manner in which the wondering guesses and gropings of the early Vedic poets after the Supreme Being (εἰ ἄρα γε ψηλαφήσειαν αὐτὸν καὶ εὔροισιν) were misunderstood and debased not only by mediæval Hinduism, but even by the compilers of the later Vedas and the Brâhmaṇas. Thus there are several hymns in the 'Rig Veda' which contain questions as to who is the true or most powerful god. One, in particular, is well known, in which each verse ends with the inquiring exclamation of the poet, 'to which god shall we sacrifice with our offering?' *hasmai devâya havishâ vidhema?* (x. 121) and again (iii. 54, 5) 'who verily knows (*ko addhâ veda?*) or who has here declared it,—what is the proper path which leads to the gods? Their lower abiding-places are indeed seen, but (who knows the path to) those abiding-places which are in their highest and hidden works?' In the 'Rig Veda' these passages are, of course, simply interrogatory, just like Pindar's question—

Ἀναξίφόρμυγες ὕμνοι,
τίνα θεῖν, τίν' ἥρωα, τίνα δ' ἄνδρα κελαδῆσομεν;

or his fragment preserved by Clemens Alexandrinus,

τί θεός, τί τὸ πᾶν;

But in the later Vedas and the Brâhmaṇas the interrogative has become petrified into an affirmative, and *ka* 'who?' is one of the recognised names of the Creator. Thus we read in the 'Taittiriya Sanhitâ' (i. 7. 6) 'He who joins the sacrifice and does not unloose it, has no firm standing; therefore he says in the mantra "who (*ka*) joins thee? Let him unloose thee." *Ka* is Prajâpati; by Prajâpati only he joins it, by Prajâpati he unlooses it, for a firm standing.' The same explanation is of constant occurrence in the Brâhmaṇas, and everywhere implies a similar perversion of the old expression. The hymns in which this interrogative pronoun occurs are called *kad-vat*, or having *kad* or quid; and the sacrifices offered to this god were called *kayâ* or 'who-ish;' and in the time of the great grammarian Pāṇini this word had acquired such legitimacy, that he actually gives a separate rule to explain its formation.

But interesting as it is to trace by these steps the gradual degradation of the ancient poetry into prose, it is at least equally interesting to watch how there still lingered a vague half-consciousness of the original meaning, and—side by side with the monstrous deity *ka*, and his *kāya* rites—the 'unknown god' whom the ancient questioner had felt after, could still assert his presence to the intelligent worshipper. Thus there is a passage in the 'Taittiriya Sanhitâ' (i. 8. 21) which gives a stanza ('R. V.' x. 131-2) to be used at a certain ceremony of the sautrâmaṇi sacrifice, but no especial deity is mentioned as invoked by it. The Brâhmaṇa therefore proceeds (i. 8. 5) to supply the deficiency as follows:—'The priest takes the jar of the spirituous liquor *surâ* with the undefined verse *kuvid anga*, sacred to Prajâpati,—since Prajâpati is undefined,—for the attainment of Prajâpati.' On this passage we have the following commentary by Sâyana, the great scholiast of the fourteenth century. 'The names of the deities previously invoked are not mentioned in this stanza, but its expressions are all general; therefore this stanza is without any especial definition of its deity, and Prajâpati, the Lord of the world, since he has no form, is similarly undefined. Therefore it is said in the hymn *nâsad âsit* ('R. V.' x. 129), which describes the cause of the world, "who (*ka*) knows who here can declare, whence has sprung, whence, this creation?" and again, "He who in the highest heaven is its ruler, He only knows or (even) He knows not." Therefore from this similarity in being undefined, this stanza belongs to Prajâpati.' We must not therefore suppose that, because *ka* became a recognised

name of the Creator in the later literature, all consciousness of the original interrogative use of the word was lost; the primary and secondary meanings blended together, but the former was never totally obscured. The Brahmins who were Rabelais' contemporaries did not conceive of God as 'le grand peut-être'; but they could still think of him as 'the great Who?' as the ancient ṛishi had called him in his earnest questioning more than two thousand years before. In fact we have an exact parallel to this Ka-Prajâpati of the Brâhmaṇas in the Jewish Cabbala. Just as the 'who knows?' of the 'Rig Veda' became the Creator 'Who' in the Brâhmaṇas, so from the well-known verse in Isaiah (xl. 26) 'Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who (*mî*) hath created these things,' the Cabbala has invented *mî* as a name for Elohim.*

We may smile at these names, but surely a deep instinct underlies them; and can there be a better commentary upon them than those words of St. Augustine, in his 'De Doctrinâ Christianâ'?

'Diximus-ne aliquid et sonimus aliquid dignum Deo? Imo vero nihil me aliud quam dicere voluisse sentio. Si autem dixi, non est hoc quod dicere volui. Hoc unde scio, nisi quia Deus ineffabilis est? Quod autem a me dictum est, si ineffabile esset, dictum non esset. Ac per hoc ne ineffabilis quidem dicendus est Deus, quia et hoc quum dicitur, aliquid dicitur. Et fit nescio quæ pugna verborum, quoniam si illud est ineffabile, quod dici non potest, non est ineffabile quod vel ineffabile dici potest. Quæ pugna verborum silentio cavenda potius quam voce pacanda est.'

One of the most marked characteristics of Hindu literature is the intense conviction of the immortality of the soul. The Hindu poets and philosophers often doubted or despaired concerning the present life, but they never wavered as to an hereafter. Here they present a vivid contrast to the Greeks, among whom the idea of a future life never seems to have emerged into a settled certainty. Among an audience of Hindus that scene could never have been enacted, which Plato so graphically describes in the Republic:—

"Do you think," said I, "that an immortal thing should be so interested for such a span as our present life, and not for all time?" "Certainly," replied Glaucon, "but why do you talk thus?" "Have you not understood," said I, "that our soul is immortal and will

* See 'Kabbala Denudata,' i. 383. Similarly *mâh*, 'What?' and *hû*, 'He,' are also cabbalistic names of God, or rather of his personified attribute Wisdom (*Hokmâh*), and the Crown (*Kether*), the highest of the ten Sephirôth, in which all the others are contained. In the same way we find in Arabic, *huwa*, 'He,' used as a name of God.

never die?" And he, looking at me and wondering, replied, "By Zeus, not I, but can you affirm this?"

It is this conviction of the immortality, or rather the eternity of the soul, which has stamped Hindu literature, and indeed the Hindu national character, with its most abiding impression. Even Buddha, when he founded his new religion and broke away from so many of the cherished ideas of his contemporaries, never dreamed of altering their faith on this point; and the immortality of the soul and its transmigration into other bodies after death, became as fundamental a tenet of the new creed as of the old. English education may be now working a gradual change; but until our day, the old conviction of immortality which animated Calanus, when he burned himself before Alexander's wondering army at Babylon, has been all but universal in every successive generation of Hindus. But we must bear in mind that this idea of immortality has been always linked with that of transmigration. It was the doctrine of the transmigration of souls which so riveted the conviction of the soul's immortality on the Hindu mind; and hence the truth and the error have grown up together, like that terrible picture in *Dante* where the serpent and the man have coalesced into one monstrous and inseparable combination:—

‘Ivy never clasped
A doddered oak, as round the other's limbs
The hideous monster intertwined his own.
Then as if both had been of burning wax,
Each melted into other, mingling hues,
That which was either now was seen no more.’*

But if we turn to the ‘*Rig Veda*,’ we find ourselves in a different world; the atmosphere is Indo-European, not Hindu. There is no trace of the doctrine of transmigration in the ‘*Rig Veda*,’ nor, indeed, in the *Sanhitās* of the other ‘*Vedas* ;’ and it is only in the *Brāhmaṇa* of the ‘*White Yajur Veda*,’ which appears to be the latest of all, that we find the first beginnings of that idea which subsequently became developed in the *Upanishads*, and thence dominated over all Hindu thought. In this *Brāhmaṇa* (*Satapatha*, xi. 6) we have a curious legend, which relates how *Bṛiḡu*, the son of *Varuṇa*, being proud of his knowledge, was sent by his father on a far journey to places where he sees men tearing and devouring the limbs of other men, who endure shrieking or silent; and on his returning to acknowledge his ignorance, his father teaches him that these were beasts, plants,

* Cary's ‘*Inferno*,’ xxv.

&c., which had been eaten during life time, and were now revenging themselves on their destroyers. In the Upanishads the doctrine assumes a higher aspect; the law of transmigration extends to the gods as well as to men and the lower creatures; and the great aim of their teaching is to inculcate that knowledge of the identity of the individual and the Universal Soul, which can alone liberate from the endless cycle of birth and death, and alone bar the fatal gate of 'return.'

But one peculiarity which especially strikes any one who knows the Hindus as they are at present, when he compares them with what their ancestors must have been when the Rig Veda hymns were the true national poetry, is the strong, hearty entering into life and its interests which pervades all these old poets. They never talk of life as a dream,—they are all intensely real and practical; their flocks and herds are substantial sources of comfort and enjoyment, just as Shakespeare seems to have thrown himself, heart and soul, into the management of his theatre in London, or his farm at Stratford, never allowing his imagination to carry him off his balance, or to unfit him for the common business of daily life.

In the eight first books of the 'Rig Veda' very few allusions occur to a life after death; almost the only blessings sought from the gods are cattle, riches, and children; and the few allusions which do occur are vague and obscure. Thus, in a hymn of the first book (i. 154), we find the poet saying, 'May I attain that beloved abode of his (Vishnu's), in which god-seeking men rejoice, for—such a friend is he—there is a fountain of honey in the highest sphere of the wide-striding Vishnu;' and the same hymn closes with a prayer for the sacrificer and his wife, which is uttered by the officiating priest at the conclusion of the ceremony, 'We pray that you may both go to those regions where the many-pointed and wide-spreading rays of light expand; for there shines the supreme sphere of the many-hymned, the showerer of blessings.'

But in the two last books—the ninth and tenth—we have much clearer intimations of a belief in a future state; and the two gods, Yama and Varuṇa, seem to be especially associated with the world of the departed. Thus there is a hymn in the tenth book (x. 14), certain verses of which appear to have been used from very early times in the funeral ceremonies of the Brahmans, as they are quoted as addressed to the souls of the dead, when the funeral pile is lighted, in Ā'swalâyana's ancient Grihya Sûtras, or Rules for household rites. We omit some verses which are of no special interest—

'Worship with an oblation King Yama, son of Vivaswat, the assembler

assembler of men, who departed to the mighty streams and spied out the path for many.*

'Yama first found for us the way; this home is not to be taken from us; whither our ancient fathers have passed, thither those now born follow by their own paths.

'Seat thyself, Yama, on the sacred grass together with the Angirasas and Pitris (ancestors); let the hymns recited by the sages bear thee hither; delight thyself, O king, with this oblation.—

'Depart thou, depart by the ancient paths to the place whither our ancient fathers have gone; there shalt thou see the two Kings, Yama and the god Varuna, rejoicing in the oblation.

'Go and join the Pitris and Yama, find thy former good works stored up in the highest heaven; leave evil there and then return to thy home; assume a body and be resplendent-formed.

'Away with you, away, depart hence (evil spirits); the Pitris have made for him this place; Yama gives him an abode distinguished by day and waters and lights.

'By an auspicious path do thou hasten past the two four-eyed brindled dogs, the offspring of Saramâ; then approach the bountiful Pitris who rejoice together with Yama.

'Entrust him, O King Yama, to thy two watch-dogs, four-eyed, road-guarding, and man-observing; and bestow on him prosperity and health.

'The two brown messengers of Yama, broad of nostril and insatiable, wander about among men; may they give us again to-day the auspicious breath of life that we may see the sun.'

We can hardly doubt that these two four-eyed brindled watch-dogs of Yama are connected with the Greek myth of Cerberus; the word 'Sabala' 'brindled' appears to be a corruption of 'Sarvara', and 'sarvarî' 'night' is a common Sanskrit word. 'Sarvara', if transliterated into Greek, becomes *Képβepos*, the personified gloom of the evening, which is fought by the solar Hercules. These two dogs are also called Sârameyau 'the children of Saramâ,' who is also a dog of Indra in the 'Rig Veda;' and the name Sârameya seems to reappear in Greek mythology as Hermeias or Hermês, though the original idea connected with the word becomes almost totally changed;—to quote Professor Müller's fine metaphor, † 'the fancy of the Greek poets took free flight and out of common clay gradually modelled a divine image.'

There is another funeral hymn (x. 16) addressed to Agni, or

* These hymns, and several others, are quoted by Dr. Muir in his most interesting paper on 'Yama, and the Doctrine of a Future State according to the Vedas,' in the 'Journal R. A. S.,' 1865. Cf. also Prof. Müller's 'Totenbestattung bei den Brahmanen,' Zeitschrift d. D. M. G., ix.

† 'Lectures on the Science of Language,' 2nd series, p. 476.

Fire, some verses of which are very interesting as illustrating the ancient Hindu notions as to the condition of departed souls—

‘ O Agni, burn not nor consume him, destroy not his skin or body ; when thou hast matured him, O thou who knowest all beings, then send him forth to the Fathers.

‘ When thou maturest him, O fire, then consign him to the Fathers ; when he reaches that state of life, he shall then be obedient to the gods.

‘ Let his eye go to the sun, his breath to the wind ; go to the sky and to the earth, as is proper ; or go to the waters, if that befits thee ; or enter with thy limbs into the plants.

‘ As for his unborn part, do thou (Agni) kindle it with thy heat, let thy flame and thy brightness kindle it ; with those forms of thine which are auspicious, convey it to the world of the holy doers.

‘ Give up again, O Agni, to the Fathers, him who comes offered to thee with oblations ; putting on life, let him come to his remains, let him rejoin his body, O all-knowing Fire.’

There are also some verses from x. 154, which likewise form part of the funeral liturgy in the ‘Grihya Sūtras,’ and give a very distinct idea of a future existence—

‘ Those who by rigorous asceticism were invincible, those who by asceticism have gone to heaven, those who have performed mighty acts of asceticism,—to these let him (the deceased) depart.

‘ Those who fought in battle, those heroes who flung away their bodies, and those who gave thousands of gifts,—to these let him depart.

‘ Those austere ancient Fathers, devoted to religion, pious and rejoicing in worship,—to these let him depart.

‘ Those thousand-songed sages who guard the sun,—those austere seers, O Yama,—to these let him depart.’

When we read hymns such as these and others which have been already given, the question naturally arises—When were they originally composed ? To this question there is no certain answer. It was at one time supposed that an inferior limit might be fixed by calculating the place assigned to the solstitial points in an astronomical treatise attached to the ‘Yajur Veda,’ and thus B.C. 1181 or 1186 has been fixed for the composition of this treatise ; but no certainty can be attached to such determinations, as we may be sure that these ancient observations must have been too loose to allow of any conclusion being drawn from them without allowing a margin of some centuries. The true data for assuring ourselves of the antiquity of the ‘Rig Veda’ lie not in the precession of the equinoxes, but in the retrogression of all Hindu antiquity. When the ‘Brāhmaṇas’ were compiled, the hymns of the ‘Rig Veda’ must have been long collected in their present

present form; for they are intended for readers who are presumed to be familiar with these hymns. Verses from them are referred to in every page, but a word is considered sufficient as a reference; the 'Rig Veda' is recognised everywhere as an acknowledged preliminary. Again, the Brâhmaṇas have a fully developed cast-system, as well as a regularly arranged system of sacrifice; they are the natural product of a religion which has been introduced by a conquering tribe, and has become hardened and stereotyped in the process. But in Buddhism we have a reaction against this cast-system and Brahmanism as settled immemorial institutions; Buddhism appears to be contemporary with the Vedic religion when its latest works—the 'Sûtras' and 'Pari'siṣṭas'—were being composed. The rise of Buddhism, which all modern researches tend to connect with the fourth and fifth centuries before our era, is a contest not with the religion of the 'Rig Veda,' but with its degenerate form in the Brâhmaṇas, and even this as already tending to decay. Thus the history of ancient India is like a series of writings on a palimpsest; behind Buddhism, which is our first historical starting-point, we find a form of Hinduism which is the last stage of the religion of the Brâhmaṇas, before it assumed its modern developments as we trace them in classical Sanskrit literature; and it is far behind the oldest of the Brâhmaṇas that we must look for the period of the 'Rig Veda.'

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Half-Hours with the best Letter-Writers and Autobiographers.* By Charles Knight, Editor of 'Half-Hours with the best Authors.' First Series, 1867. Second Series, 1868.
 2. *History of Letter-Writing, from the Earliest Period to the Fifth Century.* By William Roberts, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London, 1843.

IF there is any foundation for the prophecy of a recent French writer, that the telegram will ere long supersede the usage of letter-writing, one may be excused for attempting to catch before it is numbered with the dead past and becomes the province of the archæologist, the lineaments of an art which has contributed so much to the happiness of civilised man. Not perhaps, that there is immediate cause for alarm in an age which has shown remarkable toleration for 'Letters' and 'Selections from Letters,' possibly because they supply a gossiping substitute for biography; but, doubtless, the inducements to shine in correspondence are fewer, as the field also is more limited, when we have two or three posts a day instead of as many in the week.

reek, and when the rustivating statesman can look to the pile of morning papers on his breakfast-table for a fuller and less biased survey of the last debate than in old times he would have got from the epistle of a political friend. Even in domestic correspondence it makes all the difference to the interest of a modern-day letter that its thread may be dropped anywhere, to be resumed easily on the morrow, upon lighter pleas than when there was less facility and frequency of transmission, and when, franked or unfranked, nothing less than a budget found its way into the post-bag. Such hope as remains lies not so much in old-fashioned inducements to completeness as in the cultivation, for its own sake, of a gift still capable of circulating pleasure; a gift still valued at its full worth where the traditions of cultivation are not yet discarded: a gift which has this peculiarity, that, so far from being prescriptively limited to the stronger sex, it has in modern times reckoned at least as many women as men among its most distinguished possessors. In the annals of letter-writing there have been 'letter-writers and letter-writers,' good and indifferent correspondents: but whereas many men's epistles have suffered in point of ease and expression from their devotion to method and close reasoning, their addiction to hobbies, or their inability to distinguish between a letter and a memoir or a missive, it seems as if female fingers had that lightness of touch, and the female instinct that tact to know when a topic is becoming wearisome, and that often-noticed grasp of conclusions, without regard of premisses, which, more than elsewhere, find their proper scope on the written page. It might be straining a point to say that the best letter-writers have been women; or else men, whose style and tone have had some more or less feminine element: but, at any rate, it were easy to demonstrate that the essentials to success in this art are for the most part of such a nature that in them, with somewhat less than 'equal husbandry,' the woman may be the 'equal of the man.'

For what are these essentials? Not to go to Johnson's paper in the 'Rambler' to discover, amid many platitudes, an obvious grain of truth as to 'ease and simplicity,' 'even flow and artless arrangement,' we might cite dozens of writers upon the subject, theoretical as well as practical, who reckon as its *sine quâ non* the extemporaneousness of this class of composition. 'Scribito extempore, scribito quod in buccam venerit,' is a law laid down by Erasmus in a treatise 'De Epistolâ conscribendâ,' of which it is needless to say more than that it is far less readable than its author's letters. Madame de Sévigné, Cowper, Burke, and others enforce the same requirement; and, in truth, the slightest analysis

analysis of the ingredients of a good letter will show how much is embraced in this word 'extempore.' Negatively, it excludes affectation and unreality: positively, it ensures spontaneity, and, as we should say in these days, a photographic transcript of the writer's mind, and of the circumstances surrounding him at the time of writing. Above all, herein lies the best security against aught of 'dry or withered' creeping in where, as a patient inquirer into the History of Ancient Letter-writing observes, 'the fruit should have upon it the bloom of our youngest thoughts, and a maiden dew should be on its leaf.'*

But it may be objected that this 'off-hand' character will not always or chiefly be found in the same individual as the grace and elegance which we associate with good letter-writing. Without going all lengths with M. Boissier, in his '*Cicéron et ses Amis*,' we may be content to accept so much of his dicta on this point as ascribes very much of epistolary success to a 'feminine' desire to please. Vanity and coquetry—these are terms misplaced in such an inquiry, even if they do not militate against the extemporaneousness above-mentioned; yet whereas men are apt to set lightly by the praise of a home-circle, or the laurel leaflet at the bestowal of a single member of it, and to reserve their best style for the public eye and an audience that can compensate their efforts with whole bay-trees, so to speak, the unselfish feminine instinct does not account time or tact wasted in directing all its artillery at the capture of an individual, and its whole aim at the creation of enjoyment which the sense of pleasure in creating renders mutual. And this not so much consciously as from traditional habit. We know not how else to account for the phenomenon which has puzzled many before and since La Bruyère, '*pourquoi les femmes vont plus loin que nous dans ce genre d'écrire*;'† but, accepting this solution, we seem to trace the spring of manifold instances of naïveté, arch use of language, wit, and other charms, in letters that have won and retained popularity. It is so with Madame de Sévigné. It is so with Cicero. Nay, if this desire to please is synonymous with coquetry, where is there a more thorough sample of it than in that statesman's letters? The very frankness of his vanity (e. g. in his letter to Lucceius) not only disarms repulsion, but wins our confidence. In strength or weakness, we cannot help saying of him what he says of his brother Quintus, '*Te totum in literis vidi*.' Another ingredient, which must find a place in the composition of a good letter-writer, or else be represented by some very skilful imitation of it, is 'heartiness.' The impression

* '*History of Letter-Writing*,' by Wm. Roberts, Esq., 1843, p. xix.

† Boissier, '*Cicéron et ses Amis*,' Introduction, p. 10.

of sincerity is essential to a writer's acceptance; and should this impression prove base, and the stamp false, the charm of a correspondence is at an end. It is not, perhaps, bounden that this heartiness should be either very deep or very exclusive: but the amalgamation of the other requisites for a good letter with insincerity or even reserve is utterly unfeasible. If, however, a letter combines spontaneity, desire to please, and heartiness or cordiality, it can scarcely miss its favourable mark as an epistolary production through the lack of subordinate graces. Simplicity, life, play of fancy, flashes of unpremeditated wit, with a due mixture of the real and the earnest, will come under one or other of these heads, unless, indeed, the writer's dulness be such as would have forbidden excellence in other pursuits equally with letter-writing.

That the elements of success in epistolary correspondence have been mainly such as we have indicated, a survey of the history of the subject would amply prove. As, however, our space does not warrant such a survey in detail, we must content ourselves with a rapid glance at the annals of letter-writing, reserving the right to pause here and there for a longer rest when some representative letter-writer arises to attract our attention. We do not propose to trace back to remote antiquity, or to discuss with the opponents of Homeric unity the precise nature of the 'Bellerophontean letters.' A lively sense of the value of the substitute which epistolary correspondence provides for conversation and personal good offices disinclines us to speculate on the *σήματα λυγρὰ*,* which, whatever they may have been, were fraught with bale rather than blessing. Certainly, the most ancient letters—David's to Joab about Uriah, Jezebel's in the matter of Naboth's vineyard, and the rest—were in the nature of mandates or despatches rather than of free and friendly intercourse. They were 'libelli' in the Roman sense, not 'litteræ.' Sir William Temple, who enjoyed the highest repute in his day as an elegant letter-writer, was led, perhaps, more by sympathy than study to credit the genuineness of the letters of Phalaris. And had no Bentley arisen to sweep away the pretty pile built up by these pretended letters, a very respectable antiquity might have been pleaded for systematic letter-writing; and readers might still be found to discredit the stories of the Brazen Bull, and the King that ate his offspring, as inconsistent with the civilization and affection displayed in his 'fardel of commonplaces' to his friends and relatives. As it is, scepticism has proved its case in respect of most of the epistolary forgeries

* Hom. 'Iliad,' vi. 168.

connected with the names of Greek authors and teachers, which accordingly serve no better purpose than to indicate the attraction of a later period to this form of literature, and its skill in supplying *what was not by what might have been or ought to have been*. The Pythagorean correspondence, especially that part of it which consists of Theano's letters to divers injured or inexperienced matrons, strikes us as betraying a much higher ideal of social and domestic life and its duties than is in keeping with the age in which it purports to have been written. And the letters attributed to Socrates, Xenophon, Aristippus, Euripides, and Alciphron are, no doubt, like most of the so-called 'Greek letters,' mere rhetorical essays. The specimen, indeed, which we have of Xenophon's letter of condolence to Xantippe, after her husband's death, makes us think lowly of the invention of the forger who did not withal, while he was about it, furnish that strong-minded widow's reply. Neither is it much gain to the history of letter-writing that Bentley and Mr. Grote agree in pronouncing genuine the letters attributed to Plato; for the latter authority is constrained to admit that Plato, if a letter-writer, is not a graceful one, and that, 'tried by our canons about letter-writing, his epistles seem awkward, pedantic, and in bad taste!'

In fact, it is not to Greece, but to Rome—the Rome of Cicero's day—that we look for a model, which has held its own from that day to this, of a perfect epistolary style. After Cicero's age, indeed, came in the didactic style of epistle, with Seneca; and with Pliny the younger a rhetorical, showy, less spontaneous composition, which bears the mark upon its face of being intended for publication. Cicero is the type of a perfect letter-writer, never boring you with moral essays out of season, always evincing his mastery over his art by the most perfect consideration for your patience and amusement. Towards this his skill and tact in depicting scenes and characters to the life is a great help. He has gauged his correspondent's distaste for the abstract. He fills his paper with living forms, and shifts the scene before they are felt to be wearisome. What life, what candour, what presentment of the scene and actors to the mind's eye do we recognise in that letter to Atticus which describes Cæsar's visit to him after his victories in Spain!† The tactics

* Grote's 'History of Greece,' vol. x., p. 604, note.

† Cic. ad Att. xiii. 52. 'Edit et bibit *ἀδελῶς* et jucundè, *οἰπαρὲ* sanè et *ἀρπαρὰ*; nec id solum, sed "bene cocto, condito, sermone bono, et, si quæres, libenter" Quid multa? Homines visi sumus. Hospes tamen non *ἦ* cui diceres, "amabo te, eodem ad me cum revertere." Semel satis est. *Ἐνοῦμαι οὐδὲν* in sermone, *φιλόλογα* multa. Quid quæris? Delectatus est et libenter fuit. Puteolis se aiebat unum diem fore; alterum ad Bais. Habes hospitium, sive *ἐπισταθμίδαν* odiosam; mihi, dixi, non molestam.'

of both are laid bare in a few graphic touches; but how cleverly, how distinctly, how sufficiently! In another letter to Atticus he writes amusingly of the boredom he meets at the hands of his next neighbours at his Formian farm, and sets visibly before our eyes the unseasonable visitors from whom he has half a mind to escape to his cradle, Arpinum.* Each letter bears the stamp of extemporaneousness. It is lost labour to assure his correspondents, 'Fit enim nescio quid ut quasi coram adesse videar cum scribo aliquid ad te.' He does so present himself in the mood of the hour—now sanguine, now desponding—but rarely without a pinch or two of that rare 'salt' which he held a prime condiment of his epistolary banquets. It is in his letters to his epicurean ally, Papirius Pætus, or to the social Volumnius, nicknamed for his convivial qualities Eutrapelus, or to other like-minded correspondents, that he opens most freely the treasure-house of his wit, and exhibits that admixture of vanity and desire to please which approaches coquetry. Witness the engaging egotism with which he twits Volumnius with neglecting his (Cicero's) salt-works.† He hears that people take Sextius's jokes for his, and is disappointed that they have not his own mark upon them. From Pætus he angles for compliments on the tone and variety of his letters,‡ baiting his hook with deft allusions to his friend's old Roman wit and descent. To him also he is full of jokes about 'peacocks for supper' at Volumnius's, in company with the frail and fair Cytheris (about whom, by the way, he is far more reticent than a later gossip, Mr. Pepys, would have been), and about other table matters which indicate that writer and reader set up for 'gourmets.' But his desire to amuse shows itself even in graver epistles. When, in much depression, he is complaining to Curius§ of an arbitrary act of Caesar's, viz. appointing Caninus Rebilus consul for the rest of the day, after Q. Maximus had died in the morning of the last day in the year, he cannot help salting his letter with a jest at the consul 'under whose rule no one ever breakfasted,' and another on the same worthy's vigilance, in that 'he never once slept during his consulship.' He is full of this sort of pleasantry; least so, perhaps, to Atticus, from whom he keeps back not one of the workings of his variable, irresolute, sanguine, but never insincere nature. Though his correspondence as a whole lays him open to the charge of seeking to stand well with both sides,

* Ad Att., ii. 14, 15.

† Ad Fam. vii. 32. Elsewhere he says, 'My wit is an estate which I will sedulously maintain.'

‡ Ad Fam. ix. 21. See also Merivale's 'Abeken's Life and Letters of Cicero,' p. 331.

§ Ad Fam. vii. 30.

and of saying, as in the case of Cato, one thing at one time and another at another about the same individual, we think that not the most Cæsarian of his critics would deny the thorough heartiness of his friendships, or that pervading kindliness of spirit, at the prompting of which his good-nature was apt to outrun his judgment. The warmth of his domestic, and particularly his fatherly, affections is abundantly seen in his correspondence; and his relations with his dependent, Tiro, bespeak sentiments far in advance of his age. On the whole, we should rifle the volumes of antiquity in vain to find a letter-writer who converses on paper so naturally, so engagingly, so much from the heart, as Cicero.

To institute a comparison between Cicero and Seneca would be waste of labour. The end and aim of the latter is to clothe in the form of an epistle every quæstio or quæstiuncula of philosophy as it occurred to him. Does he start his twelfth epistle with a pleasant gossip about the symptoms of decay in his country-house reminding him perforce of his own 'yellow leaf,' one finds after a couple of sentences that it is prelude to a discourse on the improvement of 'each shining hour.' Or another by telling us that all the world beside himself is off to a spectacle; it is with a view to enforcing by his precept, as well as example, the value of retirement and study. He twists moral lessons out of Vatia's villa (Ep. 55) and that of Africanus (86), and makes a sea voyage serve for a peg whereon to hang a picture of the waves of this troublesome world (77). Oftener, however, there is no ghost of an anecdote, joke, or fact to enliven his dreary disquisitions, and no better account of the difference betwixt his letters and Cicero's can be given than his own, namely, that Cicero's principle was to write whether he had anything to say or not, whereas his was never to put pen to paper unless to propound something edifying.* By this we know the man and the nature of his communications, of which we suspect that Lucilius must have tired by the time he had got over the first hundred. 'There are some,' says an early letter-writer of our own country, 'who in lieu of letters write homilies: they preach when they should epistolize.'

Pliny's letters are not like Seneca's, for they possess elegance, life, and various interest. But they cannot pretend to be unstudied, having been revised and polished, if not originally written, for publication. Hence the air of coxcombry which clings to each letter as we read it, and of which the infection has extended to too much modern letter-writing. There is no doubt Pliny set

* Seneca, Ep. 118.

up Cicero for his model: * his mistake was to aim at transferring to the familiar epistle the flow and finish of Ciceronian oratory. How Erasmus could have characterised Pliny's epistolary style as 'negligentiunculus' is past comprehension. He could not call a spade a spade. If he hazards a doubt whether Silius Italicus is a born poet, and whether he does not bore you with his verses, it is couched in words chosen for size and sonorousness, and in sentences balanced by a jealously critical ear.† Where another man writing to his wife at the seaside for her health would tell her in so many words that he was anxious about her and would like to hear often, Pliny prefers his request in the sentence 'Quo impensius rogo ut timori meo quotidie singulis vel etiam binis epistolis consulas,' and words his whole letter so finely that a translator of it in the third volume of the 'Tatler' has evidently thought his skill should be devoted to reducing it to matter-of-fact language. It is the same if he writes from a friend's sick-room (i. 22), or gives an account of the habits of an octogenarian (iii. 1). All is written in the grand style. All is primness and red-tape. His very excellences—narrative and descriptive—are depreciated by prolixity, not without a slight suspicion of selfishness. We do not agree with those who say his letters came from his head, and not his heart, for he is at times wonderfully tender: but beyond a doubt the impression of heartiness runs a risk of being effaced by too manifest elaboration; and for internal evidence of Pliny's desire to please, the reader of his letters must look to the pains he spent on them. After him, however, there arose no Latin writer, whose letters have influenced modern epistolary styles. The letters of the Greek and Latin Fathers—of Basil, Gregory of Nazianzus, and John Chrysostom on the one hand, of Ambrose, Augustin, and Jerome on the other—represent a mass of material, possessing interest for the student of ecclesiastical history, but foreign to that of the rise and progress of familiar letter-writing. Although no strangers to the patristic writings, the early literati of modern Europe seem to have derived little in their style of Latin correspondence from later sources than Pliny: nor have we, in our turn, incurred any debt to these modern Latinists, preferring to go for what we needed to the fountain-head.

In his translation of the letters of Pliny, Melmoth finds fault with the scarcity, up to his time, of good English letter-writers, and professes inability to name another beside Sir William Temple. Dean Swift, too, prefacing that statesman's correspond-

* 'Est mihi cum Cicerone æmulatio, nec sum contentus eloquentiâ seculi nostri.'
—i. 5. Ep. 'Ad Voconium.'

† Ep. iii. 7.

ence, notices 'a just complaint that up to his time the English language had produced no letters of any value.' This defect he proposed to remedy by the publication of the letters of 'an author who has advanced our English tongue to as great a perfection as it can well bear.' Cautious words, written with we know not how much inward reservation! For a man of the world and of affairs, a diplomatist and minister, Sir W. Temple was not only a skilful and cultivated writer, but also, in spite of his credulity touching 'the two oldest classics,' a passable scholar. His correspondence will chiefly interest the historian: yet it has its merits, positive and negative. It is chary of those compliments, which so many letter-writers scatter broadcast, but enhances the acceptancy of such as are paid, by this very chariness. There are jets of humour, too, in most of his letters, and he has a happy way of putting the man he writes of before his correspondent in a few touches. Writing to Lord Arlington of a Dutchman, bound to him on a mission from the Hague, he says, 'Your Lordship will find nothing to lessen your esteem of his person, unless it be that he is not always so willing to hear as to be heard, and out of the abundance of his imagination he is apt to reason a man to death.' If we add that, as might be expected of one so versed in negotiations of the first magnitude, he is a clear exponent of views and events; that, though no flatterer, he never neglects the expression of lively interest in his correspondents; and that in his letters, as in his other writings, he exhibits abundant tokens of a good conceit of himself; and we have the clue to the favour with which his contemporaries viewed Sir William Temple's letters. But 'vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.' Not to go back with Mr. Charles Knight, in the amusing 'Half-hours with the Best Letter-writers,' which have in part suggested the present essay, to such rough-hewn epistles as the 'Paston Letters'* of the fifteenth century, or to dwell on such pompous inanities as those of Sir Symonds d'Ewes in the troubled times of Charles I., letters that might stand the test of stringent epistolary criticism might be found in the correspondence of the Sydneys under Elizabeth. Lord Bacon's mother wrote a quaint, strong-minded epistle; her distinguished son, one that was full of matter, if a trifle addicted to conceits and antitheses. A letter of Sir John Harington to Prince Henry, elder son of James I., gives the impression of a lively and fluent pen and fancy. But, all things considered, we are inclined to regard the author of the

* The first of these, in Mr. Knight's collection (series ii. p. 4), bears date 1476-7: and the main interest in those which he quotes lies in the directness with which the writer pursues the object of writing, viz., to enhance his fortunes by a matrimonial speculation.

'*Epistolæ Ho-ellianæ*' as the most successful letter-writer of the Stuart period—superior, at all events, to his junior, Sir William Temple.

The published letters of the latter begin with the year 1665, and in 1666 James Howell closed, at the age of seventy-one, a very remarkable career. The son of a Welsh clergyman on the borders of Brecknockshire and Caermarthenshire, and born in a district even now shut out by difficulties of access from the civilisation of more favoured regions, he was sent for his early education to Hereford Cathedral School, and thence, perhaps with an exhibition, to Oxford. But these antecedents scarcely prepare us for such knowledge of men and cities, such linguistic skill, such wit, wisdom, mature observation, and singular ease of style, as his letters, and indeed many of his other works, exhibit. His continental travels had a commercial object; but his letters from abroad are full of lively and intelligent remarks on politics, society, and literature. His highest post was the (we fear unlucrative) office of Historiographer Royal to Charles II. after the Restoration; but his correspondence with many of the highest rank in Church and State proves him to have moved in a higher grade than he could have dreamed of 'when he carried a calf-skin satchel to school at Hereford, or wore a lamb-skin hood at Oxford.' And this position must have been retained, if not won, by his epistolary skill, the memorials of which still find admiring readers, although his other works are well-nigh forgotten. It was a great thing for him that he rightly conceived of a letter-writer's task:—

'It was a quaint difference,' he writes, in 1625, 'the ancients did put betwixt a letter and an oration, that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man: the latter of the two is allowed large side-ropes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourish, but a letter or epistle should be short-coated and closely couched: a hungerlin * becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown: indeed we should write as we speak, and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes, in succinct and short terms.'

And his practice illustrates his theory. When he writes from Madrid of 'our Prince's' wooing of the Spanish Infanta, or from France of 'His Majesty's' wedding Henrietta Maria; if he has to narrate the manner of Buckingham's murder, or Lord Chancellor Bacon's end; if he pictures to a correspondent the dangers of Paris after dark, or retails two practical jokes played

* 'A kind of furred robe.'—*Wright and Halliwell's Dict.*

in the refine of the Duke of Alva; those who glance at these specimens of his style in Mr. Knight's pages will find him never tedious nor forced; ever watchful against detours and divergences; bent to set his matter before the reader with life and spirit. There is an affectionate and hearty tone in his more domestic letters: and his general correspondence is remarkably free from the priggiem and the conceits of his age. One forgives, for example, the classical allusions, because they are not made too much of, in the following description of a newly-married couple, which gives a fair sample of his amusing vein:—

"I was according to your desire to visit the new married couple more than once, and to tell you true I never saw such disparity between two that were made one flesh in all my life: he handsome outwardly, but of odd conditions; she excellently qualified, but hard-favoured: so that the one may be compared to a cloth of tissue-douillet, cut upon coarse curves, the other to a buckram petticoat lined with satin. I think Clotho had her fingers smutted in smuffing the candle, when she began to spin the thread of her life, and Lachesis frowned in twisting it up; but Atropos with the rest of the Graces was in good humour when they turned her inner parts. A blind man is fittest to hear her sing: one would take delight to see her dance if masked; and it would please you to discourse with her after dark, for then she is best company, if your imagination can forbear to run upon her face. When you marry, I wish you such an inside of a wife, but from such an outward phisnomy the Lord deliver you and your faithful friend to serve you."

Howell is an adept, too, at seasoning his letters with an anecdote or a "mot," as may be seen in the following extract, which has escaped the notice of compilers:—

"The King of France being lately at Calais and so in sight of England, he sent this Ambassador Monsieur Cadenet expressly to visit our King: he had audience two days since, where he, with his train of ruffling long-hair'd Messieurs, carried himself in such a light gait, that after the audience, the King asked my Lord Keeper Bacon what he thought of the French Ambassador. He answer'd, that he was a *well* proper man. Ay, his Majesty replied, but what think you of his head-gear? Is he a proper man for the office of an Ambassador? Sir, said Bacon, Tall men are like high houses of foure or five stories, wherein commonly the uppermost room is worst furnished.†

But he is happy enough when he has no such anecdote, and can generally make his point '*e re nata*.' Writing to one Mr. Sumner, he calls him, 'My precious Stone;' and addressing an old friend in the county where he passed his school days, he assumes that the grass grows so fast in his fields, 'that if one should put

* Lett. 32, 'Elegant Epistles,' p. 208.

† 'Familiar Letters,' sect. ii., p. 113.

his horse there, he should not find him again next morning.' In short, James Howell fulfils all requirements of a pleasant letter-writer, and was less than most epistolists of his age dependent on his matter for the charm of his correspondence.

About the same period the Rev. George Garrard edged himself into a correspondence with the Deputy of Ireland, afterwards the ill-fated Strafford; and in Charles Knight's second series are one or two letters of this epistolary jackal; one in particular narrating the origin of hackney coach-stands; but as what inspired his pen was the 'magister artis ingenique largitor venter,' he is scarcely entitled to posthumous renown for his not inconsiderable skill at his craft. Closer to Sir William Temple's age came a livelier gossip, Samuel Pepys, the dearest 'chronicler of small beer' on record: but as none are unacquainted with his visions of fine women, his confessions how he killed time in St. Dunstan's Church, and his easy credence of his friend's protestations that he was another Cicero, and as besides he was more correctly a diarist, we pass on to more bonâ fide letter-writers. One such, to whom Mr. Knight's 'Half-hours' introduce us, is a midshipman, son of Sir Thomas Brown, the author of the 'Religio Medici,' a capital specimen of an early 'muscular Christian.' Writing to his father from on board ship in the war between England and the Dutch, and actually in the 'Annus Mirabilis,' this lad can talk critically about Lucan's 'Pharsalia,' foresee the issue of counsels that led to the Dutch fleet in the Nore, and extemporise a very naïve reply to his sire's advice how to stand the noise of great guns in action. To sailors 'intent on their business, muskets sound like popguns.' 'He that often stands in the face of a cannon will not think anything terrible. In and after all sea-fights I have been very thirsty, which makes me always provide some bottles of quick and middle beer to carry with me, whereby, having found so great relief in the hot fight of last month, I have got six bottles from a gentleman on the Essex shore, which I reserve for that use.' Cotton wool in the ears during action was not so important, it seems, as herewithal to 'wet one's clay' after it. Another letter-writer, Lady Rachel Russell, was nerved for her immemorial part, and for her correspondence with her husband during his imprisonment, and after his death with others, by a kindred spirit, differently tried. The key-note of her letters is 'fortitude': and no reader can peruse them without being impressed by their spontaneousness, sincerity, and high resolve. But the story told of her—that having to leave one daughter's house who had just died in child-birth, for another's whose confinement was imminent, she had command of countenance enough to approach her surviving

surviving daughter with the words, 'I have seen your sister out of bed to-day'—is more quotable than her letters, at least those after her great bereavement, when she has none to whom she can send such home news as 'Boy is asleep! girls singing a-bed.'*

But a little earlier than Lady Rachel, another ornament of her sex was writing letters on the other side the Channel, destined thenceforth to assert at least the equality, if not the superiority, of woman in this class of compositions. Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné, in her famous letters to her daughter, has taught her sex the way to unite spontaneousness, attractiveness, and thorough heart, in a sustained correspondence; and her pages are so replete with anecdote, wit, and penetration, that they will bear any amount of re-perusal. Her daughter's marriage with the Count de Grignan, and consequent removal to his distant government of Provence, gave birth to this delightful series of letters: the sole approach to a fault in which is the mother's extravagant praise of her daughter's wit, goodness, and beauty,—a fault which may count for a virtue if we regard it as a pious fraud to retain the affections of her absent daughter. In a recent volume of poems Miss Smedley says—

'The periodic task
Of written talk is hard to many hearts.
Few only warm it with such living breath
That it becomes a voice.'

And among these few it may be doubted whether any have been, or deserved to be, more successful than Madame de Sévigné. The great secret of this is the unstudiedness of her letters, a feature which it needed not her own brilliant criticism on this point to bring into prominence. The ink ought to have been perfect that could keep pace with the easy flow of her sentences. At Paris, and in retirement; fresh from court gossip, or at her remote country seat, full of nought except the readings-aloud with which she and her intimates beguiled a rainy day, she equally poured out her heart in the most delightful budgets that ever enhanced the expectation of a post-bag. Their pervading impression is tenderness.

'O my dear child,' she writes, 'you are not mistaken in thinking my mind is always employed about you: if you were to see me you would see me continually seeking those who love to talk of you: if you were to hear me, it would be continually talking of you myself. I have not yet seen any of those who want to divert me, in other words, to hinder my thinking of you: for I am angry with them for it. Farewell, my child; continue to write to me and to love me!'

* Letter to Lord Russell from Stratton, 1681.

This is her most direct method of siege. She varies it by *ruses* and stratagems, in the shape of lively anecdotes, happy *mots*,^{*} and most playful allusions to her daughter's remarks; and all this with no appearance of art, in a natural sequence, the charm of which is unspeakable. For skill in the mock heroic vein commend us to her description of the chef-de-cuisine Vatel's end; or of a fire in the same street.^{*} Her account of Turenne's death, and the arrival of James II. in France, are dramatic sketches of a higher stamp, and in depicting character, she speaks to the eye that she may affect the mind, with a distinctness that Cicero might have envied. Among her *Ana*, which, after the fashion of last century, were gathered into a pleasant duodecimo, is a story of a lady from the country who was so much struck by the jewels, music, incense, and array of bishops at the induction of the Abbess of Chelles that she could not resist exclaiming 'Sure I am in Paradise.' 'A person, who sat near her, rejoined, No, no, Madame, there are not so many bishops there.'† Madame de Sévigné apologizes for telling this story, which, she writes, 'is so hot that she cannot keep it.' In one of her earlier letters occurs this pretty sample of affectionate raillery, which might serve as an argument against hating too vehemently, however great the provocation:—

'What you write about La Marans, and the punishments that will be inflicted on her in Hell, is altogether incomparable: but do you know that you will certainly bear her company thither, if you persist in your hatred to her. Only think of being condemned to her company for all eternity, and that surely will suffice of itself to put you upon making your peace with God by forgiving her. I am glad I thought of putting you in mind of this: it is certainly an inspiration from Heaven.'‡

Madame de Sévigné has exercised an undeniable influence on epistolary literature. Many of our aspirants to the praise, which she won without effort, have directly or indirectly borne testimony to this. Not only have they imitated her unstudied style, but her name is on their lips, when they would personify perfect letter-writing. Thus Gibbon, in his correspondence, recommends Mrs. Porten to

'read the letters of Madame de Sévigné to her daughter. I don't doubt of their being translated into English. They are properly what I called at the beginning of my letter, letters of the heart: the natural expressions of a mother's fondness, regret at their being at a great distance from one another, and continual schemes to get together again. All that—won't it please you? There is scarcely anything

* Letters 52 and 22, English translation. † Letter 562, English translation.

‡ Vol. i. p. 126, English translation.

else in six whole volumes, and notwithstanding that, few people read them without finding them too short.*

Horace Walpole, too, than whom, to judge from the business and pleasure of his life, there could hardly have been a more competent critic, cannot speak too warmly of her charm. 'She has the art,' he writes, 'of making you acquainted with all her acquaintance, and attaches you even to the spots she inhabited.' Elsewhere he professes astonishment at a correspondent preferring Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters to those of Madame de Sévigné. This same Lady Mary—with all her faults second to few English letter-writers—must have felt her French rival's supremacy, when she wrote 'Keep my letters: they will be as good as Madame de Sévigné's forty years hence.' Her studious disparagement of the charming Frenchwoman, in her correspondence, betrays a sense of inferiority: and the cause of this inferiority is expressed to a nicety by Mr. Charles Knight when he says, 'The Frenchwoman writes out of the abundance of the heart, the Englishwoman out of the clearness of the head.'† Whatever Lady Mary wrote, bore the stamp of a strong head, a cultivated intellect, and a lively, not bitter, wit. She was on good terms enough with herself to be good-natured, and was perhaps too masculine to let good-nature compromise self-respect. Her letters, we can well believe, were extemporaneous, although they have about them an air of consciousness of epistolary skill. Her unromantic tone tells against her sometimes, though it must have stood her in stead as to keeping at arms' length 'the wicked wasp of Twickenham.' In the correspondence, which at first flattered her vanity, betwixt her and Pope, the man is the weaker vessel, and her adroit answers to his over-fervid professions merit the praise of prudence, even if she owes it to a lack of heart. In unaffected style, though not in his sardonic vein, she rather resembles Pope's correspondent, Dean Swift, than those earlier correspondents of his, to whose compliments and trivialities she gives the 'coup de grace.' It is a pity that her very amusing letters abound in coarse and indelicate allusions and anecdotes, so much so that what Pinkerton makes Horace Walpole say of her, as if from childish reminiscence—'She was always a dirty little thing'—would be very true, if it were not an anachronism. But Horace Walpole had a family prejudice against her: and in all her correspondence it would

* 'Half-Hours,' 2nd series, p. 200.

† 'Half-Hours,' 1st series, p. 411. Mr. Knight's estimate is probably based on a sentence of Lady Louisa Stewart's in 1837:—'The head was the governing power with the one, the heart with the other.' See Bohn's 'Letters of Lady M. W. Montagu,' vol. i, p. 109.

be hard to find as much spite as he has concentrated into a single letter from Florence to Mr. Conway, which describes in the coarsest terms her 'dress, avarice, and impudence.*' Indeed she is as superior in abstinence from scandal to this detractor, as she is, in being natural, to her other assailant, Pope. Pope's 'haunted chamber' at Stanton Harcourt is notoriously a commonplace which did duty in other letters of other localities. And when he tried higher epistolary flights, as in a letter to Steele,† they have what Warton calls 'an air of declamation unsuited to a familiar epistle,' and belong to the class of what a friend of Mr. Knight's has happily christened 'composition letters.' Now whatever Lady Mary wrote was the fruit of too teeming a stock to need preserving for a second repast, and too good in itself to need garnishing. One cannot justify the low moral tone, which is strikingly evinced in a letter from her to her daughter, Lady Bute, counselling her to encourage the Princess of Wales's partiality for Lord Bute, as it may be of service to their large family. But domestic happiness was no part of her life-programme, or of that easy creed which she professes in a letter to her sister, 'I suppose we shall all come right in Heaven; as in a country-dance the hands are strangely given and taken while they are in motion; but at last all meet their partners when the jig is done' (August, 1721).

Lady Mary's letters from abroad are models of lively description: she is clever and amusing in her gossip; and when she writes earnestly, as to her husband to stimulate his ambition, she is able to throw maxims of common sense and worldly wisdom into plain, forceful, words. Theirs might have been a happier union had her wish, expressed to her husband early in their married life, been realized: 'I wish Mr. Steele would learn you to write to your wife!'

To that kindly wit and ready letter-writer she did full justice; and no man deserved kindly criticism more than Sir Richard Steele. He little dreamed of being judged by his letters, which, but for his 'Prue's' disregard of his solemn charge, would never have recorded his one weakness—impecuniosity, and his many virtues—generosity, tenderness, chivalrous devotion to woman. Such as they are, his scraps to his wife are as full of drollery as of affection, and the sternest moralist would hesitate even to say so much in his disfavour as that 'he was no man's enemy but his own.' But Steele's character has been vindicated in an earlier volume of the 'Quarterly Review,'‡ and his letters need mention

* Cunningham's edition of 'H. Walpole's Letters,' i. p. 57.

† 'Half-Hours,' series i., p. 317.

‡ 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xcvi., March, 1855.

only for contrast with his contemporaries. It may have been through the refined devotion to woman which breathes in his papers in the 'Tatler,' that the more cultivated of the sex took heart of grace to occupy a field, which they can so easily appropriate as that of epistolary composition. Sir Richard Steele died in 1729. Before that date Mary Granville had become Mrs. Pendarves, better known to us as the Mrs. Delaney, whose correspondence, extending over more than half a century, has been edited by Lady Llanover. This agreeable writer—one of the bevy of fair dames whose storming of the House of Lords in 1738 forms the subject of one of Lady M. W. Montagu's liveliest letters—lived to see Fanny Burney and Hannah More asserting equal claim with herself to the pen of ready writers. Horace Walpole—a link between two generations—had hated Lady Mary, visited Mrs. Delaney, patronised Fanny Burney, and done friendly criticism for Hannah More, before in old age he devoted himself to a later female letter-writer, Miss Berry. These names represent only the front-rank of female 'epistolists;' but, after eliminating Walpole, Swift, Gray, and Cowper, how few are the male writers of familiar letters who outmatch them! In this quartet of letter-writers, qualities of heart ought to place Gray above Walpole, and Cowper, though in another generation, before Swift.* This last may have had more heart than Pope, of whom he had much the best of it as a letter-writer, 'from the very constitution of his mind, plain, sinewy, nervous, and courting only the strength that allies itself with homeliness.'† But though his letters to Stella negative the charge of utter heartlessness, and those to Pope advance a colourable pretence of capacity for friendship, we cannot discover that the world would have lost much had his correspondence, so much coveted by the Delaneys and Lady Betty Germaines, been cancelled with as much diligence as Stella's answers to her Dean's letters.

Hunger for preferment and ill-disguised scepticism are not the best inspiration for letters that are to go down to posterity. There is little interest in Swift's letters to Mrs. Pendarves; or, indeed, in hers to him, though her correspondence, as a whole, has its interest mainly from her living to a great age, and having begun early to commit her thoughts to paper. Her diaries and letters are a curious index to the 'fuga temporum' and the ebb and flow of fashions. Few who remain can recollect even the going out of the fancy, which Mary Granville's letters recalls, for dubbing men—who owned good English names—Gromio and Tranio,

* For a calculating, worldly letter of Swift, see that to Miss Jane Waryng. 'Elegant Epistles,' p. 433.

† 'De Quincey's Works,' vol. xv. p. 109-11.

Alcander, Roberto and Vilario. But such was the style in which this fair lady wrote of her male friends to the confidante of her secrets—a style singularly out of place at times, as in the passage where Mrs. Pendarves describes to Lady Margaret Harley the death of her first husband: ‘I stepped softly for fear of awaking *Gromio*, and as I put by the curtain to get up, how terrified was I, when looking at him, I saw him quite black in the face.’* This same *penchant* for romantic names prevented Widow Pendarves till much later from seeing aught that could be misconstrued in being known to her intimates as ‘*Aspasia*.’ Let us hope it was Swift’s unadorned style, and her second husband, Dr. Delaney’s, less high-flown style, which led her to discard romantic soubriquets, and to be content with calling her husband ‘D.D.,’ and Mrs. Dewes, her sister, ‘Pearly Dew.’ Her change from gay to grave in the lapse of years is also noteworthy. Widow Pendarves is gaiety itself, and a chronicler of gaiety as omniscient as Horace Walpole, but without his adder’s poison. Shift the scene a few years, and we find Mrs. Delaney deputed to write Lord Titchfield a letter of good advice upon entering Oxford.† This letter is quite a lay-sermon; but for the most part her letters are fairly lively, and, though always a little highflown, exhibit a versatility hardly compatible with previous study. There is in them sometimes a quizzical vein that strikes us as very feminine.

In her last years at Windsor Mrs. Delaney was thrown much in the society of one who was more than her match in letter-writing and her junior by half a century, Fanny Burney, the author of ‘*Evelina*,’ and, as Horace Walpole said, ‘a novelist royally gagged and promoted to fold muslins.’‡ There is singular life in her letters to Mr. Crisp, and in her glimpses of circles where she met Burke, Johnson, and Sir Joshua, more interesting topics in our day than the scandalous chronicles of her predecessors. Miss Burney is egotistical. She tells how Sir Joshua Reynolds said of her, ‘The women begin to make a figure in everything, though I remember when I first came into the world it was thought a poor compliment to say any one did anything like a lady.’§ But her egotism is always amusing; and had her letters been more real and matter-of-fact, they might have been less attractive. Horace Walpole has always a good word for her, as may be seen more than once in his correspondence with Hannah More, a letter-writer who has two epistolary epochs, marked by her life in the world and her life out of it. With a clear head, sound

* ‘*Half-Hours*,’ 1st series, p. 141.

† ‘*Mrs. Delaney’s Correspondence*,’ vol. ii., p. 340-2.

‡ ‘*Horace Walpole’s Letters*,’ vol. ix., 134. § ‘*Half-Hours*,’ series i., p. 184.

sense,

sense, and great taste for literary pursuits, she combined an energy of purpose in benevolent undertakings which brought her into connection with the philanthropists, who in her day were all of one side in theology. At one period of her life she took pleasure in the gay world; but the time came when she found she could not mix in it, even as a duty. Yet nothing in her letters leads to the supposition that society exerted any distracting power over her in her gayest days, or that she was less good and useful then, than after she had detected that there was wormwood in Mrs. Montagu's Sunday tea, and had heard a voice at the Opera-House, which said, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?'* Strangely enough she drew a distinction between the Opera and the Theatre, and was a long time in weaning herself from the latter, for which she wrote dramas, of course secular. One of her most natural letters is on the death of Garrick, with whom and his devoted widow she lived on terms of the greatest intimacy. When, in later years, she had shut herself up in Cowslip Cottage, she could write letters to Horace Walpole (perhaps because she knew him to be a quiz) in a vein untinctured by narrowness or pharisaism. Indeed in her least worldly letters there is always something to justify the value set upon her correspondence and society by so many eminent contemporaries; though it is hard to sympathise with her letters to Wilberforce and Daniel Wilson on education and light literature, or to help preferring her worldliness to her unworldliness when we find her objecting to Scott's poetry, because it does not contain 'practical precepts' or convey 'sound instruction,' and praising Prior's 'Solomon' for possessing these requisites. One might have thought that in her calm retreat she could have filched an hour or two from the task of 'raising dejected pinks and reforming disorderly honeysuckles,' or from the composition of 'Cælebs in search of a wife,' to make acquaintance (which she did not) with one or two of Scott's novels.

Miss Berry's intimacy with Horace Walpole began in his later years, and as she was one of the latest, so was she also the most refined of his correspondents. Her letters bear out Lady Theresa Lewis's† estimate, in the 'Introduction to her Journal and Correspondence,'‡ that 'her judgment always dealt far more severely

* 'Half-Hours,' series ii., p. 302.

† It is impossible to write Lady Theresa's name, without being reminded of the statesman, scholar, and philosopher, whose name she bore. Sir George Lewis's Letters have been very recently edited by his brother and successor, and will possess an interest for his many friends and admirers. He would not, however, have coveted the praise of a fluent and facile letter-writer so much as that of a critical and dispassionate thinker; albeit his published letters display his character in its more playful and homely aspects, and are calculated to enhance the public appreciation of the gentle and loveable nature of the man.

‡ 'Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry,' Introd. p. xv.

with

with every failing in herself than in others,' and that 'endowed with the strong good sense and power of thought more often attributed to man, she possessed a most feminine susceptibility of feeling.' Perhaps these characteristics shine out more brightly by force of contrast, and yet Horace Walpole is scarcely Horace Walpole under her influences. The priggish, selfish egotist seems improved into a man of feeling by his elderly passion for a lady of twenty-five, and few women of her age and time would have used their triumph over his old heart less selfishly or ostentatiously, or have drawn less attention to a sentiment of tenderness, which, if mis-timed, was still complimentary. One of the most curious passages in this correspondence is where the 'lord of Strawberry' infers from expressions in a letter of Miss Berry that she would have liked for herself or her sister some place in the Princess's household then in course of formation (A.D. 1794). She had written, 'Much as attendance on princes and places at Court are laughed at and abused (by those who cannot obtain them), so desirable do I think any sort or shadow of occupation for women, that I should think any situation that did not require constant attendance a very agreeable thing.' With nine-tenths of the world this would have been a hint. For such Lord Orford took it; and one really discerns in his letters of the 2nd and 7th of October proofs of a readiness to put himself to trouble and incur obligations, if he could thereby gratify Miss Berry's wish. Her answer exacted no such sacrifice. At the close of a letter explaining that her expressions were general, she gratefully and gracefully acknowledges the zeal of her aged knight-errant: 'I wish I had said or could say enough to satisfy my own heart with respect to you—to your offering that interest which I know you not only never prostituted to power, but never condescended to employ even for those who had every claim upon you, except those of the heart. While I retain *these*, be assured your *interest* will be a sinecure with respect to my further demands upon it.*' It is but justice to the vain man of *ton*, who has suffered so much at the hands of critics, as well as to the gentle letter-writer who was one of the very few that could see good in him, to believe that in the professions of these letters both were sincere. Mostly his tone to her is absurdly sentimental, her's to him being uniformly natural. Indeed she has high deserts as a letter-writer. Writing from abroad she is scarcely less lively and interesting than Lady M. W. Montagu, while in far better taste; at home she is more solid than Mrs. Delaney or Miss Burney, and of wider sympathies and toleration than Hannah More. Perhaps she had less humour than common sense; any-

* 'Miss Berry's Journals, &c.,' vol. i., 451.

how her ancient admirer failed to leaven her with the bane of his own letters, scandal meant to represent humour.

Of Walpole's vast correspondence enough has been said collaterally; it is not desirable to endorse at length the almost uniform verdict on it. But its bulk should teach literary executors the duty of decimation. Like the Sibyl's books, Walpole's letters would be worth more if two-thirds of them had been destroyed. Lord Macaulay concedes their *apparent* unstudiedness, but doubts whether 'this appearance of ease is not the result of labour.' Cunningham affirms from ocular demonstration that brief memoranda were made for many of the letters. But though Walpole may have premeditated his matter, their manner may have been strictly extemporaneous. One who lived to write letters, and died when he could write them no longer, can hardly have needed to study their composition; and he himself declared his style to have resulted from the letters of Gray and Madame de Sévigné. An ingenious confession! Faultless models! It were to be wished he had copied these at all times; for Gray's is the chastest of styles, and Madame de Sévigné the most natural of epistolists. Horace Walpole is at times uneven and cumbrous, and never unaffected. In every essential of a letter-writer his schoolmate must rank before him. He has more ease, more manliness, and a more naturally playful style; and though he can gossip charmingly, he is no scandal-monger. Most happy when, writing of places, or poetry, or subjects more abstract than people and their peccadillos, he declines to 'turn public bagman trained in Walpole's stall,'* he realises our idea of an accomplished scholar unbending with alacrity from the austerities of composition, to entertain his correspondent and secure relaxation for himself. Weigh his letters against Walpole's in a true balance, and can we doubt which will be uppermost? How superior is he in descriptive power, of which an instance may be cited in a letter to Nicholls, after a tour in Hampshire;† how much heartier in his pleasantry, as, when he prepares the same friend and his better half for the difficulties of a college lodging! And if he writes 'like a book,' all neatness, rhythm, and order, this habit has been contracted in severer studies, and attends him unbidden in his letters. In comparison with Horace Walpole's, these are anything but numerous; and Dr. Warton's motto from Lucretius‡ for Gray's poetry might, with a slight alteration, equally fit his epistolary remains:—

'Suavidicis potius quam multis versibus edam,
Parvus ut est cynci melior canor.'

* Mathias, 'Pursuits of Literature,' Dialogue 2.

† Correspondence with Nicholls, Mitford's edition of Gray's works, vol. p. 58.

‡ Lucret. iv. 181.

Yet, though Mr. Charles Knight accounts Gray 'the best letter-writer in the language,' it is a question whether—considering his materials, his remoteness from busy life and society, and his consequent paucity of external topics—his fellow-craftsman Cowper may not dispute the palm. The life-cloud of mental depression which so painfully affects his autobiography, clears off, for the most part, when he indites his letters. The characteristics of these are a mixture of grace, vivacity, tenderness, and good sense. His easy style is set off by a playful wit. And what he writes is so manifestly unstudied, that with an intelligent correspondent there could be no need of his assurance; 'Now upon the faith of a poor creature I have said all that I have said without the least intention to say one word of it when I began; but it is thus with my thoughts: when you shake a crab-tree, the fruit falls: good for nothing indeed when you have got it, but still the best that is to be expected of a crab-tree.* His epithet 'disgusting' was perhaps overstrong to apply to Pope, as a letter-writer, because he valued no sentence that was not well-turned, and no period that was not pointed with a conceit; but it indicates the antipathy of his own taste to fine letter-writing, and is in perfect keeping with his own contrary practice. As to his depreciation of his crab-tree fruit, happy those, say we, who were privileged to shake the tree. For with fine feeling and good sense there was a flavour of natural wit. At one time, apropos of winding thread for Lady Austin and Mrs. Unwin, he writes—'thus did Hercules, and thus probably did Samson, and thus do I;' and adds, that he can match those heroes in this, though not in killing lions. At another time a stout obese draughtsman of lace-patterns at Olney supplies him with a quaint fancy; a man whom he supposes 'to make his belly his only friend, because it is his only companion, and it is the labour of his life to fill it.' Now he delights in some odd reminiscence, as, for instance, how he used to drive a female cousin in a 'whiskum-snivel;'† now in a horticultural figure (after the gardener's fashion in the 'Waterman,') where he addresses another cousin, 'My dearest Rose, whom I thought withered and fallen from the stock, but whom I still find alive.' Very few letter-writers have such fascination as Cowper, a fascination quite apart from his reputation as a poet, and due entirely to his peculiar epistolary style. The excuse of a slack correspondent—who complains that he has nothing to write about—would fail him for very shame-facedness, if he applied himself

* 'Half-Hours,' series ii., p. 89.

† Lady Hesketh's nickname for a gig. See Introduction to Cowper's poems in Bell's 'British Poets.'

to the letters of Cowper, and learnt from them how much may be made out of how little!

In the recently published '*Life of Miss Mitford*,' related in her letters to her friends, perhaps the most delightful substitute for an autobiography in the shape of the correspondence of a lifetime that the present generation has welcomed, it is interesting to find a letter of early date (1811) to Sir William Elford, in which the yet young authoress of '*Our Village*' awards the palm of epistolary distinction to Cowper; whilst assessing justly the rival attractions of Walpole. '*Cowper's letters*,' she writes, 'have, to me, at least, all the properties of grace; a charm now here, now there; a witchery rather felt in its effect than perceived in its cause. The attraction of Horace Walpole's letters is very different, though almost equally strong. The charm which lurks in them is one for which we have no term; and our Gallic neighbours seem to have engrossed both the word and the quality. "*Elles sont piquantes*" to the highest degree. If you read but a sentence, you feel yourself spell-bound till you have read the volume.' (Vol. i. p. 153.) We can scarcely err in attributing to the charming critic of these diverse styles a singularly happy blending of both in her own correspondence. Miss Mitford has all the playful wit and frank spontaneity of the recluse of Olney, whilst her interest in the sayings and doings of the political and literary world, her keen appreciation of current gossip and table-talk, and her disposition and temperament the very reverse of morbid, have all contributed to impart to her letters a pleasant flavour of the epistles of the lord of Strawberry at his best and kindest moments. Amongst her voluminous readings we have her word for it that these two epistolists occupied honoured place, whilst she was repelled by the stiffness and affectation of Pope, and objected even to the studied smoothness of Hayley. Whatever her models, Miss Mitford's place among English letter-writers is one which, through the editorial work of Mr. L'Estrange and Mr. Harness, has mounted to an ascertained eminence; whilst her '*Life*,' recently noticed in these pages, is a rare treat to the lovers of biography. The effusiveness which characterises her earlier correspondence becomes gradually subdued, as she passes the meridian of life, but her warmth and simplicity, geniality, and lively interest in her friends and in the world around her, continuing undiminished to the last, give an impression of 'heart' to letters dictated by an exceptionally clever and observant head.

There are other and more recent letter-writers, whom it must suffice to name: the full, clear, kindly Southey; the genial Sir Walter Scott, whose letter to Southey on his obtaining the Laureateship

reateship is a model of hearty congratulation; the grotesquely humorous Charles Lamb; the droll wit of Sydney Smith; and the pen of Hood, dipped alike 'in the springs of laughter and the sources of tears.' And the list might be supplemented by the names of other letter-writers, long or lately passed away, whose correspondence was above price to its direct recipients, and would find its value justly estimated by posterity.* It is extremely undesirable that discouragements should be multiplied to the cultivation of letter-writing in an age, when it requires self-discipline to write letters at all; and, therefore, we desire to touch but lightly the blot most conspicuous in most published collections. There may be conscious letter-writers, who would fain be 'put in a book' when the hand that held the pen can no more do its office. Yet not even these would look complacently on the prospect of surviving in three or thrice-three octavo volumes of correspondence, which, by reason of press and 'damnable iteration' of matter, could never possibly be read. A remedy for this would be found in less editorial scruple as to weeding what is either superfluous or purely 'compositional.' Modest, sensible writers would have more inducement to write with that freedom and lack of constraint without which a letter is worthless, if there were less reason to fear that all they wrote about 'everything and nothing' would find its way into print. And, as to the other class, there would be less encouragement for that dissembled labour in composition, which is referable to the hope of eventual publication, and which Colton† in his 'Lacon' likens to the 'dishabille in which a beauty would have you believe you have surprised her, after spending three hours at the toilette.' Our very best letter-writers have written on the spur of the moment, with no ulterior aim; and art in letter-writing has no chance against nature.

But to leave the question of future publication, a question not of the essence of letter-writing—is not the art or gift 'per se' deserving to be cherished? If it can abridge distance, beguile loneliness, enliven old age, add zest to the friendships

* Such a supplement, slight but amusing, will be found in Mr. Seton's 'Gossip about Letters and Letter-Writing,' published this year (1870), a little volume which deals, in gossiping fashion, with the manner as well as the matter of letter-writing. As to matter we imagine that the author would not lay claim to more than an acute filling in of the outlines furnished by Charles Knight, though he gives one peculiarly thankworthy addition to the list of first-class female letter-writers, in the person of Lady Duff-Gordon. Not one word of what he says of the unaffected style, catholicity of spirit, and largeness of heart, of the daughter of Mrs. Austin, is superfluous. Mr. Seton's gossip about preloquiums and postscripts, laconic letters and love-letters, autographs and handwritings, legible and illegible, will help to beguile a stray half-hour very passably.

† Colton, 'Lacon,' vol. i., cxxv.

of middle life, and communicate home-influences to the boy or the girl at school, its office and mission is worthy of maintenance. We leave out of consideration 'the banished lover and the captive maid,' for whose sake Pope's *Eloisa* supposed heaven to have 'first taught letters;' although the remotest prospect of either contingency should stimulate young ladies to the attainment, in which their grandames shone pre-eminent. There is for them one sovereign specific 'for wafting a sigh from Indus to the Pole,' in a way more time-honoured than the Electric Telegraph: to sit down pen in hand, and let a clear head dictate the promptings of a free heart. Reading and cultivation will, no doubt, tell upon style and matter; and facility of expression may be enhanced by practice in composition; but as there is a nearer prospect of higher education for women, and as 'English' is every day less ignored in boys' schools, we may expect to find these conditions of success become equally attainable. In one point, leisure, the ladies have an advantage, which if they imitate *Hannah More's* abnegation, they will decline to exchange for woman's rights or the franchise. They will prefer to emulate the *Sévigné's* and the *Berrys* and to bind the busier lords of creation with fetters they will have no inclination to shake off. This power involves no store of tropes and metaphors, nothing but their native tact, and the neatness which is an article of their creed. 'I think it as improper and indecorous,' writes *Savage Landor's* *Pericles* to *Aspasia*, 'to write a *stupid* or a *silly* note to you, as one in a *bad hand*, or on coarse paper. Familiarity ought to have a worse name, if it relaxes in its attentiveness to please.* Where the precautions necessary are so few and simple, there need never be a failure of pleasant and successful letter-writers.

ART. IX.—1. *Report on Military Organisation.* (Ordered to be printed 9th July, 1860.)

2. *Report on the Administration of the Transport and Supply Departments of the Army.* (Presented by Command, 1867.)

3. *Reports (3) on Arrangements in force for the Conduct of Business in the Army Departments.* (Presented by Command, 1870.)

4. *The Military Forces of the Crown, their Administration and Government.* By Charles M. Clode. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1869.

THE Constitutional history of the English Army cannot be said to begin earlier than the reign of William III. Prior to that era the law recognised no such distinctions as it now draws

* 'Pericles and Aspasia;' Letter cxlii.

between the civilian and the soldier. As it had been in the Saxon times, as it was under the Normans and the Plantagenets, so it continued to be while the Tudors reigned, and even under the first Sovereigns of the House of Stewart. The services of every able-bodied man were held to be due to his country as often as its peace was threatened, whether from without or from within. The care of defending the realm was entrusted exclusively to the Crown. All the fortified places within the kingdom were assumed to be the King's fortresses; all the military stores in the kingdom were the King's stores. Nobles, knights, and yeomen were indeed required to keep their weapons ready and to exhibit them at stated seasons; but the law authorised their use only in the King's service. Nor was this state of things peculiar only to the times of which we are accustomed to speak as feudal. It was the same after gunpowder had put the long-bow out of date, and militia laws, properly so called, superseded the customs of the military array. The Legislature never, by any of its enactments, recognised till after the Revolution of 1688 the existence of what may be called a military caste.

In the great civil war between Charles I. and his Parliament we find the way opened, for the first time, to a new state of things. Both parties professed to fight in that war for the Crown and the Constitution; and the Constitution perished when the head which used to wear the crown rolled upon the scaffold. But the army which had abolished the kingly office proved, in the hands of its General, mainly instrumental in undoing its own work. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that both Charles II. and James II. should have desired to keep it in full force, and to attach it to their own persons. They had seen, in their exile, how continental Sovereigns ruled, and were naturally desirous of employing the same means of guarding the prerogatives of the Crown against the encroachments of the subject. But the same hostility to the power of the sword which had distinguished their forefathers still prevailed among the English people, and Charles II., at the instigation of his Chancellor (Hyde), consented to disband the army. The Act, however, which effected this sanctioned the continuance of guards and garrisons. The garrisons were to be re-established, and placed on the same footing as in the year 1637; while with regard to the residue of the troops, including some regiments then in Scotland, the King was permitted to retain 'such of them or any of them as his Majesty might think fit otherwise to dispose of or provide for out of his own charges.'

This act gave to the King an authority which admitted of
easy

easy abuse. He raised men as he required them by impressment. He quartered his troops upon the people. He scarcely restrained their excesses by the application of military law to offenders, whom he protected against all interference with them by the civil magistrate. An army so recruited, disposed of, and managed, which refused obedience to any other code of laws than the Articles of War issued by the Sovereign, could not fail to be, throughout the reign of Charles II., a fruitful source of controversy between the King and his Parliament. Matters did not improve in this respect after James II. came to the throne. All the abuses, as they were called, which his brother introduced he retained, adding yet another even more obnoxious to popular feeling than the rest. He filled the ranks of his regiments with Irish Roman Catholics, and, wherever the arrangement could be brought about, placed Roman Catholic colonels at their head.

The revolution of 1688 introduced important changes into the administration, not less of the military than of the civil affairs of the country. James II. had played a bold game. He aimed at nothing less than governing through the army and without a Parliament; but the army refused to support him, and he lost his game and his crown together. Enough, however, had been done thoroughly to alarm the nation, and in offering the crown to William care was taken that it should be accepted only on conditions incompatible with a repetition of any such attempt hereafter. Indeed, the convention—for the term Parliament can hardly be applied to the noblemen and gentlemen who changed the dynasty—did more than this. They felt that there were two evils to be guarded against, the one as dangerous to public liberty as the other. The experiment had been tried of a parliamentary army, officered mainly by persons to whom their daily pay was existence. This army not only set at nought the orders for its own disbandment issued by the Government which it professed to serve, but turned upon its masters, put them aside, and set up a military despotism. An army of cavaliers, owing no allegiance except to the Crown, might have achieved the same end, and probably would have done so, had its officers been taken from the same class in society which furnished occupants to almost all the subordinate posts in the parliamentary army. But the officers of the Royal army were gentlemen, men of good family and estate—an arrangement, by-the-by, which the House of Commons had, with marked emphasis, pressed upon Charles II., and his adoption of which enabled him to tide over one, at least, of the many oppositions that were raised to an increase in his regiments. These gentlemen

men never for a moment thought of weighing the retention of their daily pay against the interests of their country. They fell off from the King as soon as they discovered that he was betraying the Constitution. Their loyalty was due to a loyal Sovereign; they withdrew it from James when he became disloyal. And here, in passing, we would venture to point out that this it is which has rendered the English army, ever since, a source of strength, and not of danger, to law and order. In other countries, where the boast is that each private soldier carries a marshal's bâton in his knapsack, no revolution has ever occurred except through the instrumentality or connivance of the army. In England, where men accustomed from their boyhood to command, are the accepted leaders of men, accustomed from their boyhood to obey, we are entirely exempt from such hazard. Let us take care that, in our anxiety to throw open to intellectual competition the honour of serving the Crown, and to abolish the purchase system, which by-the-by is as old as the standing army itself, we do not open the door to abuses more pernicious than exist now. Here and there men raised from the ranks prove themselves worthy of the advancement to which they have attained; and, doubtless, in the classes from which our private soldiers are chiefly drawn may be found individuals qualified in every respect to direct both the movements of armies and the deliberations of senates. But as a general rule, that army will prove the best servant to a Constitutional State, in which the social relations of man and officer are but a reflex of what they would have been had both remained in civil life—the one trained to labour, it may be, with his hands—the other with his head.

The great men who brought about the Revolution of 1688 rated at its full worth the benefits that accrued to the State, from the constitution of the army, as they found it. But they were not disposed to make the continued existence of parliamentary government dependent upon conditions so uncertain. They set themselves, therefore, to solve the problem how far it would be possible, without risking a divided allegiance, so to place the army between the Sovereign and the Parliament, that the influence of the one might keep the other in equipoise, and the liberty of the subject be secured without trenching on the just prerogatives of the Crown. That this most difficult and delicate end was in principle attained by the passing of the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement, every reader of history is aware. But the special arrangements made to ensure the perpetuity of the device, and the changes more or less important, that

that were from time to time introduced into it,—these are matters which by the great bulk of Englishmen are, we suspect, little understood. Now the great merit of Mr. Clode's book is that, more than any other publication with which we are acquainted, it helps us to grope our way through these mysteries. We wish, indeed, that the painstaking and for the most part very accurate compiler had been more accustomed than he evidently is to literary composition. Many a laborious search, backwards and forwards, through his pages, would have been in this case saved to us. But the toil, though considerable, has not been thrown away. We rise from our task well instructed in an important page of constitutional history, and grateful to the author for putting us in possession of a work, which, though not as light in hand as one of Sir Walter's novels, ought to find a place in the library of every student and statesman.

Two points were aimed at under the Revolution Settlement, both in a constitutional point of view of the highest importance. First, that there should be no such thing as a standing army, without the consent of Parliament; and next, that the King's servants who administered the affairs of the army should be brought into relation with Parliament as close as the King's advisers in civil affairs. The former object was secured by voting the sums necessary for keeping the army on foot only from year to year; the second by requiring that the persons entrusted with the control and management of the supplies should themselves be members of Parliament. At first the House of Commons took upon itself to decide how many troops should be enrolled and what amount of stores provided for their use. This was done through a Committee, which, in point of fact, proposed what we should now call the Army and Ordnance Estimates. But by and by these duties were handed over to certain functionaries, in whose condition the only change effected was this—that the House held them personally responsible for acts done in the King's name, and avowedly at his command. It cannot be said that this arrangement withdrew them from the King's service; they were still his Ministers, appointed by him, and charged with duties the neglect of which would be followed by immediate dismissal. But they were at the same time made to understand that in taking service under the Crown they did so with a halter, so to speak, about their necks; for impeachment was more than a name two hundred years ago.

The officials connected with the administration of the army were, in 1688, the same that till a few years ago continued to
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watch over it. They had all played their parts also, some of them under a different name, for many years prior to the Revolution. The Lords of the Treasury were the guardians of the supplies which the House of Commons voted. They dispensed them on warrants bearing the sign-manual, and legalised by the counter-signature of a Secretary of State. The Treasurer of the Forces, now known as the Paymaster-General, took care of such portions as came to him. The Board of Ordnance—an institution as old as the reign of Queen Elizabeth—received and disbursed the portion which came to them. The Secretary of the Forces—familiar to most of us as the Secretary-at-War—moved the estimates for the infantry and cavalry, and checked and controlled the expenditure of the moneys received on such estimates. The Board of Ordnance moved its own estimates, and was at once its own expeditor and its own auditor. It had been originally created to put a stop to abuses, and it seems at every stage in its existence to have fulfilled the expectations that were formed of it. Its constitution and duties are easily described.

A Master-General of the Ordnance, a Lieutenant-General (subsequently reduced), a Clerk of the Ordnance, a Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, a Storekeeper, and a Clerk of the Check, made up this Board. Prior to the Revolution the Board existed exclusively for the purpose of providing the King's ships and fortresses with proper armament. After the Revolution it expanded into two branches, one of which, the civil branch, acted (1) as the custodian of public property in lands and stores; (2) as contractors or manufacturers to supply the navy and army with warlike munitions and equipments; while the other, or military branch, gradually developed into the Ordnance corps—the Royal regiments of Artillery and Engineers.* Its members had each his distinct administrative duties to perform. Its general policy—if the expression be allowed—was settled invariably at Board meetings. Thus, if the Board determined that a fortress should be erected or repaired, the Master-General executed the decree through the Chief Engineer. If the Board settled a new pattern for a weapon or a tent, or any other article of military equipment, the Clerk of the Ordnance entered into a contract for the supply. The receipts and examination of the supplies devolved upon the

* The Royal Regiment of Artillery dates only from 1743. Prior to that date the Master Gunner of England was a civilian, as were the sixty gunners whom he employed. Even in Queen Anne's wars the siege artillery was furnished by the Dutch, the English carrying only battalion guns into the field. So, also, previously to 1788, all the military engineering of England was executed with hired labour. Engineer officers became military men soon after the Peace of Utrecht, but the regiment was not formed till within twelve years of the beginning of the present century.

Surveyor. The Storekeeper, as the custodian of the Board, took into store only such articles as the Surveyor approved, and issued them again only when authorised so to do. Finally, the Master-General and Lieutenant-General—both of them military men—took a military view of everything that was proposed and executed, while the former, invariably an officer of great distinction and high rank, was always, till 1828, a member of the Cabinet, to which, indeed, he acted as military adviser.

Every one of these Board officers was also a Minister of the Crown. He held his office by patent, and three, not unfrequently four of them, were in Parliament, where they moved their own estimates and defended their own policy. Their work at out-stations they did through functionaries representing the several departments under which they acted. Originally civilians in every case—a Storekeeper, a Clerk of Survey, and a Clerk of Check, these gentlemen controlled and regulated the local expenditure under just such responsibility to their respective chiefs as the chiefs owed to Parliament. By and by, when the administration at head-quarters became more military, the military element made its way into the administration of the out-stations also. Hence, with the Storekeeper, came to be united the commanding officers of Artillery and of Engineers on the spot, and thus Boards of respective officers grew up, of which we never heard but one opinion expressed by competent authorities, namely, that they were a body admirably adapted to the purposes for which they existed.

A scheme of military administration based on these principles commended itself to the approval of all constitutional statesmen. Besides bringing into harmony the just rights of the Crown and of the people, it afforded, or seemed to afford, the best safeguard that could be set up against abuse in the expenditure of public money. The House which voted the supplies, could at any moment demand from the administrators of the same a full account of their respective stewardships; the Treasury, the War Office, the Pay Office, and the Board of Ordnance, having each its proper representatives present to answer questions and clear up doubts. The consequence was that a standing army ceased to be regarded as necessarily antagonistic to the freedom of the subject, and, in spite of a good deal of popular prejudice out-of-doors, came at last to be regarded as one of the established institutions of the country. But, with the growth of the standing army, grew also the amount of the national debt. The financial checks and balances described above, however efficient they might be in time of peace, proved, when war came, to be worth comparatively little. You could
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not, it was alleged—perhaps justly so—estimate for the exigencies of a campaign. You could provide beforehand only for wants that were obvious. Hence from the outset army expenditure was divided into two branches:—first, the ordinary, on account of which specific votes were taken in Parliament; and next, the extraordinary, for which the Generals commanding in the field were authorised, by the terms of their commissions, to draw, as occasions arose, upon the Paymaster-General. We must refer such of our readers as are curious in matters of the sort to Mr. Clode's book for a detailed account of the abuse to which this practice led. It must be remembered that there was no Commissariat in the times of which we are speaking, organised by the Treasury, and acting under it, in the control of public expenditure. The General made his own contracts, provided his own means of transport, directed how his musters were to be conducted, and employed in every operation his own agents. Is it to be wondered at, where avarice happened to be the ruling passion, that such opportunities of growing rich in a hurry were unscrupulously made use of? Not in the reigns of William and Anne exclusively, but in those of the two first Georges, and pre-eminently so in the early part of the reign of George III., embezzlement among persons of every condition connected with military administration went on to an enormous extent. Over and over again the House of Commons interfered, inquiring, censuring, and otherwise striving to restrain the evil. But the evil could not be effectually put a stop to so long as irresponsible individuals were allowed free access to the public purse, subject to no restraint in the use which they made of it other than their own discretion might suggest.

All this while troops were raised and disbanded with a celerity of which in these days we know nothing. The standing army never rose in peace above a certain inconsiderable amount. As there were no open barracks in which to lodge the men, and the fortresses could contain only about 8000, whatever the numbers might be in excess of that figure were of necessity put into billets. Now the billeting system was just as odious to the people after the Revolution as it had been before, and regiments and companies embodied to meet a war were in consequence, on the cessation of hostilities, immediately reduced again. But in process of time it was found necessary to support the settlers in America against the dangers which threatened them from their French neighbours, and regiments were sent from home on that service. We are afraid that the new-comers failed very much in making themselves acceptable to those whom they were employed to protect. There sprang up, on the contrary, a strong antagonism

antagonism between them which led to serious consequences. The new-comers treated the settlers as if they had been men of an inferior order, and the settlers never forgave the slight. It was, indeed, this outrage to their personal feelings, much more than any pre-arranged purpose of resenting the interference of the English Parliament in their internal affairs, which stirred the people to desire complete severance from the English connexion. And the representatives of the Crown, becoming alive to the state of public opinion, began to make preparations for holding the country as if it had been a conquered one. Now, for the first time, throughout the extent of the British dominions, open barracks were built, wherein, apart from the fortresses, troops might be massed, and kept segregated from the civil population. Vast sums were expended on the erection of these buildings, for the supervision and equipment of which a Barrackmaster-General, with a large Military Staff under him, was appointed. The arrangement failed to effect its purpose, for the Americans achieved their independence in spite of it. But the operation established a precedent which was followed as soon as the demand for a serious increase to the standing army arose at home.

Mr. Clode has told at length, and with great clearness, the story of as grievous a blunder as ever was committed. Mr. Pitt forced against his will into the war of the French Revolution, raised the army at a bound from 17,000 to 150,000 men. He could not put such a mass of troops into billets; he could not leave them unhousted. He determined to build barracks for their accommodation, and to charge the outlay necessary to the account of the army extraordinaries. He looked to nothing, in short, except the crying exigency of the moment, and, remembering all that had been done in America, he repeated the process at home.

A Report from the Commissioners of Military Inquiry in 1806, gives a very damaging account of the whole matter. After censuring the Barrackmaster-General, and declaring that they regarded 'the duties and concerns of the Barrack-department as partaking more of a civil than a military character,' the Commissioners go on to say, 'These duties, consisting of the superintendence and erection of buildings, the providing of stores, and the keeping of very complicated accounts, certainly do not appear to us to be such as the previous habits and knowledge of military men best qualify them to execute.' The Lords of the Treasury, taking the same view of the subject, decided that the military composition of the Barrack-department was a failure; that from thenceforth it should be entirely and exclusively a civil establishment,

ment, free from all military authority and control whatever; under the general superintendence of a Board, responsible directly to the Treasury. We may add here, by way of bringing this part of our subject to a close, that the Barrack Board continued in existence till 1817; that it then gave place to a Comptroller of the Barrack-department, who, in his turn, disappeared in 1822. From that date, up to the era of its own dissolution in 1855, the care of all the barracks in Great Britain and Ireland, together with the responsibility of appointing to each a Barrackmaster, devolved upon the Board of Ordnance.

From the period of the Revolution, down to the last decade in the eighteenth century, the King was the sole Commander-in-Chief of his own army. No officer interposed between him and his troops, except such Generals as he might from time to time commission to command portions of them either at home or abroad. Marlborough himself, though Captain-General, was never Commander-in-Chief in the modern acceptance of that term. He aspired to become such by patent, and the attempt was charged against him as a treasonable act. Under such circumstances, the communication between the Sovereign and the Secretary-at-War was constant and personal. The Secretary-at-War, indeed, stood towards the Sovereign in some such relation as the Military Secretary now bears to the Commander-in-Chief. He took the King's orders direct from the Sovereign, and legalised by countersigning them. It was in the King's closet, indeed, that all the more important business of the army was transacted. There rules and regulations were drawn up, articles of war compiled, commissions made out, promotions assented to, dismissals ordered. All this threw ostensibly enormous power into the hands of the Sovereign. In point of fact, it made the Government for the time being masters of the situation. And very unscrupulous were the Ministers of the first three Georges—so long as the opportunity was afforded them—in the application of that power. The army, like every other avenue to honour or emolument, became an instrument of political corruption. Not an appointment was made, from an ensigncy in a marching regiment up to the command of a troop of Horse-Guards or a military government, but for party purposes. Woe, also, to the officer who, being a member of Parliament, presumed to vote otherwise than as the Minister desired. His berth, whatever it might be, was taken from him and conferred, not unfrequently, on a brother officer who better understood how to play his cards, and played them judiciously. To such an extent, indeed, was this bad practice carried, that the saying grew into a sort of proverb,

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'The danger to the Constitution from the army lies as much in its votes as in its swords.'

While the Sovereign thus stood forward as the commander of his own army, it was his practice to take counsel on questions affecting the discipline, armament, and clothing of the men, with a Board of General Officers appointed by himself.* The Board met in a room at the War Office, which then conducted its routine business, as, indeed, it did till very recently, in a wing of the building known as the Horse Guards; the other wing being occupied by one of the Secretaries of State,—in later times by the Colonial Secretary.

Among other matters submitted to them, the Board of General Officers advised the King on questions of military law; and the better to qualify them for so doing, a Secretary was provided, who, being conversant with the subject, though not at first necessarily a lawyer, developed, in process of time, into the Judge Advocate-General. At first a governmental officer only, with a salary of 300*l.* a-year, the Secretary to the Board of General Officers grew up into a parliamentary officer, representing in the House of Commons an important branch of our military system, and held responsible for its agreement with constitutional principles. For the present, however, we are to bear in mind that for every act performed by the Sovereign in managing the financial affairs of the army, the Secretary-at-War in his province, the representatives of the Board of Ordnance in theirs, and the Treasury as head over all, gave an account. In matters of discipline, on the other hand, of equipment and command, the Sovereign took the advice only of his Board of General Officers, just as when points of law came before them, the Board of General Officers were advised by their Secretary.

Circumstances occurred in 1793, which led to the creation of a new military office. The King had been ill. He might become ill again at any moment. It was thought desirable that a General should be specially set apart to represent and act for the Sovereign at all times in the command and discipline of the army. The choice fell first upon Lord Amherst, who established his place of business in Parliament Street, and there gathered round him gradually, as business increased, a larger staff both of military and civil clerks. Hitherto one Adjutant-General, holding his office by patent, assisted by a single clerk, had done all the business of the army connected with discipline while the Quartermaster-General, likewise a patent office

* The Board of General Officers continued to sit, and to select patterns for clothing of the cavalry and infantry, long after its functions in other respects ceased.

occupied a room in the office of the Secretary-at-War, and co-operated with that Minister in making out routes and giving orders for billets. Meanwhile the army itself, scattered in detachments through the country, knew nothing of uniformity, either in the drill or in the internal economy of regiments. Discipline indeed was everywhere the same, and it was an iron discipline, because the Adjutant-General had his deputies wherever there were troops. But so entirely were commanding officers left in other respects to their own devices, that when a letter of service went forth, requiring a General to bring three or four battalions together, whether for purposes of review or for active service in the field, it was found that there were as many different modes of moving and performing other military operations, as there happened to be regiments on the ground.

The Royal Warrant, which placed Lord Amherst at the head of the army, conferred upon him large powers. It seemed, indeed, as if to him in as full measure as to the Sovereign, the Secretary-at-War himself were made subordinate. For while the warrant or patent creating a Commander-in-Chief requires 'all officers and soldiers, who are or shall be employed in our land service, to acknowledge and obey him as the Commander-in-Chief,' the Commander-in-Chief is in his own person required 'to observe and follow only such instructions, orders, and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from us in pursuance of the trust reposed in him.' It is not so with the Secretary-at-War. To him the warrant runs, 'You shall obey such orders as you shall from time to time receive from us or our Commander-in-Chief, according to the usages of war.' Out of this apparent attempt to subordinate a parliamentary to a royal officer disputes arose, which ended in a distinct recognition of their respective powers. Command was vested exclusively in one. Administration, using that term in a financial sense, exclusively in the other:—

'The Commander-in-Chief,' said the Duke of Wellington, in 1837, in his evidence before the Committee, 'can have nothing whatever to say to finance. The Secretary-at-War has a clear simple duty to perform. He has to take care that the votes of Parliament are not exceeded, and that no expense is incurred by the Commander-in-Chief, which is not necessary; in short, that no expense be incurred without his consent.'

'The Commander-in-Chief,' observed the Duke, on another occasion, 'has no power of giving an allowance to anybody, or of incurring any expense whatever. It is much better that the Secretary-at-War should be the person to regulate this matter, than that it should be in the hands of officers connected with the army.'

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On the other hand, the same high authority is decisive in regard to the impolicy of seeking to commit the executive duties of the Commander-in-Chief to a civilian Minister of the Crown:—

‘Let her Majesty’s Government try the experiment whether they can find an officer whom the army would respect, and to whose control and command the officers and soldiers will cheerfully submit, who will consent to be placed in this subordinate situation, under the superior military directions of a political officer, the business of whose department—in relation with other predecessors of such military officer—has been solely in matters of account, and to be an assistant to the military officer.’

We have arrived now at a tolerably clear perception of what the constitutional arrangements for the command and administration of the English army were prior to the Crimean war. They seem, when looked at with a careless eye, to be pregnant with anomalies. They are made up of endless checks and balances, grounded in suspicion, and leading to interminable intricacies. But these intricacies as they are such rather in appearance than in reality, so they arise in a great degree from the last touch that was given to the machine with a view to its perfection. While the King commanded in chief, the Secretary-at-War was his military secretary. The Board of General Officers were his military advisers. The Generals to whom, from time to time, he issued letters of service, represented him among the troops over which they were set. The Secretaries of State were his high officers, responsible to Parliament for the conduct of his government in military as well as in civil affairs. The Lords of the Treasury received and held the revenues which Parliament voted from year to year for his use. The Paymaster-General took care of as much of these revenues as were applicable to the *personnel* of the infantry and cavalry; while the Board of Ordnance, through its several heads—each in his own person a King’s Minister, and each separately responsible to Parliament,—asked for, obtained, and disbursed such sums as might be necessary to keep on foot the regiments of Artillery and Engineers, to arm the whole military force of the country afloat and on shore, to keep the army supplied with such stores as its exigences demanded, and to have reserves constantly in a condition to make good deficiencies when such should occur. But the intervention of a Commander-in-Chief seemed to disturb this balance. He was not a parliamentary officer. He was not a departmental officer. He wielded the power of the Crown, yet was irresponsible to Parliament, either in his own person or through anybody else.

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And mistaking the extent of his authority, he abused it by interfering with pecuniary arrangements and expending public money before it was voted. Had there been at the War Office in 1793 such a minister as Lord Palmerston this never could have occurred. He knew that the interposition of a military officer between the Crown and the army, however lofty his title, could not for a moment release the sovereign's constitutional advisers from their responsibilities. This he took occasion to show in 1809, when Sir David Dundas, misled by the wording of the Secretary's commission, tried to establish his own exclusive authority both at the Horse Guards and in the War Office, and the machine worked smoothly ever after.

We adverted not long ago to the Commissariat, a department of military administration which was slow in taking definite shape among us, but of which, as it existed in his own day, the late Duke of Wellington entertained the highest opinion. Certain gentlemen whom the Treasury employed in the reigns of William and Anne to check the musters of corps—the Commissaries of musters, as they were called—may be described as its seedling. They had however nothing to do with the provisioning and transport of the troops, or with the military chest. These matters the General commanding managed for himself when in the field, using the officers of the Quartermaster-General's department as his agents. A commission which sat and reported to Parliament in 1782 on the manner in which the extraordinaries of the army had been dispensed by these officers during the American war, brought sad abuses to light, and at the same time suggested a remedy, which was so far acted upon that the Audit Board, established by 25 George III., superseded the Crown auditors of Imprest, and that commissaries of moneys and of stores were appointed to manage the financial business of the army abroad, who received their instructions direct from the Treasury, and were responsible to the Treasury for their proceedings. It was not, however, till 1807 that the department assumed the form which, till the other day, it retained; the merit of settling which belongs to the late Sir Willoughby Gordon, himself a military officer, and a very able public servant.

The distinction which had previously been drawn between the ordinary and extraordinary expenditure of the army came to an end in 1833. Henceforth every shilling required for the military service of the country was to be provided on estimate, and the Secretary-at-War at once put in his claim to be the sole administrator of the funds so provided. But the Treasury refused to surrender the control over the commissariat, and the Committee on Civil Administration, which reported in 1837, sus-

tained them in this determination. Among other authorities examined on that head was the Duke of Wellington, who expressed himself thus:—‘I think that the commissariat should be, both in peace and war, under the Treasury, and responsible to the Treasury alone. The authority over the commissariat officer should be direct; he could not be put under any other Board without inconvenience.’ His views, and the views of the experienced witnesses who supported him, prevailed, and for the time being things went on as before.

It is easy to say, it is often said of the Great Duke, that he was averse to change. No man could be more averse to change than he, unless he saw whither he was likely to be carried by it. But no man, as the whole of his public life, and especially of his military life, made manifest, was more prompt to grasp and turn to account new ideas, provided they appeared to him to be wise and practical. With a commissariat responsible directly to the Treasury he had waged successfully the greatest war in which England ever was engaged. He gave, indeed, to the officers of that department instructions for their guidance in all matters of detail. They learned from him what no commissariat officer can ever hope to learn, either at home or in the colonies during a period of profound peace, how to provide for the wants of an army in the field. But the Duke was not only a great soldier; he was also a great constitutional statesman. He regarded the army as an instrument which must be handled with care as well as delicacy, if you desire to keep it a servant of the State. Jealous of the right of the Crown to command, he was not less jealous of the right of Parliament to control expenditure. Hence his determined resistance to that policy of concentration which the Government seemed desirous of pressing on, and of which the gain in point of efficiency was, in his opinion, as problematical, as its antagonism to a system of parliamentary government was self-evident. The Duke was strong enough to keep back the tide while he lived. How it broke over all barriers subsequently to his death, and with what immediate effect, it will be our business by-and-by to explain.

We referred briefly, a few pages back, to a difference that arose between Lord Palmerston and Sir David Dundas, when the latter was, for a short time, Commander-in-Chief, and the former Secretary-at-War. In that dispute the Secretary-at-War prevailed. And, either because the recollection of the dispute disturbed him, or that he was ambitious of power, or, in his public capacity, of a combative disposition (his amiability in private life is well known), Lord Palmerston appears never, throughout the eighteen years which he spent at the War Office,

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to have become quite reconciled to his position in the Government. The truth is, that the post of Secretary-at-War, though in its relations with the Sovereign and the general public influential, was, so far as it formed part of the Administration or governing body, a somewhat subordinate one. The minister filling it, unless he were exceptionally in the Cabinet, was without authority, save as a check upon the extravagance of the Horse Guards. On great questions of State policy he was never consulted. With the Master-General of the Ordnance, on the other hand, the case was exactly the reverse. His exclusion from the Cabinet would have been the exception to a general rule, which was strictly adhered to till after Lord Palmerston had changed his political faith, and taken higher office among his new friends than he held among his old.* Now we are not prepared to say, indeed it is scarcely credible, that a circumstance so minute could have had any effect in creating the feeling: yet it is certain that between the War Office, so long as Lord Palmerston presided over it, and the Board of Ordnance a chronic jealousy prevailed. To every scheme having for its object the abolition or mutilation of the Board he lent himself; and he had a noteworthy precedent to fall back upon.

As early as 1780, Mr. Burke made an attack upon the Board of Ordnance, describing it as a department in the State at once unnecessary and expensive. His proposal was to attach the military portion of it to the army, the naval to the Admiralty, and to execute by contract whatever business could be so managed, making the Treasury responsible both for the estimates and the expenditure of the money raised upon them. The scheme came to nothing, all ground for it being taken away by a Report from the Commissioners on Public Accounts, speaking in the highest terms of the manner in which the Board did its business, especially in the matter of audit. Another attack was directed against it, however, in 1811, which so far prevailed that two of the offices heretofore recognised—the Lieutenant-General and Clerk of Check—were suppressed. But every successive move in the same direction led only to the elucidation of facts more and more favourable to the efficiency of the system which then prevailed. Take, for example, the Report of the Committee which sat in 1828, with the avowed object of effecting,

* This statement must be slightly qualified. Sir George Murray, who, in the Duke of Wellington's administration, was Master-General of the Ordnance, lost his seat for Perthshire, and, according to what was then a well-understood political axiom, became in consequence ineligible for a seat in the Cabinet. But a Cabinet having the Duke at its head stood in need of no other military adviser. Can the same thing be said of any subsequent Cabinet?

wherever it could be brought about, retrenchment in the public expenditure. It runs thus :—

‘In reporting upon the Estimates, the Committee have been induced to give the precedence to those of the Ordnance, because they have found in the course of their inquiries many circumstances to lead them to the opinion that the principles on which the Ordnance department is constituted, are better for securing an efficient and economical dispatch of business than those on which the other War departments (the War Office and the Admiralty) are founded. They are disposed to think that they may have occasion to recommend to the House to examine whether the mode of conducting business and controlling the expenditure, in the Ordnance department, may not be usefully introduced into the other departments.’

This is strong language, nor was it thrown away. When the late Sir James Graham became First Lord of the Admiralty in Earl Grey’s administration, he found much in his own office that stood in need of change. He took the Board of Ordnance for his model, and, remembering how the Duke of Wellington had spoken of it, the Duke being, as he expressed himself before another Parliamentary Committee, ‘no bad judge, and no bad administrator,’ he introduced a scheme identical in principle with the constitution of the Board of Ordnance, and carried it through Parliament.

The next effort at change was directed, not to abolish, but to extend the Ordnance system, by consolidating the departments of the Secretary-at-War, the Paymaster-General, the Commissariat, and one or two others, into a Board, to be presided over by a civil commissioner having a seat in the Cabinet. The plan in question included a condition which should transfer the command of the Artillery and Engineers to the Horse Guards; and the reason assigned for proposing its adoption was the marked success which had attended Sir James Graham’s reforms at the Admiralty. But, when the scheme came to be tested, the objections to it appeared so numerous and weighty that it fell through. Mr. Sullivan, among others, whose life had been spent at the War Office, as Deputy-Secretary, was examined, and replied :—

‘The head of too large a department cannot or will not bestow upon it the requisite attention, together with that which is demanded by general questions of government, and by the harassing duties of Parliament. . . . The consolidation proposed by the Commissioners would cause persons to consult together, whose habitual occupations vary extremely, and would give the supreme control to a chief embracing the functions of Master-General of the Ordnance, Secretary-at-War, and Paymaster-General. Decisions would, I think, be greatly impeded; the supposed control would be virtually inefficient in proportion to its nominal extent; and the
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real management would get very much into the hands of the subordinate officers.'

The Commission of 1833, to which we are now referring, reported against the scheme on the following among other grounds:—'The limit to consolidation appears to be either when it trenches upon efficiency, incorporates to such an extent as renders incorporation unwieldy, or where amalgamation destroys any of those checks which one department now holds over another, or within itself—checks which it has cost so much to bring to that state of perfection which, generally speaking, all our establishments may now very fairly lay claim to.'

One more specimen of the projects which cropped up from time to time, in the anxiety of statesmen to benefit the country, may be adverted to. In 1837 a Commission sat, under the presidency of the late Duke of Richmond, and, with a view to economy, proposed to abolish the office of Master-General. But there was another point of view in which that proposal claimed attention, namely, whether the arrangement would, or would not, be politically expedient. On that head the Duke of Wellington's evidence is not only decisive, but prophetic:—

'I should think, he says, that an officer in the high situation of Master-General would be very useful to the Government at all times. They can refer to him on all military questions. If he has not experience himself on a particular point on which reference might be made, he would be able to collect information, and give the most exact information to the Government on every subject upon which it might become necessary. I have always been of opinion that the Commander-in-Chief ought not to be a member of the Cabinet. My reason for thinking so is, that he ought not to be supposed to have any political influence as a bias upon his mind; more particularly upon the subject of the promotions in the army, and therefore that the military resource for the Government is the Master-General of the Ordnance; and under these circumstances I certainly should be very sorry, for the sake of Government, to see that office abolished. I saw with great regret the abolition of the office of Lieutenant-General, because that imposed upon the Master-General the performance of the military details of the Engineers and the Artillery. The Masters-General have been able, I understand, to carry on those details without inconvenience; but I am certain that, at some time or other, the Government will find it necessary to have an officer in that situation who can assist them with military opinions and military information on points on which they require it.'

Since the accession of the Liberals to power little regard has been paid to that portion of the Duke's advice which assigned to the Master-General a seat in the Cabinet. On the very first occasion, likewise, when they were called upon to equip an army
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for the field, they selected the Master-General of the Ordnance to command it. No Lieutenant-General was then on the Board, trained and therefore competent to take his place; but a gallant veteran was called in from personal service with the artillery, and required and expected to extemporise in a moment both the knowledge and the grasp of mind which a charge so important demanded. His ideas seem to have fixed themselves in a groove, from which there was no extricating them, and the consequences were precisely such as might have been anticipated. But we must refrain, as yet, from touching on that point.

Curiously enough, while the existence of the Board of Ordnance—confessedly the most efficient and economical department of the State—was thus repeatedly struck at, the attempts to get rid of the offices of Secretary-at-War and Commander-in-Chief, by consolidation or otherwise, were few. We have seen how, through peculiar circumstances, a difference early arose between the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary-at-War, and how a reconciliation was brought about. In Lord Palmerston's hands the office of Secretary-at-War assumed its fullest dimensions. He proved his right not only to regulate every item of military expenditure, but, as Military Secretary to the King, virtually to command the army during a vacancy at the Horse Guards. This occurred twice: first after the death of the Duke of York, and previously to the appointment of the Duke of Wellington; and again in 1827, when the Duke resigned, without any general officer being nominated to succeed him. But in 1828 the Finance Committee directed their inquiries as to whether the War Office and the Horse Guards might not be united under either a civilian or a military chief. Sir Herbert Taylor, among others, was asked for his opinion, and delivered it thus:—

'I do not think it could be done with advantage to the army, and I should say, not to the advantage of the public service. No man was more sensible of that, I believe than Lord Palmerston himself, during the time he served at the War Office as a check on the Commander-in-Chief; and if the offices were united, that check would be lost. Whatever affects finance that is done in the Commander-in-Chief's office must go through the Secretary-at-War; if there is anything incorrect or irregular, it is immediately checked there, and therefore I do not see how the public service could be advantaged by doing away that office which checks the other, or by combining the two offices of which the one is a check upon the other.'

The language of the Duke of Wellington is equally plain:—

'I should earnestly recommend that it should not be adopted: the Commander-in-Chief's office is entirely disconnected with money. The Commander-in-Chief has no power of giving an allowance or
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of incurring any expense whatever. . . Considering who the persons are that are likely to be Commanders-in-Chief of the troops in this country, I do not think it would be an economical arrangement to put the power of incurring expense in their hands, instead of keeping that power in the hands of the Secretary-at-War, who must answer to Parliament for every expense incurred. It is much better that the Secretary-at-War should be the person to regulate that matter, than that it should be in the hands of the officers connected with the army. In former times the Secretary-at-War was, in fact, the Secretary of the Commander-in-Chief, and, of course, in war, obliged to obey the commands of the Commander-in-Chief. Owing to different circumstances he is no longer in that situation; he is an officer responsible himself for certain duties, and, in fact, he is a check on the Commander-in-Chief for the object of economy.'

The office of Secretary-at-War was an admirable school for young statesmen. Neither the duties nor the responsibilities attaching to it were beyond the strength of man easily to sustain. Assisted by able subordinates, all trained to their business, he soon made himself master of the details of military administration, and was able to give in debate a clear explanation of every item in his estimates. Equally at home in their respective departments were the Surveyor-General and Clerk of the Ordnance; so that not under any circumstances could members zealous in keeping down expenditure be put off with vague generalities. So, also, if questions arose touching the supply of food, forage, or other commissariat stores to the troops, the Secretary to the Treasury could at once throw light on the subject. Of all these functionaries it was required that they should be members of the House of Commons. If they failed to obtain seats, they could not while Parliament was sitting, at least, retain their places in the administration. But the outer world declared that there was no unity in all this,—no one head with authority sufficient to keep these departments in harmony, or to direct their operations towards a common focus. Never was so groundless an opinion broached. The centre of unity was the king's Cabinet, taking its views from the Premier. One particular Secretary of State, the Minister for War and the Colonies, was indeed supposed to be charged more than the rest with the special duty of regulating army affairs. And in times of peace, when the only reference made beyond the Horse Guards had reference to commands in the colonies, in which, moreover, he usually took the advice of the Commander-in-Chief, the Secretary of State for the Colonies was content to bear the responsibility. But let difficulties arise with a foreign Power, and then, not the Colonial Secretary in his bureau, but the king's Ministers in Cabinet assembled, considered and resolved

solved as well upon the course of action which it would be necessary to pursue, as upon the means, both naval and military, wherewith to support their policy. Doubtless after an army once took the field, the officer in command corresponded with the Colonial Secretary. What then? If more troops were asked for, the application went at once to the Horse Guards. If guns, ammunition, or ordnance stores ran short, to the Ordnance office the application went. If the military chest was empty, or the commissaries were for any reason incapable, the Treasury heard of it at once, just as the Secretary-at-War was advertised of every deficiency which it was his province to supply. A greater delusion never prevailed than that England must always carry on war at a disadvantage, because she lacks that symmetry in her military administration which is supposed to prevail under despotic Governments. As we have already said, England carried on, with this system in full swing, the greatest war she ever undertook since she became a nation. As often as she failed in the course of that war, it was through lack of skill in her commanders; when her troops were under the orders of one who knew what an army was, what it required, what it could do, and how it ought to be done, she achieved such glory as might well content a people the most greedy of military renown.

So long as the Duke of Wellington lived, this project of consolidating the various departments connected with the Army, and getting them all under the control of a parliamentary officer, was successfully resisted. The attempt had been made, as we have shown already, so long ago as 1811. It was renewed in 1837, and again in 1849. Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister on the former of these occasions, and the Report of a Committee on which it was proposed to draft a bill for establishing a consolidated War Office was under his auspices, and by command of King William IV. laid upon the table of the House of Lords. The Duke wrote, on the 25th of July, a letter on the subject to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, from which we subjoin a few extracts:—

‘The Report of the Commission is on the table of the House of Lords. I have perused it. It has astonished me. I always understood that it was a principle of the Government of this country that he who exercised the military command over the army should have nothing to say to its payment, its movements, its equipment, or even the quartering thereof, excepting under the sanction of a civil officer, who was himself a subordinate to the hierarchy of civil office, and could not take the King’s pleasure, except in matters of account. The Secretaries of State were considered and were responsible upon all the larger political questions arising out of the existence of the army, while the Commander-in-Chief exercised the military com-

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mand, and, under their superintendence, administered the patronage as well for the profit and encouragement of the army itself as upon constitutional grounds, in order to keep the patronage out of the usual course of parliamentary and ministerial management. But it is the opinion of those who have framed this Report, that all such precautions and checks are unnecessary! . . . I confess that the most serious part of the affair is, that it takes the military power of the State totally and entirely out of the hands of the person exercising the royal authority, and places it in the hands of one member of the House of Commons and of the Cabinet. This has not been, and is not the case at present. The change cannot be made in this form without injury to the power of the Crown.'

Again, in 1849, after repeating these arguments, the same high authority goes on to put the case thus:—

'How will it be hereafter? The officer of account, the Secretary-at-War, is to command. Who is to control the expenditure? Not only has he the power over money, but he can issue his orders to the Ordnance for the issue of arms and equipments, without the intervention of the Secretary of State. The army and its real and efficient commander will stand in a very different relation towards Parliament, the nation, and the Sovereign. The officer of account has the command. To whom does he account? To the House of Commons; . . . and he must exercise the duties of his high office, to which the Order in Council is about to call him, to the satisfaction of the House of Commons. It has hitherto been understood that the army once voted, Parliament ought not to interfere in its arrangements. But this principle cannot be urged by an officer, himself at the head of the army, who is under the necessity of explaining and accounting for everything. It is impossible that such a system should not occasion the greatest inconvenience and difficulties in the peaceable exercise of the authority of the Sovereign, at the head of the army.'

One more quotation from these striking documents, drawn up within three years of the Duke's death, and we pass on to another portion of our subject:—

'It has been thought inconsistent with principle to entrust with power a military officer, holding a commission from the Crown; but hereafter it will be quite safe to entrust with the military command of the army a political officer having power over the movements of the army, the clothing and equipment of the army, the hospitals of the army, with the additional power to be added over the armament of the army, and over the barracks and camp equipage and the stores now administered by the Ordnance; but this political officer is in daily communication with, and therefore under the immediate influence of, the House of Commons.

'I consider it my duty to warn his Majesty's servants of the change in the constitution of the country, which will be involved in this alteration:

alteration: a warning which I shall consider it my duty to give to the Sovereign herself.'

The great man who wrote these words foresaw clearly enough what was coming. It was in the hope of averting a grievous calamity to the State that he urged Prince Albert to take over from him, while yet he himself survived, the command of the Army. He believed that the influence of his Royal Highness's noble character, and close connection with the Crown sustained and backed up as it would be with the weight of his own high reputation as a statesman and a soldier, would impose such a barrier to change, as might ward off the blow, with which the country seemed to be threatened, at least for a time. But his hopes were not realized. Prince Albert, actuated by the purest motives, declined to take over the command of the Army from the Duke, and events justified, ere many years passed, every anticipation which the grand old soldier had contemplated with alarm.

The Duke died, and was succeeded at the Horse Guards by Lord Hardinge. Now Lord Hardinge, though he had been an excellent soldier in his youth, and had besides achieved high renown in the recent war of the Punjab, knew very little about the Army in its military details, with which indeed he had never been mixed up—as the commander of a regiment—nor, we rather think, even of a company, unless it were a company in the Guards. In war his active service was entirely on the staff; in peace he became a politician and a placeman. After serving a valuable apprenticeship at the Board of Ordnance, he passed to the office of Secretary-at-War, where he acquired great knowledge of military finance, as well as some acquaintance with the antagonisms which are apt to arise between two parties when the one requires, and the other refuses or checks, expenditure. After his Indian government, as brilliant as it was short, he returned home, and was soon after placed as Master-General at the Ordnance. He remained there till the Duke's death, studying carefully, and rendering good service to the State; indeed he was just beginning to master his business when a sudden call took him away from duties which he understood, to undertake others for which another man was far better suited. Lord Raglan had been Military Secretary to the Duke of Wellington many years. No man then alive knew so thoroughly the business of the Horse Guards, or possessed such an accurate knowledge of the characters both of regiments and of individual officers; but Lord Raglan was not made Commander-in-Chief. Here, then, was one great mistake committed

mitted. Lord Hardinge, an effective Master-General, was taken away from the Board of Ordnance, and put in command of the Army, of which he knew next to nothing, while Lord Raglan was removed from the Horse Guards, where he had all the details at his fingers' ends, and placed in the Ordnance Office, where he had everything to learn.

Lord Raglan did not go to the Ordnance Office quite a novice. Thirty years before becoming Master-General he had been a colleague there with Lord Hardinge, and acted with him under the instructions of the Duke in giving to the Board an improved organization. But thirty years' abstraction of the mind from any one subject is apt to dim, if not to obliterate, the impressions made upon it. Lord Raglan, therefore, though not quite a novice, was very nearly so in Ordnance affairs, when he found himself suddenly called upon to undertake the chief direction of them. What followed? He worked hard; he gathered up old associations; he received new impressions; he was just beginning to be eminently useful when the Russian difficulty occurred. Surely that was an occasion and these were the circumstances under which the presence of an experienced Master-General at the Board would seem to have been especially necessary. The Government, however, were not of this opinion. They selected the Master-General to command the army, which they were about to put in the field, and appointed temporarily to act for him a first-rate practical artillery officer, who was as ignorant of the specialities of the office into which he was thrust as a child. Thus, for the first time since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, England plunged into a great war with that particular department of army administration dislocated, on the right working of which, more than upon anything else, success in the contest depended.

Here, then, was a second blunder, involving consequences still more grave than the first. Others went with it, step by step. The country was in every respect unprepared for war. Its military establishments were at the lowest ebb. Its army was officered by gentlemen, most of whom had never seen a shot fired in anger, except it were at a bush-fight in South Africa, or in an Indian campaign. All who had attained to brigade or divisional command under the Duke were dead, or incapacitated through infirmities; and even of the captains and subalterns of the Peninsular war, such as survived were become old men. These latter were, of course, laid hold of wherever they could be found; and among them, it is just to add, were excellent officers;—Sir John Burgoyne, Lord Clyde, Sir De Lacy Evans, Sir George Brown—these are names not to be mentioned but with respect. Of the

the rest, whether Brigadiers, Colonels, or Staff Officers, almost all had the very rudiments of their profession to learn. Nor was there at hand any to instruct them, even in matters the most simple. It was both distressing and ludicrous to see how Ministers of State, not less than Generals, inexperienced except in home service, ran about to inquire, wherever they imagined that information might be obtained, what the equipments were with which corps about to take the field should be supplied, and the baggage which individuals would do well to provide for their own use. What possible results could be expected to follow other than came to pass? But we are told that the Government never reckoned on anything more serious than a demonstration. The Emperor of Russia, it was assumed, as soon as he heard of the embarkation of the English Guards, would listen to reason, and the Master-General of the Ordnance be back again in his office at Pall Mall before the winter set in. Vain assumption! the Emperor of Russia did not listen to reason because of the embarkation of the English Guards; and the Guards, with three or four-and-twenty thousand admirable troops besides, went ashore at Gallipoli.

All this was easy enough. With such a marine as England can command there is no difficulty whatever in shipping off an army to any part of the world, and none was experienced on the present occasion. But the landing once effected, the whole aspect of affairs underwent a change. We cannot think, even now, of what followed without shame and confusion of face. Not a single appliance necessary to render an army efficient accompanied that force. It had neither a commissariat nor a purveyor's department, nor means of transport, nor money, nor an instructed Staff. There seems to have been no plan of operations agreed upon beyond some wild scheme for converting a portion of the shores of the Bosphorus into a second Torres Vedras. The first advance into the country was therefore pitiable in the extreme. The positions taken up in Bulgaria were ill chosen; a reconnoissance of cavalry towards the Danube was wretchedly conducted: the men soon began to sicken in their encampments, the horses to suffer from sore backs, and the Home Government, astounded at the magnitude of the enterprise on which they had embarked, lost their heads altogether, and accepted the dictation of the 'Times' newspaper.

We have a convenient habit in this country when public disasters befall, of fastening the blame, not upon individuals, but upon some defect in what we are pleased to call our system. The army, constrained by orders from home, crossed over into the Crimea and won the battle of the Alma; after which, unprovided

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with equipments necessary for a siege, many of the men being without so much as a change of clothing, it sat down before Sebastopol. Let us draw a veil over all that followed. If there are military mistakes to be deplored, and, according to Todleben, many such occurred, a far heavier weight of responsibility for the sufferings of that terrible winter lies at the door of the English Cabinet. Lord Palmerston, for example, was Secretary of State for the Home Department at that time. With him it rested to take immediate steps for calling out the militia. He took no such steps. We are not sure that he was ever urged to take them till the winter of 1854 was far advanced. Not only, therefore, was the country left, while engaged in hostilities with a first-rate power, without any adequate protection at home, but the readiest mode of recruiting the force in the field, by inviting militiamen to volunteer, was wanting. Observe, that we ourselves entirely disapprove of recruiting the regular army with volunteers from the militia. The militia is, or ought to be, essentially a home garrison. If, having suspended the ballot, you fill the ranks of the regular army with volunteers from the militia, you at once bid against yourself in the market for recruits, and ruin your domestic force by keeping it always composed of novices. But the custom with us has been from a very old date to disregard these considerations. Lord Palmerston, therefore, by delaying to embody the militia, crippled the energies of the nation in more ways than one. Again, all the *matériel* requisite for a siege, all the stores necessary to carry the army through the winter, in a place where there were no houses wherein to lodge the men, no wood whence they could draw their fuel, no fertile country round about producing its corn and cattle;—these things, as well as clothing, blankets, shoes, spirits, wine, medicine, and so forth, could be supplied only from home. Ought there to have been any difficulty in forwarding such supplies to a British army which rested upon the sea, which had the capital of a friendly power within twenty-four hours' steaming of its position, and an enemy to deal with who could not put a cock-boat on the water, or by any other means interrupt the communications between London and Balaclava? No! and none would have arisen, but for one of the most extraordinary oversights that ever occurred, superadded to a total lack of experience, not to say capacity, rather in the statesmen whose business it was to avert these evils, than in the generals and heads of departments who were called upon to cope with them. The generals and heads of departments in the field did not pretend to be other than inexperienced. They had never been called upon to create, they had enjoyed no opportunity of acting with a system of stores, transport,

transport, purveyance, and such like, on which the very existence, not to say the efficiency, of an army depends. Their blunders, which were many, however much we may deplore them, if censured at all, must therefore be censured tenderly. But what shall we say of the Government at home, and of its mode of doing business, when we know that all this while there was accessible to them a volume which, compiled under the eye of the great Duke of Wellington, contained the fullest and most ample instructions on these various heads. Had that volume come to light before, as it did soon after, the Crimean war, how much suffering, how much shame might have been saved both to individuals and to the nation.* Prepared for the guidance of the Portuguese expedition in 1824, and printed in 1833, the volume in question appears to have stood neglected in Pall Mall, where there was no Master-General or other officer present sufficiently acquainted with the traditions of the office to be aware of its existence. Meanwhile the other departments of State were under the management of men who probably never, throughout their previous lives, had given one serious thought, either to what armies engaged in war require to keep them efficient, or to the best means of supplying these requirements. Had the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert been fortunate enough to come across the Duke's Instructions to 'the respective officers,' they would have understood that it is idle to load ships with stores and send them away, unless the stores be consigned to officers authorised specially to receive them. Had they furnished Lord Raglan with a copy of the same Instructions before he quitted England, Balaclava—or whatever place became the base of his operations—would have been fitted at once with adequate store-houses, and able and active functionaries to superintend them. Had the respective officers, paymasters, and commissaries been instructed, through the same Manual, how to act when stores or money arrived, they would have provided means of pushing things to the front in the proportions needed and indented for. Had these precautions been taken, the siege of Sebastopol would have probably not lasted half the time that it did; nor should we have heard of men and horses perishing by hundreds of cold and hunger in the lines, while, only seven miles off, clothing, provisions, and forage, were stowed away in ships' holds, or rotting on the banks of the harbour, or impeding its

* Captain Gordon, the able and zealous Controller at Woolwich, previously chief of the Store Department at Balaclava, refers in his evidence before Lord Strathnairn's Committee in marked terms to this sad oversight:—'We may attribute,' he says, 'a large portion of our Crimean disasters to the non-attendance to the orders and specific regulations drawn up by the late Duke of Wellington.'

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navigation. As it was, each post brought home tidings which made the heart of the nation bleed, and roused its anger because of the apparent impossibility, under existing circumstances, of doing better.

There was little cordiality of sentiment in the Coalition Cabinet from the outset. The difficulties in which the war with Russia involved them soon brought their differences to a head. Those among them who had the main conduct of the war began to complain that their colleagues gave them only half support. People, who could not see behind the curtain, were undecided which most to censure for the disasters they read about—individual Ministers or the system. As was to be expected, the Ministers, in defending themselves, threw the blame upon the system, and a cry for change arose louder and more vehement than ever. Nobody stopped to ask whether the system had been fairly treated—with its dislocated Ordnance Office, its inexperienced Secretary of State, its zealous and able, yet necessarily ill-instructed Secretary-at-War, and its Treasury quite untrained, except to the routine business of a Commissariat in the Colonies. Nobody cared to consider that it was not the system, but the mistaken economy of administrations and of parliaments which had stripped the country of its military resources. The Duke's famous letter of January 9th, 1847, to Sir John Burgoyne, shows that he at least was neither ignorant of that matter, nor indifferent to it:—

‘I have in vain,’ he says, ‘endeavoured to awaken the attention of different administrations to the state of things as well known to our neighbours (rivals in power, at least, former adversaries and enemies) as to ourselves. . . . I was aware that our magazines and arsenals were very inadequately supplied with ordnance and carriages, arms, stores of all denominations, and ammunition. . . . You will see from what I have written, that I have contemplated the danger to which you have referred. I have done so for years. I have drawn to it the attention of different administrations at different times.’

And so on. It will not do, therefore, to allege that our lack of transport, our deficiency in Artillery, our apparent ignorance how to supply either want in a hurry, and to provide reserves for the Infantry and Cavalry, were attributable at the outburst of the Russian war, either to any radical defect in our military system, or to the negligence of the great man who had so long presided over the destinies of the Army. His remonstrances, on the contrary, had so far prevailed in compelling a doctrinaire administration to think of something beyond the abstract principles of economical science, that the Board of Ordnance was able, when the pinch came, to put sixty guns well horsed and appointed

appointed in the field. Had his wise counsels been more faithfully attended to, much beyond this could have been effected. The confusion which reigned in every department would have been little known, even at the beginning, and as the struggle went on, the Army, instead of fading away, would have grown continually more efficient. But vulgar minds could not take this in, and official persons interested in hiding their own shortcomings thrust it carefully into the background. It was the system, not the Ministers and Generals, that were in fault. A command went forth to amalgamate the several offices which were concerned in Army administration, and it was recklessly and most imprudently acted upon.

The first step taken to allay public clamour was the severance, while hostilities were yet in progress, of the Ministry of War from the Ministry of the Colonies, a proceeding which threw upon the country at once the expense of a fourth Secretary of State, with his separate establishment of secretaries, clerks, and so forth. Rooms were hired for him in Whitehall Gardens, where he gave himself to the undivided care of the army and its wants. By-and-by the Commissariat, with its banking and supply business, was withdrawn from the Treasury, and handed over to the new Secretary of State for War. This was in December, 1854. But as we are not writing a history either of the Crimean war or of the conglomeration of atoms which went to make up Lord Aberdeen's administration, it is unnecessary to pursue this part of the subject farther. The Government soon fell to pieces. A brief interregnum followed, after which, on the 14th of February, Lord Palmerston kissed hands as First Lord of the Treasury. Lord Panmure accepted the Ministry of War; and from the very first Cabinet that met, the new War Minister brought away with him, written, we are told, on half a sheet of letter-paper, the decree that doomed the Board of Ordnance to destruction.

Thus in the first hour, so to speak, of his accession to power Lord Palmerston realised a dream which for so many years had occupied his brain. The hated Ordnance Board was abolished. Nor was he slow in following up one great success with others. Before the end of the month the office of Secretary-at-War melted into that of War Minister, the Minister for War receiving, in addition to his patent as Secretary of State, a commission as Secretary-at-War. In March of the same year, the business of the Militia was transferred from the office of the Home Secretary to that of the Secretary of State for War; and in May a patent was issued, vesting in the Secretary of State for War 'the administration of the Army and Ordnance,' except so

far as relates to or concerns the military command and discipline of the army; as likewise to the appointments to and promotions in the service, so far as by commission the military command and discipline thereof shall have been committed to, vested in, or regulated by, the Commander-in-Chief.* Finally, the Secretary of State having transferred the military control of the Royal Artillery and Engineers to the General Commanding-in-Chief, was, by Act of Parliament, constituted sole proprietor of all the lands, fortresses, and powers, formerly held and exercised by the Board of Ordnance, as completely as by a previous arrangement he had been put in charge of the Commissariat chest.

Thus was the work of consolidation completed. The functions, heretofore separate and distinct—of Secretary of State—of the Treasury—of the principal officers of the Board of Ordnance—of the Secretary-at-War—of the Home Secretary as head of the militia—were all handed over to one man. The securities provided by the Constitution against extravagance in the abuse of power, were cast aside. It was thenceforth competent for this single leviathan to do with the Queen's army what he pleased; to send it, wholly or in part, to any portion of the empire, or beyond the empire if he so willed—to issue arms, whenever so disposed, to half a million of men out of the reserve stores,—to place whomsoever he would at the head of the army, and to sell Dover Castle, and all the other defensive works in the kingdom, unchecked, and if Parliament happened not to be sitting, unquestioned by any human being. We do not of course mean to insinuate that any such monstrous imaginations ever entered into the head of the most imaginative of the many Ministers who succeeded each other, like the shades of Banquo's sons, at the War Office. But the facts are as we state them, that these things, and more, might have been done in 1855, and might be done now, because we have sacrificed to an idle straining after unity that wholesome system of check and balance which one administrative department exercised, and was created for the express purpose of exercising, over another in our military system.

A machine thus badly planned and hurriedly put together could not fail of soon getting out of gear. Nobody in that pretentious office appeared to understand what his proper functions were, and correspondence, the cutting down of which had been reckoned upon as a clear saving both of time and money, became

* A curious history attaches to this clause. The patent, as originally drawn, had it not. The Sovereign, jealous of the constitutional rights of the Crown, noticed the omission. The document was sent back and improved. But in the draft deed no alteration was made. Hence, when a change of Ministers occurred, and a new patent came to be drawn up, the clause guarding the rights of the Commander-in-Chief failed to appear in it.

more voluminous from day to day. Official returns show, that whereas in 1853 the War Office and Ordnance Board between them, having, without reference to the Treasury and Home Office, five Parliamentary officers to speak for them, received 162,000 letters and wrote 201,000, the amalgamated War Office, with its single Secretary of State in one House, and his solitary Under-Secretary in the other, received in 1855 not fewer than 319,735 letters, and wrote 532,190. What the case may be now we do not undertake to say; but, whether the correspondence be curtailed or extended since 1855, it is obvious that of the thousands of letters received and written in his name, the Secretary of State can know nothing, and that his responsibility for their contents must be either a gross injustice upon him, or a farce. Indeed, the facilities for perverting his intentions seem to be unbounded, if it be fair to draw conclusions from the Boxer correspondence, of which the world has recently heard. But this is not all. The new arrangements threw upon one man the work of six. Had he been free to devote to it his whole time and attention, there was more for him to do in the War Office alone than he could possibly overtake. With the business of the Cabinet superadded, and the necessity of answering, in person or through his Under-Secretary, questions in the House of Commons, he soon fell to the rear. What was done, however, could not, it was assumed, be undone, and so a process of tinkering began, which has been steadily persevered in down to the period of our writing. Thus regulations, drawn up and an establishment fixed in June, 1855, went out of date in January, 1856. The establishment and regulations, pronounced perfect in January, 1856, lasted only till February, 1857. But the establishment and regulations, settled in 1857, were set aside for others in 1858, just as these in their turn made way for a fresh establishment and fresh regulations in 1859, and again in 1860. And so we have gone on ever since, changing our arrangements almost as often as we changed our Ministers, without, it is to be feared, arriving at any other conclusion than that there is great cause of thankfulness that the peace of the world has been preserved, because war, on a large scale, if it lasted three months, would have brought us at any time since 1855 to a standstill.

Again, as regards expenditure, there is no denying the fact that the expense of keeping up and administering the army has enormously increased since the amalgamation was effected. If our readers will turn to pages 403, 404, of the second volume of Mr. Clode's work, they will find this statement verified by tables, carefully compiled in the War Office itself. From these we learn, that whereas in 1852-3, the year before the amalgamation, the *effective* strength of the army cost the country 6,998,780*l.*, the expenditure

penditure on that account alone rose in 1854-5 to 12,172,468*l.*, and has never since fallen below 9,537,401*l.*—its cost in 1858-59. In 1867-68 it rose to 13,745,817*l.*, and this year the estimates are taken at 10,796,700*l.* In like manner the outlay on building and works has kept steadily advancing. It amounted in 1852-53 to 449,028*l.* The lowest estimate since has been 735,272*l.* in 1864-68; in all the other years, down to the present, it has ranged from 765,272*l.* up to 1,839,069*l.* So also, under the head of office expenses, we find ourselves the reverse of gainers by the change. The War Office, inclusive of everything except the Topographical department, was manned in 1854 for 115,173*l.*; the Horse Guards for 26,018*l.* In 1857-8 the War Office had grown to 166,939*l.*; the Horse Guards to 42,724*l.* This year the expenses of both, in combination, amount to 249,309*l.*

Now we are not prepared to say that this steady rise in the expense of the national armament and its administration is or ought to be a subject of unmitigated censure. It is past dispute that prior to the Crimean War military efficiency was sacrificed to ill-judged economy, and the lesson which we learned from that misconducted struggle would have been thrown away upon us had we returned, at its close, to our old habits. But when we bear in mind that the army, which now costs very little short of eleven millions, cost in 1861-2 upwards of thirteen millions, in 1862-3 upwards of twelve, and again in 1867-8 upwards of thirteen, and when we further take into account the fact that recent economies have their source mainly in a change of Colonial policy, leading to a large reduction in the efficient strength of the army, then we find it hard to gainsay altogether what is suggested, rather than expressed, in the following sentence:—

'If these statements are to be relied upon [the tables which the author has given], it would appear that the experience of those witnesses who in 1837, warned the Government against change, led them to right conclusions in predicting that no economy would be effected by breaking down the subordinate departments, which served as outworks to the Treasury. But it may be pertinent to inquire whether the two facts standing in juxtaposition have any, and what influence upon each other? Whether military expenditure has been permitted to increase because the *personnel* of the War Department has become military? And whether Parliament has lost that check and control which the Duke of Wellington pronounced so necessary to economy.'

Mr. Clode is, we think, a little too severe upon military administrators. Put them in their proper places, bringing them, at the same time, sufficiently under the control of Parliament and the Treasury, and there is no reason, as far as we can see, why,

being men of business,—as very many of our officers now are,—they should not prove as economical as they are likely to be more skilful in providing for the real wants of the army than civilians. The true cause of the failure of the present system seems therefore to be this, that hitherto our administrators, whether military men or civilians, have not been brought sufficiently under parliamentary control. Yet it would be unjust to deny that Minister after Minister has done his best to reduce chaos to order. We are afraid to say how many Royal Commissions and how many Committees—now appointed by the House of Commons, now by the Secretary of State—have sat and reported upon the unfortunate War Office since 1855. Certainly more than a hundred went through the profitless labour. We have even heard the total estimated at double that amount. But great as that number is, there are not more than three among them all which put in any claim on our serious attention; to these, therefore, and to the action taken upon them, we propose exclusively to confine our remarks.

On the 10th of March, 1859, it was ordered by the House of Commons :—

‘That a select Committee be appointed to inquire into the effects of the alterations in military organisation regarding the War Office and Board of Ordnance, which were made in the year 1855; and also to inquire whether any changes are required to secure the utmost efficiency and economy in the administration of military affairs.’

The Committee was well composed. It included Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Lord Hotham, Mr. Ellice, Mr. Sidney Herbert, General Peel, Colonel Wilson-Patten, Sir De Lacy Evans, Colonel Dunne, and others. It had under examination Lord Panmure, Sir Benjamin Hawes, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Earl Grey, General Peel, Captain Gordon, and many gentlemen besides, several of them well qualified to advance and support their own opinions. Two draft reports were in due time handed in, one compiled by Sir James Graham, the other by Colonel Dunne, and the former, which is the more elaborate, was by a large majority affirmed and adopted. Its purport was this—Reserving to the General Commanding in Chief the authority and privileges which he then exercised, and indirectly censuring not a few of the changes which had in other directions been brought about, the Committee suggested that in addition to his Parliamentary Under-Secretary, his two Permanent Under-Secretaries, and an Assistant Under-Secretary, the Secretary of State should have beside him as advisers,—

1. An

1. An officer of artillery, to superintend the manufacture of all military stores.
2. An Inspector-General of Fortifications.
3. A Director of Supplies, being a military officer, to superintend the commissariat, the clothing, and all stores not called 'warlike stores.'
4. A Director of the Medical Department.
5. A Store-Keeper General.
6. A Commissary-in-Chief.
7. An Inspector of Militia and Volunteers.
8. An Accountant-General, having charge of the finance.

'On the whole,' continues the Report, 'your Committee are of opinion, that this scheme, proposed by Mr. Sidney Herbert, has the merit of reducing change to the minimum, while it produces an increase of real efficiency. Mr. Herbert has also declared it to be his opinion, that if one or more of these military heads of departments had seats in the House of Commons, the public advantage would be great. When the Secretary of State is a civilian, unaided and unsupported by military colleagues in the House of Commons, he is exposed to serious difficulties, and his administration of the army is inadequately defended.

* * * *

'With reference to any difference that might arise as to the relations between the Secretary of State for War and the Commander-in-Chief, your Committee cannot do better than refer to the memorable observation of the Duke of Wellington. He thus sums up his evidence before the Commissioners of Military Inquiry in 1837: "There can be no doubt that the officer at the head of the army, if he wants to incur any expense, would naturally go to the Secretary-at-War, and know from him whether he had any objection to incurring the expense proposed. He must know that if it be not approved by the civil authorities of the army, such expense will not be voted in Parliament, and will not be allowed. On the other hand, if the Secretary-at-War should think that any expense which was incurred ought to be discontinued, he would naturally inquire from the Commander-in-Chief whether such expense might be discontinued without inconvenience to the service. This is the way the whole business is generally transacted."

The extent to which this paper has already run warns us not to dwell at any length upon these recommendations, but the subject would be most inefficiently dealt with if we omitted to point out that already the views of the ablest of our modern administrators are tending backwards. While the Board of Ordnance and old War Office existed, the Minister for War and the Colonies had exactly the sort of assistance in and out of Parliament which is here suggested for him: the Master-General

General was his military adviser; the Clerk of the Ordnance, his coadjutor; the Secretary-at-War, his able and well instructed advocate in matters of finance. But the recommendations of the Committee were scarcely received, and the office partially framed upon them, when another dead-lock occurred, and a fresh call was made for advice out of doors.

Accordingly in June, 1866, Lord Hartington, who was then Secretary of State for War, appointed a Committee of officers, with General Lord Strathnairn at their head, to inquire into the best mode of supplying with stores an army in the field. The Committee was composed of Lieutenant-General Sir Hope Grant, Quartermaster-General; Lieutenant-General Sir D. Cameron; Sir W. F. Power, Commissary-General in Chief; Colonel C. Gambier, Deputy Adjutant-General of Artillery; Colonel J. C. Kennedy, Commandant of the Military Train; and Colonel J. Shadwell, Military Assistant at the War Office. The Committee gave in its Report on the 5th of July, 1867, and suggested among other things that 'a special committee should as soon as possible be nominated, to consider as to the department upon which should devolve the control and management of the transport duties of the army.' Now this suggestion obviously pointed to some fresh changes in the War Office itself; in other words, it opened one of those questions which had not heretofore been dealt with, except by Members of Parliament of high authority as constitutional statesmen. There was no great harm in this, certainly. The Committee might be travelling somewhat beyond the record by making a suggestion outside its proper functions; but if the suggestion was good in itself, the irregularity could easily be condoned. Not so the error that followed. General Peel, who had succeeded Lord Hartington at the War Office, made a mistake when, instead of getting a parliamentary committee appointed, he invited the same body of military officers, whom he had brought together for a special and professional purpose, to enter upon a great question which was much more of a constitutional than a military question. Lord Strathnairn's Committee, as it has been called, was obviously not the tribunal before which points effecting the general government of the Queen's army ought to have been brought. Admirable witnesses its members might have been, each taken separately. But the court was a bad court, because irregularly constituted. It had no business to act as it did. After a good deal of evidence had been taken, however, and a variety of opinions elicited, the Committee gave in a Report, which turns, as we read it, much more on one or two particular documents than upon the general tendency of the evidence. A long paper, compiled in 1864 by
Sir

Sir Charles Trevelyan, and a letter dated the 4th of December of the same year from Lord De Grey to the Treasury, seem to have had greater weight with the Committee than the opinions of men like Admiral Caffin, Captain Gordon, the late Mr. Godley, Colonel Milward, and General St. George. We should say, in fact, if called upon to sit in judgment on the Report, that it reads very much as if the body reporting had worked up to a foregone conclusion. Sir Charles Trevelyan and Lord De Grey are both ardent admirers of the French Intendance Militaire. The Committee catching the enthusiasm of the ex-War Minister and ex-Secretary to the Treasury make every question asked, and every answer given, run in the same direction, and that too, in the face of the following declaration penned by Sir Charles Trevelyan himself:—

‘The Duke of Wellington found our military administrative system, at the commencement of the Peninsular War, in a more imperfect state than now; but by a vigorous course of practical reform he raised its reputation so high that, on the restoration of peace, Baron Dupin was sent by the French Government to inquire into the arrangements which had proved to be so productive of military efficiency. Since that we have for more than one generation applied ourselves to the arts of peace, to the entire neglect of military science, and it has now become our turn to learn from the French.’

From the French or from some other foreign Power we certainly must learn, if we be too proud to build up again what we ourselves destroyed with our own hands, wantonly pulling to pieces the machine which the great Duke with so much care, and at such an expense of labour and patience, had put together. We cannot, however, accept as candid or even honest the colouring which the Report gives to Sir Charles’s declaration. It is not the fact that ‘the tendency of the Duke’s reforms was towards the model which the French afterwards adopted and reduced to system.’ The Duke never lost sight, in his zeal for efficiency, of the nature of the Government which he served. The concentration in the same individual of the powers of spending and controlling expense may, perhaps, work well in an absolute monarchy. It is quite inconsistent with our parliamentary system, and goes directly counter to the object and design of all that was effected for public liberty at the period of the Revolution. And this the Duke omitted no opportunity of pointing out as often as his opinion was asked on the subject of amalgamation in our military departments.

It is not, however, in this respect alone, that Lord Strathnairn’s Committee, in their Report, exhibit either the most extraordinary aptitude to misconceive, or a wonderful facility in

in misrepresenting, matters of fact. They speak of 'the present Intendance Militaire as a corps admittedly well adapted to secure at once administrative efficiency and economy,' and say, that 'because of its recruitment exclusively from among military men, the administration of the French army is conducted by officers in the vigour of life, possessed of superior professional attainments, and trained to the performance of their special duties.'

Now, we plead guilty to the weakness—if weakness it be—of trusting more in matters of this sort to the judgment of French officers who are practically acquainted with the working of their own system, than to the opinions, on whatever ground formed, even of men so distinguished as Lord Strathnairn and Sir Duncan Cameron. No higher authority can be found on all points connected with the French army and its administration than General Trochu. What does he say about the Intendance in his well known work, '*L'Armée Française, en 1867*' :—

'In France, after the campaigns of the Republic and the Empire, men whose experience was considerable united for the purpose of furnishing the army with a system of military administration, the principles and mechanism of which had a high practical value in reference to war. . . . In the system of these great administrators, the direction and control of the various services were carried on, side by side, without being confounded with one another. . . . The Directors, the Controllers, and the executive officers were men of business, who had been initiated into business from the first step in their career, and educated from an early period for the performance of their functions in the army by actual duty, by exchanges, and by being specially brought into contact in every way with the details of those functions. They lived from the age of eighteen or twenty in an atmosphere of business, having special reference to the administration of the army. . . . The members of the central department, and the agents of the administrative services, commenced their career as students, learning from their youth what was always to be their speciality. Under the system which prevails now-a-days, all such functionaries, without exception, before entering upon their public business, have been through long years—the years of youth, in which men learn and study with most fruit—officers and non-commissioned officers in the army. With them a public examination takes the place of ten or fifteen years of practical and professional experience. What do I say,—of thirty or forty years of such practical experience; for we see Generals of Brigade, not unfrequently at the last stage of their career, becoming Intendant-Generals, that is to say, the arbiters for the next war, of the existence of our troops in the field.

* See his chapter, '*L'Administration de l'Armée, passim*. See also under the same heading '*Réponse d'un Officier à l'Officier Général*,' auteur de '*L'Armée Française, en 1867*.'

It is idle, I think, to search through the whole scope of the public affairs of France, for a more astounding specimen of blunder.'

The same high authority assures us that through the failure of the Intendance in the Italian campaign, whole divisions of the French army were often for days together without bread; and that in the Crimea the army must have perished but that a well-known house of business in Marseilles stepped forward to sustain a paralysed department. Again, we find that in consequence of being thrown upon the Intendance for its supplies, the medical department of the French army, both in Italy and the Crimea, was continually at its wits' ends. The Surgeon-in-Chief of the Guard, writing from Alexandria on the 19th of May, 1859, says:—

'No litters, no ambulances, no waggons: I have begged hard for chloroform and perchloride of iron, nothing has as yet been given me.'

He writes again from Valeggio on the 7th of July:—

'For the last fortnight some regiments have only once or twice had bread, and even then it was mouldy, and of a very bad quality. Wine has completely failed: there has been scarcely any issue of it.'

On the 2nd of July an officer wrote to the Emperor himself from Castiglione:—

'Sire, the wounded of Solferino, who are crowded here, have never yet had their wounds dressed for want of supplies. We have lint, but no linen, no sheets, no sugar, no provisions.'

Matters were quite as bad in the Crimea, perhaps worse. It is stated in the '*Gazette Hebdomadaire*,' in which some recent articles on the medical statistics of the French army have attracted great attention, that whereas in the English army 33·9 per cent., and in the American army 40·2 per cent. of surgical operations in war prove fatal, in the French army the proportions were, during the Italian campaign, 63·9 per cent., during that in the Crimea 72·8; and the cause assigned for such excessive mortality is the supremacy—the omnipotence—of the Intendance Militaire, which, from a medical point of view, is in a condition of absolute incapacity.*

With such evidence before us, we must hesitate before believing that the model for military administration to which Lord Strathnairn's committee points, is a perfect model. Neither

* We recommend such of our readers as are curious to follow up to its legitimate issue this interesting enquiry, to consult '*Quelques Réflexions sur l'Organisation de l'Intendance Militaire*' (Paris, 1856), Baron Bardin's '*Dictionnaire de l'Armée de Terre*,' and Appendix xx. p. 572 of Mr. Clode's second volume, where the case is stated with remarkable clearness and accuracy.

can we admit for a moment that it was ever regarded by the Duke of Wellington with approval; far less that he said or did anything having a tendency to work up to it. The administrative arrangements which he perfected in the Peninsula, and into which General Dupin, at the end of the war, was sent among us to enquire were, on the contrary, those which placed the commissariat under the direct control of the Treasury, the armament and military stores under the direct control of the Board of Ordnance, and the administration of both, as well as of transport and purveyance at the seat of war, in the hands of the Commander of the Forces through his Commissary-General, his commandants of Artillery and Engineers, his Quartermaster-General, his Purveyor-in-chief, and his Boards of respective officers. Among these—all subordinated to the great Duke—there could be no impeding antagonisms, while of every shilling spent an exact account was taken, the comptroller of the military chest being held responsible to the Treasury that it was spent to good purpose.

We come now to the third and last of those tribunals to which we have referred as demanding special notice. Lord Northbrooke's Committee, as it is called, was 'appointed to enquire into the arrangements in force for the conduct of the business of the army departments.' It consisted originally of three members only, Lord Northbrooke, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War; Mr. Stansfeld, Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury; and Mr. Anderson, Assistant Controller and Auditor at the Exchequer and Audit Department. A fourth was subsequently added, Sir Edward Lugard, permanent Under-Secretary at the War Office. We are indebted to it for three separate Reports, the first of which, bearing date March 11, 1869, and signed by Lord Northbrooke, Mr. Stansfeld, and Mr. Anderson, is a very curious document. It speaks in utter scorn of that 'conception of financial control which assumes the function of finance to be confined to watching, criticising, and checking expenditure.'

'The practical tendency of such a theory, when put in practice is,' we are assured, 'towards the creation of twin rival and antagonistic powers; the administrative branch seeking to spend, the criticising financial branch to criticise and check. Efficiency and economy are thus at war, or rather the expenditure which should be directed solely to secure efficiency tends to degenerate into extravagance, and economy which should check waste to result in incomplete inefficiency. This theory, with the narrow and perfunctory duty which it assigns to finance ought, it seems to us, to be no longer accepted, when we possess in the Secretary of State for War a minister responsible for the efficiency

efficiency of the service, and for its economical administration, and able to battle with the two.'

We must enter our protest against such an off-hand mode of treating a system of control in military matters which commanded the respect and confidence, not alone of great soldiers like the Duke of Wellington, Sir George Murray, Sir James Kempt, Lord Vivian, and Lord Hardinge, but of statesmen, the foremost of their class, from Charles James Fox to Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham. It seems to us that three civilians, one of them still a young though a very able man, and all without experience in the administration of armies, might have expressed themselves more modestly on such a subject. The system which they condemn created no other antagonistic powers in the State than are brought into play in every well-conducted house of business, where stock is taken from time to time, and books checked and examined by persons not themselves mixed up in the transactions which they are set to scrutinise. But this is not all. The Committee, having cried down what it is pleased to describe as the 'traditional idea,' adopts as its own the more modern notion of financial control, which means

'the union of finance and administration; so that financial considerations may attend or determine administrative policy from its inception, as well as control it during its progress, and review it in anticipation of each new financial year. It is this latter theory which, in our opinion, attributes higher functions and a more real and profitable control to finance than the older and more limited theory of its functions, appropriate to times of imperfect administrative organisation; for whilst the one would make finance a mere critical division of our War-Office administration, the other recognises the function of finance as that of governing, as far as may be necessary, the whole policy of administration, and as forming part of the primary responsibility of the Minister and of the Cabinet of which he is a member.'

Once more we must take the liberty of questioning, first the good taste, and next the object, of this avalanche of words. We of the present day have scarcely so managed our affairs at the War Office as to be justified in speaking of the past as 'times of imperfect administrative organisation.' Our scramble—for a mere scramble it was—at the period of the 'Trent' difficulty scarcely justifies our affecting to depreciate the machinery which enabled the Duke to keep his hold for seven years on the Spanish Peninsula, and bring the war to a close on the banks of the Garonne. But it is not so much to the questionable taste as to the obscurity of the sentences quoted above that we object. If they have any meaning at all, it is this: that public affairs are never so well carried

carried on as when the Minister who spends is allowed to be the sole check on his own expenditure. Grant this to be so, and the sooner we go back to an exaggeration of the old army extraordinary the better. Why, indeed, should the House of Commons be bored by listening to the army estimates at all? The Secretary of State can take care that 'financial considerations shall attend and determine his administrative policy from its inception,' and the House will have nothing more to do than to provide the means of paying the bill whenever it is presented. Wonderful as all this is, we are treated to a still greater marvel. The Report asserts, in one paragraph, that 'in the Secretary of State for War we have a Minister responsible alike for the efficiency of the service and for its economical administration, and able to harmonize the two;' and in another, that 'as it is impossible for the Secretary of State to attend himself to all financial questions, he must make use of some subordinate officers to assist him,'—and subsequently appears, both in Parliament and out of it. Where are we now? Drifting as fast as we can, involved all the while in endless self-contradictions, out of that quicksand of consolidation in which the good ship got embedded fifteen years ago; and trying to resuscitate, under different names, our old Secretary of War and Board of Ordnance. Do we object to this? Far from it. It would have been more graceful, perhaps—there can be no doubt that it would have been better—if Mr. Cardwell, following the dictates of his own good sense, had come boldly forward and said, 'My predecessors in office made a great mistake, and I am going to retrace our steps.' Let us, however, take what we get, and be thankful; for it is something to have wrung from the advocates of consolidation the acknowledgment that their scheme has broken down. Let us see next what it is they propose to do, with a view to rectify past errors.

The result of the deliberations of Lord Northbrooke's Committee was the preparation of a short bill, which passed the House of Commons in April last, and, subject to an amendment entirely in the wrong direction, prepared by Earl Grey, received in May the sanction of the House of Lords. As far as it goes, the intention of the War Office Bill is good. Its practical effect in facilitating the work of military administration, now that it has become law, cannot but disappoint its authors. Mr. Cardwell himself appears a good deal to have mistrusted it, when he laid it originally upon the table of the House:—

'What this bill proposes to do,' he said, 'is really to revive the Board of Ordnance to a limited extent in the service of the office who filled the post of Clerk of the Ordnance, in the office which the bill calls the Finance Secretary.'

But

But is Mr. Cardwell's definition of his measure a just one? Would it be possible to predicate of the new Clerk of the Ordnance, even if he had entered upon his office by warrant 'under the hand and seal of one of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State,' that he took the place of the old Clerk of the Ordnance? Can we predicate now—either of him, or of the Finance Secretary—that they are anything more than the servants of the War Minister? Consider what the conditions are under which they discharge their functions, and compare their position in the Government with that of the old Secretary-at-War, and the old Clerk of the Ordnance. The old Secretary-at-War and the old Clerk of the Ordnance held their offices direct from the Crown—the former by commission, the latter by patent, under both seals. They were substantive members of the administration,—the Queen's servants—personally responsible to the House of Commons for the shares which they severally took in administering the finance and supply of the Queen's army, just as the Secretary of State for War and the Colonies was, with other members of the Cabinet, personally responsible for the advice which in military matters he gave to the Sovereign. The new Financial Secretary and the new Clerk of the Ordnance (Surveyor-General of the Ordnance is his Parliamentary designation) stand upon an entirely different footing. 'One of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State may, from time to time, appoint and at his pleasure remove both such officers, and such officers shall not by virtue of such appointment, if sitting in the Commons House of Parliament, vacate their seats, or whether sitting in such House or not, be disqualified from being elected to, or sitting and voting in the said House of Parliament.' What follows? The Secretary of State will probably move the general estimates, the Surveyor-General will by-and-by show what sums are wanted for purposes of transport and supply, while the Financial Secretary is ready to answer questions that may be put to him on matters of detail and expenditure. But will the House of Commons endure this? We think not long. The House will never be content with either the statements or replies of a servant, the master being present to speak for himself. Mr. Cardwell, therefore, is labouring under a delusion—he is quite incapable of trying to deceive others—when he persuades himself, either that the presence of two subordinates in the House of Commons will relieve him from pressure, or that the control of Parliament over the expenditure of the army will be rendered more effective than it is by his War Office Bill. For a time, it may be, the House will listen with patience to the Surveyor, when he makes his statements and defends his estimates; but sooner

sooner or later it will turn both upon him and the Financial Secretary, and say, 'You have no right to speak for the Secretary of State. We must hear from himself the reason why such stores are needed, such establishments kept up. We cannot deal with any one on subjects like these, over whom we are precluded from suspending the wholesome terrors of impeachment.' *

The real truth is, that Mr. Cardwell is in difficulties, because he shrinks, not unnaturally, from adopting one of two courses, either of which may, for aught we know, be open to him. If he can persuade the Houses of Parliament to accept the theory of finance which Lord Northbrooke's Committee favours, there is no reason why he should not get rid of the General Commanding-in-Chief altogether, appoint his own Chief of the Staff, as he appoints his own Controller and Financial Secretary, and through these subordinates administer both the discipline and supply of the army. If this course be, as we suspect it is, impracticable, then he cannot stop short where the War Office Act has placed him. By some process or another, he must get back to a state of things which shall seat beside him on the Treasury bench Parliamentary administrative officers—his colleagues, not his servants, though they be servants of the Crown, and answerable to the Crown for the efficiency of the army through him, just as he is answerable, in regard to this matter, for the Crown to Parliament. He may effect this end by procuring for his Surveyor and Financial Secretary patents under the two Seals, which shall give to them their proper places in the administration, provided, on mature reflection, it be judged unadvisable to restore the old Board of Ordnance and the old Secretary-at-War to what they were prior to 1855. But, in this case, both the Controller and the Financial Secretary must, in points of detail, be as independent of him as the old Board of Ordnance and the old Secretary-at-War were of his predecessors. In like manner, the Commander-in-Chief must revert to what he was in the Duke of Wellington's day, performing his high functions, subject only to the same general control, which the Secretary of State, representing the Cabinet, has, since the Revolution, exercised over every officer and department appointed by the Crown, to command or to minister to the wants of the army. It is true that a single Controller-in-Chief, laden with so many responsibilities—having on his shoulders all the weight both of the Ordnance and the Commissariat, the manufacture of arms, ammunition, and stores, the clothing and supply of the army in all parts of the world—will, if he do his duty, be the hardest-worked func-

* The House of Commons has already verified this prediction. Lord Milton declined to receive an answer to his question except from the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself.

tionary in existence. And his attendance in the House of Commons, which must follow as a matter of course, will not lighten the labour. Still this labour may be sustained, provided there be under him at least two heads of great departments—a Storekeeper-General and a Commissary-in-Chief—perfectly independent the one of the other. But is there not an obvious risk, while the Controller is answering for these two gentlemen in Parliament, that in the War Office itself he may be thrown into the shade? For why are requisitions to go to him, only that his private secretary may sift and dispense them to the branches for which they are intended. And why should the Secretary of State and Commander-in-Chief be debarred from communicating directly with the Commissary-General or Storekeeper-General, as the case may be?

We know the sort of answer that will be rendered to these questions. We are preparing in peace a machinery adapted for war. We are setting up a model at home which must be faithfully copied abroad, whenever the country is called upon again to put an army in the field. No commander of the forces need henceforth be burthened with the care of providing his own transport, or looking after his own supplies. There will be at his elbow a functionary to whom he shall be able at any moment to say, 'I propose to move twenty or thirty thousand men to-morrow or next day in such and such a direction, and I hold you responsible that food, forage, ammunition, tents, medicine, ambulances, every article required to make my movement effective, are forthcoming.' Very plausible such a statement appears to be on paper, but, with great respect for those who advance it, we doubt exceedingly whether an officer, qualified by nature and education to command an army in the field, will ever consent, as this condition manifestly requires that he should, to make the success of his operations dependent on the skill and capacity of any single subordinate whatever.* At home and in the

* The views of the Duke of Wellington on this head were very decided, as the following extract from one of his unpublished letters will show:—

'Munro is much mistaken if he supposes that the Commander-in-Chief at Fort George can ever relieve himself, in war, from this responsible part of his duty by the appointment of a Commissary-General. A Commissary-General may often, upon the expectation of war and the preparation for military operations, be useful in pointing out to the Commander-in-Chief the supplies he would require, and where they were to be stored; but the Commander-in-Chief of an army in India, as well as in every other country, must be his own Commissary-General, if he means that his army is to be fed.

'I enclose to you the copy of a memorandum which I gave to Lord Wellesley when I was in India, at the moment when Lord Lake's army was in such distress for provisions, pointing out the detail of the mode in which I had conducted this branch of the service. You will observe the variety and extent of the details which it embraces, and how impossible it would be for any man, except the Commander-in-Chief himself, to superintend them and to combine them, for the public service.'

—Letter to the Right Hon. Robert Dundas, London, 17th March, 1809.

colonies,

colonies, where deficiencies are made good with little loss of time, and all our most important transport is carried on by rail, the proposed arrangement may prove convenient enough. Time and correspondence are undoubtedly saved where the General at the head of a district, instead of making his requisitions, as he used to do, through a circuitous channel, takes counsel with his Controller on the spot as to what is and what is not wanted within his command. But apply the principle arbitrarily to an army in the field, suffering no interference with the Controller-in-Chief, except by the Commander of the Forces in person, nor with sub-controllers, excepting through the Controller-in-Chief, and you will create that very duality of government which it is the professed object of recent changes to destroy. A General, with an enemy before him, can work only through his Military Staff. The officers of his Quartermaster-General's Staff in particular are his eyes, his ears, his hands. Prohibit them from giving instructions respecting transport and supply, and the army can move only upon lines determined by the Controller-in-Chief.

Observe that we are very far from objecting to arrangements which shall fix upon some one officer, the head of a well-organised department, all the responsibility of providing and keeping complete the stores and transport of the whole army. Under the great Duke that responsibility was divided among the Commissary-General, the Quartermaster-General, the Commandant of Artillery, and the Head of the Medical Department. These received from the Duke himself severally their instructions before an operation began, and perfectly understood that orders sent by him at any subsequent moment, by whomsoever carried, must be obeyed. It may be better, perhaps—though that remains to be proved—that the whole transport of the army should be in the hands of one Controller. But the Controller must not, because he is alone, fall into the mistake of imagining that he has any voice whatever in planning or prosecuting the campaign. For example: in conference with the General overnight, he may have been instructed to send so many munitions of war by one road, so many commissariat stores by another, to move his reserves to such and such places, and so on. But while his people are faithfully executing the orders which he had transmitted to them, a change of circumstances occurs, and the General finds himself under the necessity of suddenly changing all his dispositions. The General is far away from the Controller when this necessity becomes evident to him. Are we to be told that, before stopping the advance of stores and changing the positions of the reserves, the General must seek out the Controller, and through him transmit the necessary orders to the sub-controllers,

controllers, or whatever else the officers may be called, who act under the Controller-in-Chief. This would be fatal. What we object to, then, is this—not that a Control Department should be created, and a Financial Secretary added to the War Office, but that either the Surveyor-General or the Financial Secretary should be free from personal responsibility to Parliament, and that controllers should be so placed towards the army, at home or abroad, as to interfere with its efficiency by invading the proper functions of the Military Staff. Correct these two evils, and we will accept and make the most of the only substitute which we are likely for the present to get, for what was in an evil hour taken away from us fifteen years ago. We may entertain some doubts whether the Surveyor-General will provide better or more economically for the public service than the old Board of Ordnance did. We may believe that there never was a more efficient guardian and dispenser of stores at out-stations than the Board of Respective Officers, and entertain considerable misgiving as to the wisdom of trusting at the seat of war to that system of *Intendance Militaire*, which, according to the highest authorities among those from whom we borrowed it, broke down with the French army. Still, freely admitting that the steps recently taken are taken with a view to extricate our military administration out of the chaos into which it had fallen, we will go further, and express the belief that they have not been taken in vain. Their object is excellent: let us hope that by the removal of a few obvious defects in the means the good end which they seek may ultimately be attained.

There is yet one other point on which, before bringing this paper to a close, we feel ourselves bound to touch. A rumour is afloat, while we write, of the intended abolition of the separate establishment of the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief. The departments of the Adjutant and Quartermaster-General are, it is whispered, to be amalgamated, and all the details of moving, quartering, and maintaining discipline in the army, to be managed by a chief of the Staff. And, finally, it is said, that His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge is to be shown into a room in Pall Mall, where he is to become directly, what he already is indirectly, the military adviser of the Secretary of State. On the propriety or impropriety of creating a Staff corps, for to that the amalgamation of the two military departments must surely lead, we abstain from offering any opinion of our own. We know what the late Duke of Wellington thought about that matter, and not knowing where to look for higher authority, we confess ourselves to be unconvinced of the expediency of the arrangement. But to bring the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief under the same roof with the Minister of War, and to

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make him the head of a branch or department in the Secretary of State's office, appears to us to be the strangest proposal that ever was hazarded. For one or other of two consequences must inevitably follow. Either the General Commanding-in-Chief subsides into a cypher, which we consider to be in the highest degree improbable;—or he becomes, as our neighbours would say, master of the situation. The Secretary of State is, after all, but the creature of the House of Commons. As long as his party commands a majority there, he will retain his place. Let the House withdraw its confidence from the Government of which he is a member, and his place at the War Office knows him no more. On whom will then devolve the chief authority in the office. On the Surveyor-General? No; because we cannot believe that Parliament will long allow a functionary entrusted with the administration of such an enormous amount of public money, to be at once a military man, and a permanent executive officer of State. On the Financial Secretary? Certainly not; both because the same principle which applies to the Surveyor applies to him, and because by office arrangements his functions are necessarily subordinate. On whom then? Clearly on the General Commanding-in-Chief. The new Secretary for War, the new Surveyor, the new Financial Secretary, must all lean upon him for advice and instruction. And the Secretary of State's office being now manned in the whole of its chief branches by soldiers, is it to be supposed that they will not follow wherever their natural chief may lead? Nor will the case be different even if Lord Grey's amendment continue in force, and both Surveyor and Financial Secretary become fixtures in the office. How will they, being military men themselves, be able to hold their own against the head of the army? The idea is extravagant. It was quite right that the Commander-in-Chief and Secretary-at-War should be under the same roof. In matters purely military, the one was supreme, just as the other was supreme in matters financial. But to place side by side two great officers of State—one with supreme authority on all points, yet liable at any moment to be removed, the other subordinate yet the recognised military adviser of the Crown, and not liable at any change of Ministry to be set aside—if you laboured to devise a source of perpetual heart-burning and discord, and desired to throw in the end all real power into the hands of the General Commanding-in-Chief, you could not have fallen upon a scheme so well calculated to effect both purposes. Nor must we omit to notice another inevitable consequence of this arrangement. A Secretary of State for War is one thing, a Secretary of State for War and the Colonies

colonies was another. The latter never sought to interfere with the patronage of the army, his connexion with which was, so to speak, incidental. The former has the army, and only the army, to look after and control. Is it probable that he will long have the patronage of his own department to be dispensed by one who is little better than a permanent Under-Secretary in his place? And if he were disposed so to leave it, is to be supposed that his supporters in Parliament will long permit him to do so? No. We shall have a repetition of the jobbing which prevailed in the army before it came under the control of an officer intermediate between the Crown and the troops. The House of Commons, which creates the Minister, will soon come to understand that it creates the army too, and will claim and exercise the right to manage it as shall best fall in with the wishes of honourable members. Out of all these troubles we see no escape, except by a return to the spirit, if we cannot re-establish the substance, of that much-abused but in truth most efficient and constitutional scheme of military administration which rash hands, directed by ill-instructed minds, in an evil hour abolished.

Since the preceding sentences went to press the announcement has been publicly made of the completion of a device which appears to us to be as ill-considered as its consequences are likely to be very serious. The 'Pall Mall Gazette' of the 13th of June thus tells the tale:—

'The Queen has signed an Order in Council superseding the ambiguous mandate which has hitherto seemed to countenance the idea of authority in the Commander-in-Chief independent of the Secretary of War, and defining the position of the former as distinctly subordinate to the parliamentary chief. The Commander-in-Chief is charged with the discipline of the army, and with the responsibilities of promotion in the lower grades; but all his acts are, for the future, to be subject to the approval of the Secretary of State.'

We do not know from what source the 'Pall Mall Gazette' derived its early information, but the information itself is, we regret to say, substantially correct. The recommendations of Lord Northcote's Committee—not composed as all Committees should be which have great constitutional questions submitted to them, but consisting of four subordinate members of the administration, of whom one only is a peer and one a member of the House of Commons—have been adopted; and the military control of our armies, heretofore exercised by the Sovereign through a general officer specially appointed to represent her among the troops, is for the future to be exercised through a particular Secretary

Secretary of State, who can discharge his functions only so long as it shall please the House of Commons to keep in place the Cabinet of which he is a member. Can the state of things hereby constituted continue working long to the satisfaction of any one? We fear that it cannot. The presence in the War Office, as a fixture there, of a General Commanding in Chief must, we should think, under the change of circumstances prove eminently inconvenient. There will soon follow an arrangement which shall make this, like other Staff appointments, tenable for five years only. By-and-by the discovery will be made that for a General Commanding in Chief there really no need, and an officer of inferior rank being called in, on him will devolve such executive duties as it shall please the Secretary of State to assign to him. Where are we now? A parliamentary officer appointing his own Chief of the Staff, monopolises the patronage and absorbs all authority over the army; and to the House of Commons, no longer to the Crown, is entrusted the defence of the realm—we beg pardon—not of the realm but of the commonwealth. The following are the terms of the Order in Council which revolutionises our whole military system, whether for the better or the worse time alone can determine:—

‘The Field-Marshal commanding the Forces, under his letter of service issued to him by Her Majesty’s direction on the 15th of July, 1856, or any other officer who may hereafter from time to time be appointed, is to be charged—*subject to the approval of the Secretary of State for War, and on his responsibility for the administration of Royal Authority and Prerogative in respect of the army, in addition to the military command conferred by the same letter—*

‘With the discipline and distribution of the army, and of the reserve forces of the United Kingdom, when embodied or called out for active military service.

‘With the military education and training of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the army, and of the reserve forces when assembled for training, exercise, inspection, or voluntary military duty.

‘With enlisting men for, and discharging men from, the army and reserve forces.

‘With the collection and record of strategical information, including topography, in relation to the military circumstances of this and other countries.

‘With the selection of fit and proper persons to be recommended to Her Majesty for promotion for Staff and other military appointments, and for military honours and rewards.

‘And with the duty of rendering such advice and assistance in military affairs as may be required of him by the Secretary of State.’

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *The Overthrow of the German Confederation by Prussia in 1866.* By Sir Alexander Malet, Bart., K.C.B. London, 1870.
2. *The 'Times,' 'Standard,' and 'Daily News' Newspapers.* July to October, 1870.

A GREAT poet has said that the history of the world is the judgment of the world; and in such a judgment the public opinion of Europe has been taking part for the last three months in the quarrel between Germany and France. Here in England some of us may be Germans at heart; some may feel the wounds inflicted on France as though they were our own; but we are all interested to ascertain the rights of the dispute which has laid Imperial France prostrate at the feet of Germany, and we are all in some measure bound to lay the guilt of this bloody struggle on the nation which really provoked it. It would be idle, however, to look for the cause of the war to the provocation afforded to France by the proposal of a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne. That was only the last grain that broke the camel's back: the real reason must be sought in far remoter times. Let us begin, therefore, with the beginning, and see what Prussia has really been from the first hour of her existence. We say 'Prussia' advisedly, because throughout this contest it is as important to bear in mind the distinction between Prussia and Germany as it is that between the Emperor Napoleon and France. What, then, has Prussia always been, even in the time of the Thirty Years' War, but a self-seeking State, of dubious policy, which has often drawn down on itself the indignation and chastisement of its neighbours. So it was with Christian William and the great Gustavus; so with the great Elector, and after him with the great Frederick, the man who said 'if he were King of France he would not allow a cannon-shot to be fired in Europe without his leave;' so it was with Frederick William the Third, the father of the present King, whose dubious policy towards his Allies, and especially to the King of England,

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England, when he seized the Electorate of Hanover as his own in 1805, left him alone to contend against Napoleon in 1806, when after the Battle of Jena—a defeat almost as disastrous as any suffered by the French in the present war—Berlin and the whole kingdom lay at the mercy of the French Emperor, who entered his enemy's capital within a month from the declaration of war. From October, 1806, till 1813, the Prussians, in their moment of victory, will do well to remember, Prussia was completely at the mercy of the conqueror. Then it was, in those days of difficulty and distress, that the present military system of Prussia was founded by Stein and Hardenberg. On the downfall of Napoleon's system, after the retreat from Moscow, Prussia was full of materials for a large army, which, under Blücher and Gneisenau, most materially contributed to the success of the Allies. But even in the hour of common triumph, the aggressive instincts of Prussia were shown in the discussions which took place at the Congress of Vienna. The secret history of that great diplomatic gathering, as shown in Klüber's '*Acten des Wiener Congresses*,' proves that the dubious policy of Prussia—now siding with one faction in the Congress and now with another—had resulted in so many secret conventions and engagements among the contracting powers, that its deliberations would have ended in open quarrels had not Napoleon, most opportunely for the good repute of the Congress, burst out from his prison at Elba, and made all the Powers, and Prussia first of all, bosom friends again, by reminding them of their common danger, and reappearing on the scene of action as their common enemy.

When Paris had been a second time occupied by the Allies—and of these allies be it remembered that Prussia always stood forth as the deadliest and bitterest enemy of France, there was peace in Europe for a while, and the various nations had time to set their internal affairs in order. In France there were the old incapable Bourbons, with a Constitutional system. In Germany there was the Germanic Confederation, or, as they call it themselves, *Der Deutsche Bund*. Of the history of that august body we have not much to say, except to show how it was used by Prussia to serve her purposes, and then crushed by Prussia when it could be no longer useful. In all its dealings the Germanic Confederation was but the embodiment of that dualism which had existed in Germany since the rise of Prussia as a great power. In other words, it represented the permanent jealousy between Austria and Prussia. It was exceedingly strong—on paper, and excessively weak in action. The only event in which it might have been of service—a foreign invasion—never happened during its existence. In the internal dissensions, which followed

followed the French Revolution of 1848, the Bund utterly collapsed, and order was only restored in one part of the Confederation by the indefatigable energy of Felix Schwartzberg, who might be called the Bismarck of Austria, and in the other by the military operations of Prussia against the Red Republicans in Würtemberg and Baden.

Hitherto we have only spoken of Germany as composed of Austria and Prussia, with their satellites the Minor States. We have now to speak of Germany for itself—of Germany not as a mere congeries of States often at deadly hostility with each other, but as homogeneous Germany—as Germany united in policy and in principle, of Germany in fact one and indivisible. This idea, which even up to the present time has not entirely made its way to universal acceptance in Germany, has been the offspring of the existing generation. We do not say that it never flitted before the minds of German patriots half a century ago. But it was only among German patriots like the enthusiastic Arndt, and not among German statesmen of that generation, that the notion prevailed that the Fatherland was one day destined to become one and indivisible. Warned by the sufferings which almost every State of Germany had undergone at the hands of France, they dreamt, and sang, and prophesied that the day would come when there would be an United Germany which might in arms defy the world. It is evident, if this idea were ever triumphant, if ever Germany were one and indivisible, she, besides being a delight and comfort to all true Germans, would be an object of infinite terror to other European nations, who might have just cause to fear lest the balance of power in Europe might be shaken and overthrown by this terrible apparition. But let us only for the present suggest this, and pass on. Strange to say this idea of the first days of the present century has taken shape and form out of an obscure quarrel between Germany and a non-German State. The King of Denmark, like the King of Holland, was a member of the Germanic Confederation by his hereditary right to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. Here let none of our readers tremble; we are not about to drive any of them into a lunatic asylum by entering at any length into the question of Schleswig-Holstein. We only say that it was in that outlying district of Germany that the idea of German unity first took such firm root, that statesmen were forced to accept the poetic notion as a reality, and to admit it into the arena of politics. First of all the Bund took it up, and endless protocols and notes were the result. But as the Bund could not possibly take the question up without the cognizance of Austria and Prussia, both these Powers, detesting each other

with equal jealousy, and thus representing the idea of German separation, were forced to admit this idea of German unity into their councils. At last, as they went on from bad to worse, the death of the King of Denmark, in Nov. 1863, forced all parties to look this question of German unity fairly in the face. Austria and Prussia entered the Duchies as a joint army of execution at the command of the Bund, nominally to uphold the rights of the Duke of Augustenberg, but in reality to occupy what was held to be German soil, and therefore indivisible from the rest of the Fatherland, on the principle of an United Germany. It was the mutual jealousy of these two great Powers which insisted on a joint execution and occupation, for though both had been forced to accept the new idea, neither of them would yield to the other the supremacy in a possible United Germany. The victory of an idea means the destruction and extinction of existing rights. All claims and appeals are silenced before it. The old order perishes, and the new succeeds in its place. So it was in the Duchies. Nothing could be clearer than the hereditary rights of the old Danish dynasty to the Duchies. When the old dynasty failed, a treaty title had been given to the present King of Denmark, the result of infinite negotiations after the battle of Idstedt, in which Lord Palmerston took a great part. Even if the right of the present King of Denmark were abandoned, there was the Duke of Augustenberg, the Pretender favoured by the universal voice of Germany. And yet what was the result in the Duchies? The idea of unity indeed was triumphant, backed by the bayonets of Austria and the Prussian needle-gun, but all other rights were trampled under foot, the King of Denmark and the Duke of Augustenberg alike went to the wall. German unity had won the Duchies by the armies of Austria and Prussia, but she had won and held them for herself.

It was about this time that Europe began to hear of Bismarck and his policy. He had been, and indeed still is, an adherent of the old aristocratic party in Prussia, of what is called in fact the *Junkerparthei*, the exponent of whose policy is the *Kreutz Zeitung*. He was no friend of constitutions or popular representations, though he has never scrupled or objected to use them when it suited his purpose. That purpose has been to raise Prussia from the degradation to which the policy of Prince Schwartzemberg had reduced her in German affairs, and he was clear-sighted enough to see that Prussia must be triumphant if she proclaimed herself the champion of German unity. We say this as not denying the great merit of the man, or the enormous difficulties which he has surmounted and has yet to surmount,
but

but we assert that the aggrandizement of Prussia, and not the triumph of German unity, except so far as Prussia triumphed too, has been throughout the keystone of his policy. In 1864, therefore, Austria and Prussia were to outward appearance the best friends in the world, the one holding Holstein and the other Schleswig for the Bund. Those obligations were rendered still more sacred by the Treaty of Gastein, which provided for the occupation as stated, and for the actual transfer of Lauenburg to the King of Prussia as his private property, in consideration for which his enormous private means enabled him to pay Austria a large pecuniary compensation. But those halcyon days were not to last; the great allies began to quarrel; there was a warm interchange of notes; then Prussia complained of Austria to the Bund, and Austria of Prussia. In 1866 the Bund, in an evil moment for itself, sided with Austria, whose perpetual presidency gave it an advantage over her rival in the deliberations of the Confederation. Then came an order from the Bund calling on those members of the Confederation which remained faithful to take up arms against Prussia. Count Bismarck replied by calling out that unsuspected military strength, which Prussia had been so long preparing for this final struggle. The campaign which ended in the battle of Sadowa and the overthrow of Austria was the result, and Prussia, as the champion of German unity, became the head of the North German Confederation, while the Bund itself at Frankfort was extinguished by General Manteuffel much as Cromwell snuffed out the Long Parliament. Here, again, as in the cases of the King of Denmark and the Duke of Augustenberg, existing rights went down before the might of Prussia and the victory of the idea. Austria, the ally of Prussia, was cajoled, defeated, and robbed of Venetia; the rights of Hanover, Saxony, Hesse Cassel, and other minor States were ignored, and their sovereigns dispossessed. It was all for the good of Prussia and German unity, but the guilt was the guilt of Bismarck, who directed that strong arm to dash down throne after throne, and his only excuse, if excuse it can be allowed to be, was that he had violated all these rights in order that Germany might be united, one, and indivisible.

All this time, it may well be asked what France was doing. She was amazed, like the rest of Europe, at the wonderful successes of the Prussian army in 1866; for up to that time, even after the experience of the Danish War, Europe at large was no believer in the efficiency of the Prussian military system. It had failed once, not so long before, when Felix Schwartzberg challenged Prussia and she did not answer to the call to arms, and it might fail again. But besides being amazed, France had

had every right to be alarmed. For more than 200 years France had played the first part in every warlike drama enacted in Europe. She was the power, according to the testimony of the great Frederick himself, which we have already quoted, without whose permission not a cannon-shot should be fired in Europe; and yet one of the greatest military powers had been crushed in a fortnight's campaign by Prussia, the hereditary enemy of France, and was France to say nothing?

There can be no doubt, if the Emperor Napoleon had been ready to go to war in 1866, that he would have chosen that year for an appeal to arms. This was what he meant when he took up the quotation from Montesquieu in the address of President Schneider in the name of the Legislative Body on the 22nd of July last, and affirmed the fact 'that the real maker of the war is not he by whom it is declared, but he who has rendered war necessary.' It is also clear that Count Bismarck apprehended war from France in that year; for, when the Emperor Napoleon remonstrated and protested against the stipulations of the Treaty of Prague, and the result of the unscrupulous policy of Prussia, his wily antagonist replied by publishing those famous secret treaties with the South German States, which bound them to make common cause with Prussia in any war that might arise out of the political complications caused by the campaign of 1866. We have said that the Emperor Napoleon was unprepared for war in 1866, and there can be no doubt that this was the case. The efficiency of the needle-gun as a soldier's arm, and still more the extravagant confidence of the Prussian rank and file in that weapon, would have alone afforded him room for hesitation before entering on the struggle which he foresaw must come, if France were to retain her position in Europe. It must be remembered that the attitude of France towards the rest of Europe has always been that of defiance. Hitherto she had never been conquered except by a coalition, and a coalition such as was threatened by German Unity was what she had always dreaded. But, quite apart from that of France, the position of the Emperor himself must be considered. Even more than France he was bound to maintain the traditions of the Empire. To him had been bequeathed those Napoleonic ideas which were, in their way, as grand and imperative as that of an United Germany, and one of these was to suffer no European Power to be unduly aggrandised, for then she would become a dangerous enemy to France. In this way, by a strange revolution of the political kaleidoscope, the ideas of Napoleon had become identical with those of the Allies who invaded France in 1814. They attacked her to maintain the balance

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power, which had been overthrown by Napoleon's conquests; and in 1866 the nephew of the same Napoleon felt himself bound to go to war, in order to uphold the very equilibrium which the triumph of Prussia had most seriously threatened, while at the same time it lowered France not only in her own eyes but in those of the rest of the world. Nor must it be forgotten that the position of Napoleon III., as ruler of the French nation, demanded such a step in the mere interest of his dynasty. He was no old-established ruler, no legitimate descendant of a long line of kings. Such sovereigns can bear moments and intervals of political reverses, and even of humiliation, without losing either their own self-respect or that of their subjects. But it is very different with a new man, and that new man an Emperor, religiously treading in the footsteps of the greatest general and conqueror which modern Europe has ever seen. Napoleon III. was therefore bound to resent the aggrandisement of Prussia in 1866; and in our opinion he is not to be blamed if, taking a leaf out of the policy of his wily adversary, he bided his time till 1870, and employed the interval in making such preparations as the reorganisation of his military force rendered necessary. If the worst came to the worst, he would only be doing what Bismarck had done. It was diamond cut diamond, and merely a piece of political and military prudence to defer the hour for striking the contemplated blow, till it could be delivered on his enemy with terrible force, and with something of that lightning flash which dazzled the eyes of Europe at Jena in 1806.

That there should have been passages of diplomatic strategy between the two great masters in the science of political combinations, as well as military preparations, was but natural. If the '*esprit conspirateur*' has been ascribed to the Emperor Napoleon by his enemies, it cannot be denied that Count Bismarck is not far behind him in such dangerous and deluding arts. The mind of the Emperor was set on war, but not so fast set as to debar him from any advantages which might be gained without a recourse to arms. He alone of all the French nation seems to have estimated at its true gravity the impending struggle. The aggrandisement of Prussia, at the expense of Austria and the minor States, seemed to present a favourable opportunity for gaining for France that bank of the Rhine, for which her generals have so long fought, and which forms the burden of so many songs. There can be no doubt that at Plombières and elsewhere, both orally and by the intervention of diplomatic agents, this question was often discussed, and various combinations and assimilations of territory proposed with a view to

to securing for France the possession she had so long coveted. To Prussia, considered simply as Prussia, the cession desired might have been easy; but when the Emperor Napoleon began to treat with Prussia he found himself met by United Germany. Since 1866 the views of Count Bismarck had materially altered. Prussia was now at the head of United Germany, and Prussia might annex as much of Germany as she chose; in fact, there was no knowing how much more she might annex, but that was simply an affair of internal arrangement. What became Prussian in that way would be still German, but to yield an inch of German soil to a foreign Power would be desecration. Perish the idea! No! Germany must be united, one and indivisible, and Prussia was to be the head and leader of the New Confederation. It is to this period that the attempts which nearly embroiled France and Prussia a year or two ago, and which ended in the neutralisation of Luxemburg, must be referred. To this period also belongs the famous 'Project of a Treaty,' so conveniently published by Prussia in the 'Times' of the 25th of July. The real truth respecting the origin of that precious document will probably never be satisfactorily known. Those who side with Prussia, and believe Count Bismarck to be the guileless statesman which some pretend, will agree in his interpretation of the matter. There will be others who will be convinced, that the dull Benedetti was outwitted by the subtle Prussian Prime Minister, and made a cat's-paw, to be thrown over when it suited Prussia to do so. But what the impartial public will not fail to discern is the fact, that on each side efforts were made to avert the inevitable conflict by some arrangement which might preserve peace, while it satisfied the ambition of both parties. Judging by the previous career of both the movers in this dark matter, it is at least as likely that Count Bismarck, who had proved false to so many of his German confederates, should not scruple to adopt the same tortuous policy when dealing with a French antagonist.

And now the eventful year 1870 arrived. It opened more fairly than many of its predecessors in the prospect of peace. There were no short and snappish speeches at the French Emperor's reception on the New Year—nothing to remind the world of Napoleon III.'s treatment of M. Hübner before the campaign which ended at Solferino, or of the passionate rebuke, administered by Napoleon I. to Lord Whitworth before the violation of the hollow Peace of Amiens. On the contrary, the Imperial policy, under the guidance of M. Ollivier, seemed pledged to peace. Nearly eight millions of the population had approved of that new Constitutional policy on the occasion of the *plébiscite*, and, except to

to those who knew that France was fast arming and turning out her chassepots and *mitrailleuses* in increased numbers week by week, there was no indication of the coming storm. Spring came and passed, and the summer bore on, when in the first days of July, when all the English official world were beginning to think where they should spend their annual holiday, a growl of thunder was heard from Spain. Just before it was heard, death had removed Lord Clarendon from the conduct of Foreign Affairs in this country, and Lord Granville ruled in his stead. It is impossible to say how far the influence exerted by Lord Clarendon over the Emperor Napoleon, unquestionably great as it was, would have tended to arrest the outbreak of hostilities; but Lord Granville himself has borne witness to the opinion entertained by Mr. Hammond, the veteran Secretary of the Foreign Office, that never were the prospects of peace brighter than when Lord Clarendon's decease created a vacancy in that department.

But peace was not to be maintained. It was announced that General Prim had chosen a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern for the vacant throne of Spain. If we had begun the consideration of the question merely from the month of July, we might have thought such a choice but a poor pretext for involving two great nations in all the horrors of war. But we have already shown, in our previous enquiries, that the mine was dug and the train laid long before, that was to produce this terrible explosion. In the existing temper both of France and Germany, only one spark was needed, and that was afforded by Prim's fatal selection. Quite apart from these considerations, it touched the sensitive nature of France to the quick that the detested House of Hohenzollern should be found suddenly meddling in Spain, among the uttermost of those Latin nations, a supremacy over whom she had always fondly assumed to herself. Not content with planting a prince of his House firmly in Roumania, the King of Prussia was now giving his sanction to another dynastic intrusion, and that, too, in a country where he had no right to interfere. It is needless to repeat what followed step by step. Suffice it to say, that on the 5th of July the Duke de Grammont made his warlike declaration to the Legislative Body. Then ensued a short interval, in which it was hoped, that peace might be preserved, by all who were the friends of peace. But so far from this being the case, though the Prince of Hohenzollern had been withdrawn as a candidate for the vacant throne, and though the King of Prussia had given explanations, they were evidently deemed unsatisfactory, for on the 12th of July the Emperor came to the Tuileries from St. Cloud and presided at a Cabinet Council, in which it was resolved to demand further concessions from the King

King of Prussia. In the mean time M. Benedetti, who had been at Wildbad, had repaired to Ems, where the King of Prussia then was, and on the 13th, acting no doubt on instructions from Paris, where a rupture was now considered inevitable, he is said to have accosted the King with an insolent demand, which was promptly and royally refused. As soon as this news reached Berlin, which it did on the same evening, the indignation of the populace was extreme, and a mob soon collected before the Palace, shouting, 'To the Rhine!' and 'To Paris!' Nor was the populace of Paris nor the people of France less excited when the intelligence of the breach reached them. The cries of the Berliners, '*Nach Paris!*' was met by the counter cry, '*À Berlin!*' The wish of his people was soon granted by the Emperor, who on the 15th of July declared war against the King of Prussia, and the beginning of hostilities was only suspended till the formal announcement of the declaration could be conveyed to Berlin, which the Duke of Grammont on the 20th of July informed the Legislative Body had occurred on the 19th. On the same day Count Solms received his passports and left Paris, and from that time till the present these two mighty nations have been engaged in internecine war.

Much political capital has been made by the enemies of France out of the celebrated speech delivered by M. Rouher on the 16th of July to the French Emperor, in which he said, alluding to the preparations for war: 'Your Majesty was able to wait, but has occupied the last four years in perfecting the armament and the organisation of the army.' We have already shown that war had been inevitable between the two countries since the Prussian aggressions of 1866. France was then unprepared. She had spent the intervening time in preparing herself for battle, as we maintain she would have been reft of foresight, and the Emperor unworthy to sit on the throne of the Great Napoleon, if he had neglected any possible precaution to ensure success in the coming struggle. But when the enemies of France speak of her chassepots and *mitrailleuses*, and of her being so well prepared has it ever occurred to them that the facts of the case, no less than the issue of every combat, almost without exception, prove most conclusively that Prussia was far better prepared for the conflict than France, which is so abused for having had the common sense to take steps to prevent her enemy from rushing upon her unawares. We have seen how soon the Berlin mob began to cry 'To Paris!' and it is plain that the temper of the people was anything but pacific. They had, in fact, been taught to expect the war, and when the day came they shouted. As

the Government, the best proof that it was prepared is to be found in the fact, that though war was only known to have been declared on the 19th of July at Berlin, on the 1st of August the Prussians had thrown more than 400,000 men across the Rhine, ever since which day their hordes of invading corps d'armée have constantly increased until at the present moment it is calculated that Germany has not less than 750,000 men on the soil of France. Let no one, therefore, reproach France for trying to be prepared, when it is found that what France only tried and failed to do was actually accomplished by the Prussian military system, with the greatest rapidity and with the best possible effect on the issue of the war. Let the advocates of Prussia be generous, and if they shower praise on General Moltke for his matchless strategy, let them award some portion of praise, instead of blame, to the Emperor, for having laboured for four years to place France on a footing of equality with her rival.

So far from being fully prepared, as he had been led by his generals, and more especially by the incompetent Leboeuf, to suppose, it is certain that the Emperor was fully prepared neither in men, material or stores, when he declared war. This accounts for the facts that the army on the Rhine never amounted to more than 300,000 men, that the concentration of troops on the frontier was slow, and that more than ten days were lost before active hostilities commenced; during all which time the Prussians were incessantly employed in mobilising their enormous army, and in sending every available regiment to the frontier. Well might an old veteran of the Emperor living at Hagenau regret the absence of such a spirit as the First Napoleon during those ten days:—

“As soon as war was declared,” he said, “I went to Strasburg, expecting to see our men pass the Rhine into Baden, some forty or fifty thousand of them. But I came back like a fool as I went, for no troops crossed. Why! in the time of the Great Napoleon he would have crossed long before those ten days were over with 150,000 men, and he would have beaten the Prussians as they came up corps after corps, and we should have had news of him at Berlin as we did in 1806, instead of hearing how the Prussians have invaded us and beaten our armies in detail.”

It will always remain a puzzle how Napoleon III. could have been so deceived by those around him. But that he was deceived at every point, both by generals and diplomatists, is an undoubted fact. The diplomatists declared that the population of Hanover, Saxony, Hesse, and the annexed states, hated Prussia and would rise against her; that Bavaria and Würtemberg were only waiting for a war to make common cause with France. As
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for Austria, she had not forgotten Sadowa; while Italy would be ungrateful neither to the Emperor nor to the nation to whom she owed so much. The generals all assured him that he had such an army as had never been seen before in France. It was unequalled, not only in the number of the men in each regiment and in their soldierly qualities, but in the excellence of its arms and the perfection of its equipment. But when it came to the proof, the battalions were notoriously far below their proper strength, owing to the new organisation never having been properly carried out; and besides this numerical inferiority, the French army was deficient in those very soldierly qualities which it was reputed to possess, and which constitute a perfect army, whether in officer or private. It cannot be denied, after the experience of the late campaign, that the French soldier has lamentably degenerated from his old estate. The army has trusted to the spasmodic efforts of *corps d'élite*, like the Turcos and Zouaves, rather than to that deliberate valour, which pervades every regiment and rank in a service, and of which the German army affords a signal example. The officers too, it appears, have luxurious habits, reminding one rather of the armies of the late-Roman empire, than of the hardy captains who commanded the legions which marched fifteen hours a day to win the battle of Jena. Led by officers who went to the field in carriages, accompanied by cooks and prostitutes, it is no wonder that the rank and file were demoralised and insubordinate. One thing, before all others, they lacked, and that was a general. We very much doubt whether even 500,000 Frenchmen on the Rhine would have made a better figure in the early part of last August, unless they had been led by better strategists than MacMahon or De Failly. Their numbers would only have added to the ignominy of their defeat. But for all this, be it remembered, the Emperor Napoleon was not to blame. He alone of all his people, as is proved by his address to his army on arriving at Metz, seemed aware of the magnitude of the struggle in which he had engaged, backed by the support of a whole unanimous nation. He went from Paris to the army of the Rhine, expecting to find it all perfection, and ready to undertake a glorious campaign. He found it really in cantonments, corps isolated from corps, and needing several days to consolidate and combine it. The necessary manœuvres might have been possible in the good old times when communications were slow, and military operations took months to execute, but they could not be completed in the face of an adversary superior both in strategy and in numbers.

The Germans, so far as their plans have been published, seemed at first disposed to await the attack of the French on the

e of Coblentz and Maintz. Their foe had got the start
n they fancied, and he would be pouring into the Palatinate
ross the Rhine before they could reach that river. But
hey found that he loitered and delayed, and that his corps
marched hither and thither on French territory without
y and without advance, they changed their plan of opera-
and determined to carry the war into France itself. Then
that brilliant series of victories of which the last has yet to

First, on the 4th of August came Weissenburg, on the
sted lines of the Lauter, so often bedewed with the best blood
many and France. There General Douay, a brave soldier,
urprised, his corps having been accountably pushed on in
e, and isolated from Marshal MacMahon's army. The result
affair was the utter annihilation of his corps, though the
an victory was attended with great loss. Hardly had this
ous news been spread over France than worse intelligence
ed it. Marshal MacMahon, rushing to retrieve the honour
y Douay, was himself attacked by the Crown Prince of
a at Wörth, on the 6th of August, and so utterly defeated
s fine army, at least 75,000 strong, was scattered to the
and was not heard of as an army this side Chalons.
MacMahon a été écrasé, wrote the Empress to one of her English
two days after the battle, and no words could more aptly
be the nature of his defeat.

ile the army under the command of the Crown Prince was
istinguishing itself, that under the command of the King
aping laurels of its own. Pressing on for Metz it was met
rbrück, where the Emperor and the Prince Imperial had,
days before, had a *promenade militaire*, by the corps com-
ed by General Frossard. Here on the heights of Spicheren
ermans were for a great part of the day outnumbered by
rench; but with desperate valour they sustained the fight,
e heights were repeatedly taken and retaken, until at the
the day German reinforcements came up, and the French,
reserves advanced slowly and were badly handled, were
from the field in disastrous rout. These successes of
ermans filled all Europe with astonishment. Men refused,
t, to believe that the famous French army, of whom they
een taught to expect so much, could have been so badly
anded, and that the veterans of the Crimea, Italy and
so, could be beaten in detail so signally by the boy-soldiers
rmany. But so it was; and worse reverses still remained in
or France. In a few days the victorious German hosts were
Metz, into the intrenched camp before which great fortress
attered forces of France had retired. At the same time
the

the army under the Crown Prince pressed on, and soon crossed the Moselle. Then arose in Metz the fear that the Emperor and the army, which still contained untouched the Imperial Guard, the very flower of the French force, might be shut up in that fortress. The enemy were already more than two to one, and their numbers were swelling every day. It was necessary to leave Metz and to retire on Verdun, that is to say, to abandon the line of the Moselle and to try to defend that of the Meuse and the defiles of the Argonne. But, like every step taken in this fatal war on the part of France, this counsel came too late. The Emperor, who had dismissed Lebœuf and appointed Marshal Bazaine to the chief command, indeed succeeded almost by a miracle in making his escape to Chalons by way of Verdun; but when Bazaine the next day tried to effect his retreat in force, he was met beyond the Moselle by the armies of Germany, which had now closed round the devoted city and hemmed him in on every side. There had already been a bloody battle, the very day before the Emperor left, under the walls of Metz, but the importance and the carnage of that bloody day were quite eclipsed by the slaughter which happened at the battles of Mars-la-Tour and Rezonville on the 16th and 18th of August. On those days the Prussian victories were only won with immense loss, and probably in all the annals of carnage, which Prussia has to boast, she can count no bloodier battle than that of Mars-la-Tour. But at least she was victorious. Far otherwise was it with the French. They had lost, so far as we can learn, at least as many men as their adversaries, and they had also failed in their object. They had tried to break out of Metz, and they had been foiled. From that day to this the gallant Bazaine and the flower of the French army have remained shut up in the virgin fortress, which still holds out.

Up to this time the Prussian successes had been attended by corresponding loss. Though the French were beaten, they died hard; and the chassepot all through these fierce encounters proved itself a most formidable weapon in the hands of resolute men. But, after those heroic struggles before Metz, it must be admitted that the valour of the French soldiers began to fail, and want of discipline showed its ugly face among their ranks. An army badly led soon loses heart, and so it was with the French troops after their recent reverses. We have seen that the shattered forces of MacMahon were at last rallied at the Camp at Chalons. Here too, after a long interval, arrived the remnants of De Failly's corps from Wörth, and here, in short, were soon assembled whatever regular troops the French could send to the front. Here too, for a short period, were the Emperor Napoleon
and

and the Prince Imperial. Here, in a word, if we except Paris, was gathered the last hope of France, and that forlorn hope was bent on making its way to Metz, on raising the siege and setting free Bazaine and the best troops of the Empire. In the mean time the Crown Prince of Prussia was steadily pressing on with his army, encountering little opposition, and taking possession of Nancy and other towns on his route. To effect a junction with his son, the King of Prussia advanced his head-quarters, and they were in full march for Chalons, when they learnt that MacMahon had broken up from Rheims, and stolen at least two days' march on them on his way back to Metz. Before Metz the King had left Prince Frederick Charles and a large investing force, while a third army, under the Crown Prince of Saxony, was marching on Chalons by way of Verdun. The move of MacMahon, if it could have succeeded, would have been famous in history; but, though the plan was good and worthy of the Great Napoleon, the execution was feeble, chiefly owing to the demoralisation of the French army, which only marched twenty miles in two days, and betook itself to shooting its officers and plundering baggage-trains. While in this disorganised condition, the French army was met near Carignan by the Crown Prince of Saxony's army, and, at the same time, taken in flank by the forces of the King and the Crown Prince of Prussia. After three days' fighting, always disastrous for the French, who, on the 1st of September, were driven back in utter disorder under the walls of Sedan, having been completely crushed in an artillery action in which the Prussian steel guns asserted a terrible superiority, the last day of the Emperor Napoleon's career as a General arrived. On the 2nd of September he surrendered in person to the King of Prussia, and on the same day the whole French army before Sedan capitulated as prisoners of war. On that sad day for France, 90,000 men laid down their arms and were sent, with the Emperor, as prisoners to Germany. When it set out from Rheims that army amounted to about 150,000 men, the bulk of which great force have been accounted for, by after returns, as having become the prey of the Prussians either as killed and wounded, or prisoners of war. On the 4th of September, when the news was fully known in Paris, the mob invaded the Legislative Assembly, the deposition of the Imperial dynasty was carried by acclamation, and a Republic proclaimed at the Hotel de Ville in its stead. On the same night the Empress fled from the Tuileries, the Council of Regency disappeared, and a Provisional Government was established.

With the downfall of the Napoleon dynasty a great change comes over the aspect of the war. From a series of bloody conflicts

conflicts in the open field, it now becomes a struggle for the possession of fortified places by sieges and investments; Paris being, of course, the great object of attack. But, though the Prussians were signally and rapidly successful on the field of battle, they were slow in their operations by siege. Never has the importance of small fortresses, commanding lines of communication, been better shown than in the present war. Thus Toul, a third-rate place, defied the enemy and hampered his supplies for more than a month. Metz refuses to be starved out. Strasburg has only just surrendered after a most gallant defence; and Verdun, Soissons, Thionville, Mézières, and a host of minor fortresses, close their gates when summoned to surrender, and leave the invader to his only remedy, 'the ultimate argument of kings.' But the interest of all these operations is centred in the single question—Will Paris be able to hold out, and how long will it hold out?

In the mean time the Prussian forces, swollen by the force set free by the surrender of Strasburg and Toul, are marching in every direction over the land. That section of the Provisional Government which has left Paris and established itself at Tours, is threatened in that city by the Prussian advance. The terrible Uhlans, or 'Black Lancers,' are expected to appear before the place, and M. Cremieux and his colleagues prepare to fly to Toulouse. On Lyons it is reported that the stern Vogel von Falkenstein, known in 1866 as the *Raubvogel* on account of his plundering propensities, is marching with an army of 100,000 men. These are the veterans of the Landwehr with whom he had been destined to defend the coasts of the North Sea and the Baltic against the attacks of the French squadrons; but the services of the sailors who manned the French fleet, being required to defend the walls of Paris, the blockade, which was always ineffectual, has been raised; and thus the force under General von Falkenstein has been set free and has made its appearance in France, eager to snatch some of the laurels which its more fortunate companions in arms have gathered in such profusion and at the cost of so much German blood. Nor if Metz should fall, not so much by siege as by starvation, is it likely that the great force which invests that fortress under Prince Frederick Charles will remain long inactive. There are Normandy and Picardy still to be invaded and put under requisition. Not in the stream of the Seine alone, high up at Paris, will the Uhlan water his horse. Lower down the river, towards Rouen and Havre, he will soon appear, and the chief Colonial Port of France will fall. Nor in the evident determination of the Prussians to do their work so thoroughly, that France shall give them no more trouble, is it likely

ly that Brittany and Cherbourg will be spared. We believe the defences of the great French arsenal are weak on the land side. It never entered into the calculation of Napoleon, who founded it, and of his successors who completed it, that Cherbourg would ever be attacked except from the sea. It was against England and her maritime supremacy that the break-water was made, and the forts that look seaward built; and now, a strange turn in the wheel of Fortune, it is at least likely that Cherbourg, which has cost 40,000,000*l.*, may be taken on the land side by an enemy whose fleet has been forced to keep in being during the French blockade, and that it will fall before the power of a nation who cannot keep the sea with a single squadron. We pass from the consideration of the war itself, which has left France prostrate at the feet of her enemy, to consider the prospects of peace. We wish we could say that they are at all bright. As we write, we hear that the Germans are still resolute in demanding Alsace and German Lorraine, and that they deem the possession of these provinces indispensable for their future protection against France. They, of course, demand a pecuniary indemnity. To this France would make no objection. Money to the amount even of 100,000,000*l.* they will pay or borrow, but they still sternly refuse to cede one inch of French soil to the hated invader. As on the other side of the Rhine German opinion is unanimous in thinking Count Bismarck's demands extremely moderate, it is evident that no common basis of agreement can yet be arrived at. On both sides of the Rhine, then, the cry is raised, as at Athens in the Peloponnesian War: 'Let the war proceed,' 'Let us fight it out to the bitter end.' But we must remark that the Prussians have manifestly changed their ground since the war began, and the change has not produced a better opinion throughout Europe of their honesty or generosity in this fatal struggle. When the French Emperor, we have seen, stung by the insult offered to France at Prim's refusal of a Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain, declared war against Germany, backed by his constitutional advisers, by the legislative Body and by the unanimous voice of his people, the King of Prussia declared that Germany entered unwillingly in a war which she had not sought, to defend the common fatherland, and to preserve its cherished unity from foreign invasion. As long as the French armies were expected to cross the Rhine, the watchword in Germany was that it was to be a purely defensive war. But when defence was converted into aggression by the incompetence of the French generals, and fortune favoured the German arms with an unexpected run of success; the King of Prussia changed his note though he did not.

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not yet abandon a generous policy, at least in words. In his address to the French nation on crossing the frontier after the combats at Spicheren and Forbach, he declared that he made war not on the French nation but on the French army. At that time therefore, as the Emperor was the head of the army, he implied that his quarrel was with the Imperial system and the Imperial forces. Against the Emperor and his dynasty, the heir to Napoleonic ideas and the fruitful source of so much misery to Germany, and not against the great and generous French nation, he had taken up arms. The inference would appear to be, that when the Emperor Napoleon, and his uncle's ideas, and his system and his dynasty, had received their *coup de grace* at the battles and the capitulation before Sedan, this generous German nation might have made peace with France and have retired within their one and indivisible borders, after obtaining certain guarantees. But though many in Europe may have been of this opinion, and looked to behold a splendid example of moderation in a conqueror from the King of Prussia, they were as much disappointed in this expectation as the new Provisional Government in Paris itself. That Government thought that, having overthrown the Emperor, they were in fact fighting the King of Prussia's battle, and that as the Emperor was now their common enemy, it would be comparatively easy to come to terms of peace. France could not but confess herself beaten, but she need not be humiliated by the loss of her territory, she would give any guarantees but that. Her unity and indivisibility were as precious and sacred in her eyes as that of Germany in hers. But here Europe and the Provisional Government were signally deceived. It was now proclaimed, not only by the German press but by Count Bismarck himself, with an unblushing effrontery which reminds one of his falsest days before 1866, that the quarrel of Germany was with France and France alone. As for the Provisional Government, how could Germany treat with it? Let there be a Constituent Assembly which could bind the nation, and then France and Germany might come to terms.

In the mean time, at the suggestion of the Neutral Powers, the Prussian Prime Minister had no objection to have an interview with M. Favre, the Foreign Minister of the Republic, at which terms of an armistice might be agreed on and hostilities suspended till the arrangements with the Constituent Assembly could be concluded. That interview took place, and the report of M. Favre is now before the world. The very first condition which the French Minister made was, with characteristic duplicity on the part of the Prussians, immediately violated. He had stipulated that the interview should be kept secret. In the present temper

temper of France it might be dangerous, not only to the negotiations, but to the negotiator, that any Minister of the Republic should dare to treat with the enemy. But the fact was immediately announced through Prussian sources, and M. Favre in his report can only 'regret that the negotiations were not kept secret as agreed upon.' During the negotiations which ensued, Count Bismarck added insult to injury. 'If he thought peace possible, he would conclude one at once; but really the position of the present French Government was so precarious, it might be overthrown by the populace in a day or two, if Paris were not captured before.' Then he proceeded, heaping up the agony. 'France will as little forget the capitulation of Sedan as Waterloo or Sadowa, which did not concern you.' In the course of conversation, M. Bismarck mentioned that the French nation had always the intention of attacking Germany—the French nation, he it observed, not the Napoleonic dynasty. Then he stated his terms: Alsace and Lorraine, and a few other minor items. When it was objected that the public law of Europe would not permit Prussia to appropriate provinces without the consent of the population, M. Bismarck replied, in a manner which showed that he cared as little for public law as for private rights, 'He was aware of all that; but, as we shall shortly have another war with you, we intend to enter upon it in possession of all our advantages.' At a second interview, arranged with a view to an armistice during the time that might be necessary to convoke a Constituent Assembly to consider these hard terms, M. Bismarck fairly out-Bismarcked himself. As a condition of the armistice, he asked for Strasburg and Toul, neither of which had then fallen; and, as the Constituent Assembly was to meet in Paris, 'he desired to have the forts commanding the capital—Mont Valérien, for instance.' When M. Favre declared 'that it would have been more simple to have asked for Paris at once,' M. Bismarck replied, 'Let us seek some other combination.' But the result of all fresh combinations was that Prussia, having the whip-hand of France, against whom King Frederick William had so generously declared he had not come to make war, was determined to exact her pound of flesh. The powers of M. Favre were exhausted. 'I rose and took my leave, expressing to him my conviction that we should fight as long as we could find in Paris an element of resistance.'

Such was the mission of M. Favre to the conqueror. He sought for peace, and met only with an inflexible determination for conquest and war. He states these facts to Europe, and there leaves them. On the 21st of September, M. Favre, having

communicated the demands of Count Bismarck to the Committee of National Defence, forwarded a despatch to the Prussian headquarters in which those demands were unanimously rejected. In that despatch the Foreign Minister of the Republic declared that his mission had not been useless, since it had revealed the ambiguity in which Prussia had enveloped herself. 'She had declared that she only attacked Napoleon and his soldiers, but respected the nation. To-day we know what she desires.' Nothing was now left to the country but either to disavow the Ministers of the Republic, or rise and fight the battle 'to the bitter end.'

The student of history will not fail to remark that, while the Germans pretend that they are fighting for German unity, they are, in fact, taking a leaf, and one of the worst leaves, out of the First Napoleon's book. Whenever he crossed the Rhine it was always in some just quarrel, though it might be merely to satisfy his own inordinate ambition. And so it is now with Prussia, or with Germany. For ourselves we use these terms as identical; the spear may be German, but the point is Prussian, and Count Bismarck wields it for purely Prussian ends. It is not for nothing that she has placed herself at the head of the idea of German unity. M. Favre is quite justified in asserting, that his interview has stripped Germany of the ambiguity in which she had hitherto enveloped herself. At first, as we have seen, it was with the German press, as with the Prussian king, a holy war in defence of German liberty and unity. The Emperor Napoleon had declared the objects of his intended invasion to be the reduction of Prussia to her true level, the repression of her aggressive policy, and the reconstitution of Germany to the exclusion of both Austria and Prussia. And the German nation, North and South, rose in union as they had never been united before, to repel the invader. For a short space, at that period of the struggle, public opinion, whether in England, in America, or on the Continent, was entirely on their side. Spain and Ireland, both obstinate and intractable, were the only allies of France. But this feeling has changed, as the policy and pretexts of the conquerors also changed. The German press, and especially that published under 'inspired influence' at Berlin, soon altered its high patriotic tone. Now the war was to be made, not in defence of Germany, but on the Emperor and his dynasty, who was openly said to be the 'Father of Lies.' It was his demoralizing and debasing influence which had ruined France—that great nation—morally and socially. He and his whole race must be rooted out. Then when the Emperor fell, there was still not a word for France. If the Emperor were the enemy of Germany, Republican France was still more hostile to the great idea of German

German unity. The fatal traditions of 1792 would be revived, and the Democratic element would be let loose on the world, if not crushed by 'our revered monarch.' At the same time the French nation—which before had been so much pitied—was declared to have inherited all the vices of the Empire. Before all the nations that had ever been or ever would be, it was most 'immoral'—'*unsittlich*.' Crimes and vices existed in France to which the civilized world could afford no parallel. It was far otherwise with our 'moral' nation, so orderly and obedient to the paternal influence of its sovereigns; so exemplary in all its domestic relations, so religious, and such good church-goers. In fact, for the nonce, the German race—which, to say the truth, with all its undoubted good qualities, can hardly be called very moral, or much given to the worship of God, as other nations understand the term—was turned by the press of Berlin into a generation of Pecksniffs, who thanked God that they were not as that miserable and wicked French nation, which the fortune of war had given over into their hands to crush and destroy.

The cry of United Germany is not that of a generous conqueror seeking peace, with justice and moderation, after a series of brilliant victories, and so making his enemy into his friend; but of a mob calling out 'Væ victis!' and 'Delenda est Carthago!' at the top of its voice. At the same moment they clamour for peace, forgetting that if they are bent on crushing France, as they declare to be their intention, that high-spirited nation will take M. Favre's advice and fight it out to the bitter end, sooner than submit to humiliation which would be worse than death. The Germans may be equally prepared to settle their quarrel once for all with France, and they may be determined to overrun the country, to capture Paris, and to seize city after city, and arsenal after arsenal; but even when they have done that, do they expect that even they, with all their strength, will be able to hold France a prisoner for ever, and to keep her fast bound in misery and iron to the end of time? If not, why will they not learn that military glory is only true fame when it is tempered by moderation? Above all things, let them not expect, if they continue in their course of conquest, to find public opinion on their side in any European state. If the world is only to see a repetition of the Napoleonic conquests, with the King of Prussia playing the part of Napoleon on French soil, backed by a minister as unscrupulous as any that did the First Napoleon's bidding in his most ambitious days, it will sicken at the sight, and execrate that German unity, which might have been a blessing to Europe, but has proved a curse, by inflicting, on the very first occasion on which it has used its gigantic strength, an irreparable injury on
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the whole civilized community by extinguishing France, that other eye of Europe, from among the fellowship of nations.

While the bloody scenes which we have described were happening in France, what was Europe doing? Very little but look on. England was strictly neutral; she was so fond of both the belligerents that she could side with neither. She was ready to sell coal and munitions of war to either party, provided they came and took them away in their own bottoms. At one time she was seriously alarmed, but that was only for Belgium. The existence of that flourishing little kingdom had been guaranteed by England more than once; and when the draught of the Benedicti Treaty took the world of honesty and morality by surprise, England was afraid that the neutrality, and even the existence of her pet state, might be imperilled. There were Cabinet Councils, and notes and protocols; and the result was a treaty, by which each of the belligerents guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium, and each bound herself to make common cause with England in case the other violated Belgian soil. It was remarked at the time that this treaty did not provide for one case. What was to happen if both the belligerents violated Belgian territory at the same moment? And, oddly enough, though the signal reverses of France rendered all danger of aggression on Belgium on her part impossible, the same reverses brought about the very case that was not provided for by the treaty. After the battle and capitulation of Sedan both France and Prussia agreed in violating Belgian territory, for the sake of disposing of the prisoners more conveniently; so that it might be said that this famous diplomatic document only came into effect to be broken. For the rest, England has been ever ready to mediate between the contending parties as soon as they can arrive at a common basis of negotiation; but, as that desirable moment has not yet come, our good wishes and our good offices have been singularly fruitless. It is the character and curse of a neutral to please neither side, and the result of England's position in this struggle has been that both France and Prussia have thought her conduct cold and heartless. In France, so long as the mind of the nation could think of neutrals, so long as it was not altogether absorbed in considering how Paris could keep the ravening wolf from her throat, England was roundly abused for having abandoned her old ally. A popular French periodical represented an Englishman in Paris refusing alms, as he thought, to a Zouave with one arm. 'My good friend, I can do nothing for you.' 'I do not ask for anything from you,' is the answer. 'I have still that strong arm left which saved your life at Inkerman.' But France, and the writers which express this feeling, forget that the alliance which existed

existed in the days of Inkerman had been long since tacitly given up by France. It was the opinion of Lord Palmerston, that the policy of the Emperor Napoleon would be dangerous neither for England nor for Europe, so long as it was controlled by an intimate cordiality and alliance between the two great nations of the West. So long as he was the ally of England, the Emperor was, in some sort, bound over to keep the general peace. The prudence of the veteran statesman was proved by the result. When the English alliance ceased, the Emperor Napoleon began to be suspected in Europe. The quarrel with Austria and the Italian wars followed. Then came the annexation of Savoy, though it was thought that France only went to war for an idea. After that piece of political perfidy, Lord Palmerston lost all confidence in the French Emperor. Mexico followed, with an attempt again to inveigle us into a French alliance, from which we were freed, as is well known, by the foresight with which Sir George Lewis pointed out its dangers in the Cabinet. After Mexico came Sadowa, and the second Italian war, out of which, as a necessary consequence, sprang the present hostilities in France. But for all these wars and expeditions and mistakes the Imperial policy is alone responsible. It deliberately chose a line of its own, regardless of the good advice given by English statesmen, and the consequence has been the prostration of France before the overwhelming armies of Germany. In no sense, therefore, has England of late years been the ally of France. She has been her good friend, and nothing more. But to return to the rest of Europe.

Austria was more interested than any other neutral power in the war. She might well fear, and she may still fear, for those millions of her subjects which are purely German. Would they be involved in the mania for the triumph of the German idea, and so swept into the vortex of the United Fatherland, or would they remain faithful to the House of Hapsburg? It is perhaps too soon to answer these questions; but when the war broke out, Baron Beust seemed at one time disposed to arm, and, had the South Germans not been so loyal, we might have seen an Austrian attempt to retrieve the reverses of Sadowa. But the South Germans were as staunch as their brethren of the North. The French made no stand. One Prussian success came like lightning after the other. Austria had no time. Her military preparations collapsed. Baron Beust had cold comfort for M. Thiers in his abortive mission, and that bundle of conflicting nationalities called the Austrian Empire, with interests much more vitally affected in the struggle than any other European power, has remained paralyzed, unable to stir hand or foot.

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Then there is Italy, bound to aid France by every tie, whether of national or personal interest. The king, a rude soldier, was loyal enough in his disposition towards France. With Italy and the Italian people it was far otherwise. Italy has received too many gifts and favours from France to be grateful. The very magnitude of her obligations is an intolerable burden to her. She hates France as though she were her enemy instead of her benefactor; and as for the Emperor Napoleon, was it not he who so long kept the detested Pope Pius on his throne at the Vatican by the miraculous Chassepot? No! Italy could not help France, but she could take Rome, and she has taken it. If she is very good and well-behaved to that 'bitter end' which we are taught to expect in France, Italy shall have back Nice and Savoy, and then she will have something for which, in time to come, she may prove herself as ungrateful to Prussia as she has been to France.

There remains Russia as the last neutral—for we have nothing to say of Spain, where the Republic, of course, sympathized with the Emperor as she sympathizes with the Republic in France, and goes on her way, the old Iberian way of anarchy and impotence. There remains Russia. Well! Russia is a Power that is always ready—with words. Whatever she may be plotting in the East, it is well known that she is powerless in Western Europe for some time to come. She is poor, she has just come out of a period of great internal commotion consequent on the emancipation of her serfs, her railway system is incomplete, she has no generals, and her soldiers are ill-armed. But whenever Russia is unable to act, she is great in utterance. The official papers at St. Petersburg publish mysterious articles. 'Russia will not be indifferent to the success of United Germany, but she has no fear. France must be prepared, having provoked the war, to submit to the exaction of a material guarantee.' Then comes an answer from the semi-official old Russian journals at Moscow. 'Russia can never permit that Germany should be aggrandized at the expence of France. The balance of power in Europe must be maintained, and Germany be generous. The demolition of Metz and Strasburg ought to be a sufficient humiliation to France.' Thus Russia continues to face both ways, and in the mean time, like a prudent people—far more prudent than one which we could mention nearer home—she arms and arms, and keeps her eyes open and her powder dry; for France is down, France, that great nation which had so much to say in the East, and so often said it against Holy Russia. In the general scramble, who can tell how much may fall to Russia? As for M. Thiers, he sees Prince Gortchakoff, and dines privately with the

the Imperial family. He will return to Paris, if he can find his way thither, not having effected much towards exciting the neutral powers to side with France. They are all very much like Austria, only not so outspoken. They all 'feel deeply' for France, but 'cannot at present interfere in her favour.' They all, like Austria and Russia, see 750,000 very good reasons why any interference, except in the way of good words, would be a very arduous matter. They all, like the Levite, look at poor France, and pass by on the other side.

France, therefore, has been all along left, and is still left, to herself. She must fight her own battles. These are the terms on which the Local Government of National Defence at Paris replied to the demands of Count Bismarck: 'The following is the declaration of the enemy. Prussia desires to continue the war so as to reduce France to the rank of a second-rate power. Prussia wants Alsace and Lorraine, as far as Metz, by right of conquest, and to consent to an armistice she dares to ask the surrender of Strasburg, Toul, and Mont Valérien. The inhabitants of Paris, in their exasperation, would rather bury themselves in the ruins of their city than accept such terms. To such impudent pretensions we can only reply by fighting to the bitter end. France accepts the contest, and relies on all her children.' So again we hear, from another quarter, a 'peace is impossible at present without ruin and dishonour, and must be purchased by indomitable resistance.' These, it must be admitted, are brave words; and, if words alone could win the day, the Germans would long since have been driven in utter confusion across the Rhine. But just as the good words of the Neutral Powers, who all stand by wringing their hands and doing nothing, are of no avail without deeds, so these brave words of France will be rather ridiculous than effectual if they are not accompanied by corresponding action. There is probably not a man in Europe who would deny the constitutional bravery of the French nation. They are naturally brave, but in these days combined efforts and scientific training the battle is not won by the bravest, though it is always to the strongest nation. We see that the French rely on their levy *en masse*. They call on the whole country to rise and overwhelm the invader. There was a time, indeed, when the French citizen relied too much on the Imperial army: 'Bazaine,' said the Parisian *epicier*, '*doit crever pour la patrie*. It is his profession, and he and his soldiers are bound to die for the country; but as for us bourgeois, *mourir pour la patrie, ce n'est pas si agréable*.' When the Imperial army perished and passed away, some of them as prisoners, others fast shut up in fortresses, others still as 'demoralised' and disbanded

disbanded fugitives and marauders, the duty of upholding the national banner devolved on these very *bourgeois*, who professed that it was 'not so agreeable to die for one's country.'

Whether a healthier feeling as to the duties of citizens has sprung up in France since the downfall of the Empire, remains to be seen; with the acquisition of power may have come the sense of its responsibilities. The citizens of France may be more ready to die for their country now than they were before the 4th of September; and as there will soon be no army in France, if there be one at present, able to cope with the Germans in the open field, their readiness must be shown in the defences of fortresses and in a desultory guerilla warfare all over the country, chiefly directed at cutting off stragglers, intercepting the Prussian communications, and rendering the arrival of supplies and munitions of war dangerous and difficult. But such a system of hostilities, however brave might be the spirit of the *Frances Tireurs*, and however much it might wear down the enemy, would never wear him out. He would still hold the country in force, and whatever losses he might suffer would be avenged tenfold, not only in actual slaughter, but still more in the gradual wasting and ruining of the country which such a system would involve. In times of great national distress it is as incumbent on a people, as it is on an individual when placed in similar circumstances, to make the best of a bad bargain, and to know when to accept a loss. This we imagine to be the position of France at the present moment. We see, and we are sorry to see it, no hope for her, either in the assistance of the Neutral Powers or in the valour of her own sons. She has played her stake and lost it. There is no good in continuing the desperate game. The Prussians declare that they know no peace will be secure with France. By this they mean that they well know that they have inflicted such cruel injuries on their foe that she will never forgive them. As soon as she can lift her arm again it will be stretched out towards the Rhine. Therefore they mean to have Alsace and Lorraine. Now at least, as M. Favre said, Prussia speaks without ambiguity; France knows what Prussia wants, and the reason of her want. Well and good! Let France accept the Prussian terms, if for no other reason than for the very good one that a beaten man should agree with his adversary as quickly as he can, lest he get worse terms. Take Prussia at her word. Give up Alsace and Lorraine with Metz and Strasburg. France with eighty-four departments will not be much weaker in men than she was with eighty-six. For a long time the two millions that she loses in the conquered territory will be eager to shake off the German yoke. It is not so easy to digest and assimilate a
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population which for nearly two hundred years has formed part of France. When peace is made, and the Prussians are out of the land, let France take another leaf out of the annals of her enemy. Adopt, as far as possible, her military system. Make France—what Germany really is—a nation of soldiers. The national resources will soon restore the losses of this cruel war. Remember how soon after the exhaustion of the wars of the First Napoleon France was able, under the Bourbons, to send an army on a frivolous pretext into Spain. When all this has happened, then, if it is worth while, renew the war. Whatever be the chances of success, they cannot but be better than they are at present, when the incompetence of the generals of France, the demoralisation of her military system, and the downfall of the Empire, have placed her at the mercy of Prussia, whose iron heel is planted on the neck of the nation.

These may seem hard words to France, but they are, at least, the accents of truth and friendship. She has all the sympathies of Europe in this hour of her dire distress. Germany, on the contrary, has lost that kindly feeling. We are amazed and terrified at the perfection of her military system, and dazzled by the heroic exploits of her soldiers; but we do not love a cause which has rapidly degenerated from the unanimous rising of a great people to repel invasion, into the merciless progress of a bloodthirsty conqueror. There was a time when the King of Prussia, with a moderation which might have been expected from a monarch whose age has brought him so near the grave, might have retired with dignity from the war. When his enemy had been driven back on the Meuse, after those bloody conflicts before Metz, he might have said, ‘You have invaded us, and the result has been that you have brought the war into your own country, and been beaten at every point. Accept the lesson, lest a worst thing happen to you. Be content with that portion of the bank of the Rhine which already belongs to you; the rest you shall never have.’ Germany might then have withdrawn from the contest, and the two nations might have been friends. Prussia, for good reasons of her own, has not pursued this course; but they were reasons of strategy rather than those of true policy. The King has preferred to have France for an enemy rather than a friend, and so he must grind her down to the last grain, lest she should ever have the power to turn on him in revenge.

The word revenge recalls to our mind the true reason for the prolongation of this war. In 1814 and 1815 Prussia considered that she had never taken sufficient revenge for the injury she had sustained at the hand of France after Jena. Blücher always declared this; and if we had forgotten Blücher, the press of Germany would
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not have suffered the cry for more revenge on France to die out. When the war broke out the cry was revived with tenfold intensity after the first successes of the Germans. Now they would go to Paris—now the accursed capital, the abode of lies and immorality, should be wasted and destroyed; they would serve France as France had served them in 1806, and worse. ‘The last cartridge of Jena was still unspent.’ Then, too, they declared that this was their own quarrel—they wanted no help, and would finish it for themselves. As they wanted no help, they would take no advice. Let neutrals beware of meddling in any way in a quarrel purely between Germany and France. As for France, since she proposed to destroy Prussia and reconstruct Germany, it was only fair that Prussia should treat her in the same way, and push back her frontier as far as she pleased. These are the reasons which unfortunately prevailed at the Prussian head-quarters, and these are the causes which up to the present hour have rendered peace impossible. Besides this, the position of affairs has rather been complicated than disentangled by the downfall of the Empire and the establishment of a Republic. If there is anything on earth that Count Bismarck hates, it is the voice of the people, and the day may come when he may find the voice of United Germany anything but agreeable. He has been bitterly disappointed by the ready acceptance of the Republic in France, and grieved to think that it has not yet become as Red and impracticable as he desired. A poor wretched socialistic club of cobblers in Brunswick, which dared to sympathise, like our three tailors of Tooley Street, with the French Republic, were all instantly arrested. A harebrained outspoken Professor Jacoby dares to utter the same sentiments at Königsberg; he, too, is dragged off to prison. The Red spectre haunts the Prussian Prime Minister, and he foresees the day when it may take the terrible shape of flesh and blood across the Rhine. Perhaps he dreads to make peace because he feels that when the war is over his difficulties will begin. The inhabitants of Würtemberg and Baden are many of them Republicans of a redder die than the clubs to which they are affiliated in France. With peace in Germany there will be Parliaments and popular representation. The question of the people’s rights to control grants of money and their application to the public service, so long stifled by the pretext or the voice of war, will again appear, and when the fiery South German element is poured like yeast into the dull phlegm of the North, Democracy may have its day in United Germany, and that day will be the last of Count Bismarck’s political existence.

We have spoken of the causes of war, of the war itself, of the reasons of the French reverses, of the downfall of the Empire, of the

the prospects of peace, and of the bitterness of the conquerors against the vanquished, and their want of generosity to a fallen nation. Let us now say something of the Emperor Napoleon himself. It is so natural, with the mass of men, to insult fallen greatness, that the ingratitude of mankind to those who have most befriended them has well-nigh passed into a proverb. It is, in fact, with most men as with brute beasts, who have no compassion, but turn on the weak and wounded of their own kind, and tear and rend them to death. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Emperor Napoleon on his fall should have been followed into captivity by the reproaches of that French people for whom he has done so much. We do not mean, when we say this, that the Emperor has not many friends still left in France. Even after the capitulation of Sedan, it is probable that there is a strong Imperial party in France, which may be expected to grow stronger still. At present it must be remembered that the voices of the adherents of Napoleon are hushed, while the shouts of the Republicans who denounce him are heard even above the cry of battle. His enemies have their way for the time, and will make the most of it. But still there must be millions in France, as there are hundreds and thousands of thinking men in other countries, who will reflect and remember what Republican France was when Louis Napoleon passed from being a President into an Emperor, and what he has done for the country since that hour. We are not now about to defend the *coup d'état*, which we condemned at the hour of its triumph. But it must be remembered, in common fairness, that the President in taking this step only carried into execution the wishes of the great majority of the French people. Especially let the friends of Bismarck and his school think how much treachery and perfidy they have forgiven to their idol because of his object. Let them remember Denmark, Austria, Saxony, Hanover, Hesse, and the Germanic Confederation itself, all either ruined or destroyed by successive *coups d'état* of the Prussian Prime Minister; whose hope for annexation rather grows with the disappearance of each fresh state swallowed up by Prussia. Let them see that in France, as well as in Germany, and in fact everywhere else, the end sometimes justifies the means. If we are told, 'True, but the end in 1851 was private ambition and the personal aggrandisement of the French President,' our reply is ready. The student of history who waits for great changes and events unsullied by personal motives, will be like the man who looks to find an emerald without a flaw, or a religion which has never persecuted. Personal motives are the vehicles by which great political and national changes are brought about. It is inseparable from the very nature of things that they should exist,
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and the demands of political morality are satisfied, if the grandeur and profit of the event are not obscured and lost in the personality of the agent who works it out.

If we apply this rule to France in 1851, we shall see that the re-establishment of the Empire redounded largely to the honour and glory of France. That some of the rays of that glory and honour should gild the brow of the man who restored the throne of his uncle was not surely a crime, but rather a credit to Louis Napoleon. He found France weak at home and in ill-repute abroad. Her trade was languishing, because her citizens had no confidence in the Republic, and because they were perpetually haunted by the apparition of that Red spectre which only awaits Count Bismarck's return to Germany to show itself to his affrighted eyes. It may be very unphilosophic, but it is the way of the world. No man will use either his means or his brains in the accumulation of wealth, so long as he fears that a set of theorists may lay it down as law, that his profits and his possessions shall be equally divided amongst the whole community—the idle and the industrious alike—at stated intervals. With the establishment of the Empire socialistic doctrines had to hide their head in France. Public confidence and commerce returned, and the result has been such a development of national prosperity in that country during the last eighteen years as has outstripped every advance ever made by France at any previous period.

Having crushed the enemies of France at home, the Emperor reasserted her legitimate influence abroad. We have already explained why such an imposing attitude was a political necessity, not only for the Imperial dynasty but even still more for the interest of the French nation itself. The Emperor might have been thoroughly sincere when he declared at Bordeaux, '*L'Empire c'est la paix.*' But he well knew, and every honest Frenchman would confess, that peace could only be preserved for France by maintaining a warlike attitude towards her many enemies. The great proof of this feeling in the nation is to be found in the fact that, almost without exception, every foreign war made by the Emperor Napoleon III. has been not only popular, but a source of infinite satisfaction and exultation to France. When France and England struck down the power of Russia in the East, all France rejoiced that one of her old enemies was humbled. The Italian campaign brought another ancient foe to the ground; and when the present war came, the feeling throughout the country was, if anything, that of regret that it had been so long delayed. Better it might have been for France, indeed, if the struggle had happened earlier, when the rigid discipline of Bugeaud and Pelissier had not been relaxed, and the Emperor's health had
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been equal to the occasion. It has often been said that this defiant attitude of France was unnecessary, and that she had no enemies in Europe save those of her own imagination and creation. That belief, at least, has been dissipated by the present war, as well as by the animus displayed by Prussia throughout the conflict. There, far away in the heart of Germany, these many years, has lain that old hatred of France, like a serpent waiting for the moment to come when it might pour out all its venom on its foe. Had it been otherwise, Germany would never have shown herself so relentless; she would have been satisfied with something short of the utter ruin of France.

Above all things, be it remembered, the Emperor Napoleon, though he has of necessity made many foreign wars, ever showed himself moderate and generous in the hour of triumph. In the Crimean War he was the first to propose that the war should cease. He was content with the fall of Sebastopol, and peace was concluded by the Allies with Russia very much against the inclination of England. It was said, we know, that France could not support the exhaustion caused by the continuance of the war; but, in our opinion, the real reason of its cessation was the Emperor's aversion to reduce a great nation to extremities merely because she had taken up arms against him. His method of making war was to remember that, though his adversary were now his enemy, the day might come when he might wish for him as his friend. It cannot be said that the relations between France and Russia have been worse since than they were before the Crimean War. Again, in the Austrian campaign, the Peace of Villafranca followed fast on the crowning battle of Solferino, and Austria was grateful to the French Emperor after her defeat. There are charities and generosityes even in war, and the Emperor Napoleon never showed himself vindictive even when the shout of victory was ringing in his ears. It was part of his policy to be generous to the vanquished, and it is only to be regretted that the Prussians have not learnt the art of war in the same gentle school. Here, in England, we should never forget that France had an old enemy, whom the force of circumstances, no less than the fortune of war, had made the special foe of the Napoleon dynasty. That enemy was England. How often have we not heard the cry, 'Perfidious Albion!' raised in France? and how often has not the political action of Napoleon III. hushed that angry outcry? Even at a time when he personally might have been most exasperated against us, when Orsini and a band of Italian assassins almost effected their dastardly attempt on the life of the French Emperor,

peror, his keen appreciation of the general friendliness of England towards France, and his determination not to destroy the kindly feeling to which he owed so much, alone prevented the people, maddened by the inflammatory address of those French colonels who implored the Emperor to seek and root out that band of murderers in their island lair, from rushing to war with England, and thus bringing down on both nations incalculable calamity. In the midst, then, of his warlike triumphs, the Emperor Napoleon has shown himself generous, politic, and pacific; and if he made war, he has made it rather in obedience to inevitable necessity and to the tendencies of the French nation than to satisfy his own ambition.

Again, when the French object that the Imperial system was so wasteful and expensive, they forget the nature of the case. They welcomed an Empire—a tyranny, if you will—with applause, because they saw in it a relief from internal discord and a means of restoring public prosperity. But how could the Empire do all this without being wasteful and prodigal? Trade was to be restored; but how was this possible in such a nation as France without a brilliant Court at the Tuileries? and how could there be such a Court at the Tuileries without a large Civil List? The price of diamonds fell, after the fall of Louis Philippe, all over Europe, because after the Revolution in 1848 there were no more jewelled boxes to be given away, no State balls, and no magnificent toilets; but with the Empire and the Emperor's marriage diamonds began to sparkle again at the Tuileries, and the precious stones quickly recovered their former value. But, besides the trade of Paris—which, as our readers know, only means the rapid production and sale of those thousand pretty nicknacks called *articles de Paris*—the Empire had undertaken a far more serious obligation. This was the duty of providing labour and food for the workmen of Paris, whose employment had sunk to nothing under the philosophic Republican rule. In early times, when the mantle of a king was supposed to cover something sacred and divine, all national prosperity, and, by converse, all public calamities, were ascribed and attributed by the popular voice to the conduct of the king himself. If his armies were victorious in battle, Heaven smiled on the sovereign; if they were defeated, then it regarded him with a frown. If the crops were good, it was because the nation had a good king; if there were drought or flood, and the harvest failed, it was all the king's fault, and a pious and indignant people visited the distress of the land on the person of their ruler. The case is scarcely different in modern times, though peoples have ceased to burn or immolate their monarchs to avert the
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the wrath of the gods. In this nineteenth century—the era of constitutional government—the ruler who aims at being a tyrant does so at the peril of his head.

The Emperor Napoleon, unfortunately, could not begin by being constitutional. He was driven to tyranny by the incapacity which the French nation have ever shown to govern themselves. He was no merciless Czar or autocrat, however: far from it. He was as constitutional as he dared to be, but still he was, in its best sense, a tyrant. With the tyranny he had also accepted the old obligation of providing the mob of Paris with work, lest that same *proletariate* should one day rise and turn and rend him. This consideration alone would account for a great part of the expense of the Emperor's system. He spent millions of money in France, but he spent it on and for the people. He saved nothing for himself, and quitted the country a poor man. On Paris alone—that imperial and ungrateful city, which now melts his statues into cannon and hurls down his busts into the streets—what vast sums of money have not been spent in reconstructions and improvements? It was the boast of Augustus that he had found Rome brick and left her marble. Much the same might be said of Napoleon III. and Paris. That great innovator, the uncle of the Emperor, who prided himself on the improvements which had so beautified his capital, would rub his eyes in amazement were he to return to life, and be puzzled to recognise the city. Whole quarters, covered of old with a network of squalid filthy lanes, have disappeared to make room for magnificent streets and spacious Boulevards. The enormous sums thus spent provided work for the poor, while they made Paris the thing of beauty that she is in this golden October sunlight, as the beleaguering hosts of the Prussians look down at her from their batteries at St. Cloud. Of course the Emperor's enemies affirm that all this building and beautifying was for the basest purposes. They were designed and carried out for strategic ends, that the Prætorian Guards of the dynasty might have space and scope to shoot down the opponents of the Empire. They rose as it were by magic, and like an exhalation from the earth, purely that there might be no more barricades, and that every street and court in Paris, together with their unruly inhabitants, might be reduced to one dead level of Imperial tyranny. But the friends of the Emperor will refuse to believe such idle inventions. It might as well be said that the new Boulevards were intended to further the ends of the Prussian invaders, because, if they once make their way within the circuit of the walls, they will find inside streets and open places, on which to deploy their troops, instead of narrow lanes and alleys, in which a heap of paving stones and an overturned

omnibus in ancient days were sufficient materials out of which to erect a barricade. We have mentioned these things to show that if the Imperial system was expensive, it was only because an Emperor in modern France is bound to be prodigal, and even wasteful, provided that the sums he squanders are lavished on the people, and, before all other cities in France, on Paris.

But yet this very Paris, so critical and so full of taste; the city that despised the Bourbons because they had contracted penurious habits in their long and dreary exile, and which ridiculed poor Louis Philippe because he was so domestic, such a good husband and father, so exemplary in all the relations of life, that his rule sunk into that of a mere *père de famille*—this very Paris, whose fair face is reflected in the Seine with a glory undreamt of before the days of this latter Empire, is the first to turn against the man who has made her what she is, and to hate one who has overwhelmed her with benefits with a deadly hatred. To read the Republican papers, one would think that Louis Napoleon must have been one of the worst of tyrants—Tiberius, Commodus, and Heliogabalus all rolled into one. He was a cruel tyrant, a wretch, a coward. He surrendered at Sedan because he dared not risk his miserable life, though eyewitnesses worthy of all credit have declared that he exposed his life like the commonest soldier, and even pointed guns with his own hand. When he had surrendered, his first care was to compliment the King of Prussia on his victory, and to point out to the invader the weak points in the armour of Paris, and how the conqueror might best win his way into the capital. All this, and things still worse, which we should blush to repeat, have been said against the Emperor as though they were the simplest truths. In this respect the mob and press of Paris, almost without exception, have parodied the dregs of Rome and their utterances on the downfall of Sejanus—the only difference being that then it was an abandoned favourite, and now Cæsar himself, over whose fate the populace exulted. In all times and in all nations the fickle fawning nature of the mob comes out. Their keynote is still the same, whether it is heard on the banks of the Tiber or on those of the Seine. When a minister or an emperor falls it still cries,

‘Nunquam, si mihi credis, amavi
Hunc hominem.’

The Proletariate of Paris, just as much as the ‘*Turba Remi*,’

‘Sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit
Damnatos.’

Perhaps the day is not far distant, when the country has been wasted by war and decimated by internal dissensions, after the withdrawal of the enemy, this very populace, which now so
blindly

blindly clamours against the Emperor Napoleon, for no other reason than that he was unfortunate in a war undertaken at the bidding of the people, whose irritated feeling against Prussia rendered a war policy safer for the Empire than the preservation of peace,—this very people, having tried all other combinations without success, may be glad to return to the rule of the only man, who, with all his faults, has proved himself able for nearly twenty years to restore the old respect felt by foreign nations for France; and, during the same period, to restrain the unruly temper of a people, which, however much it may have shown itself able to conquer other nations, has never proved itself capable of governing itself.

But whatever France may think, Europe has but one interest in this fearful struggle—that it may speedily end; and that such a disgrace to modern civilisation as an internecine conflict between two races who are the champions of intellectual progress may cease at once and for ever. The triumph of either side would be no triumph to Europe if it left her reft of a hand or of an eye. But what are France and Germany but the hands and the eyes of Europe, one of which cannot be shorn off or plucked out without sore detriment and injury to the whole body politic? Our task is now done. We have traced this fatal war in its origin and consequences, without fear and without favour. All that remains is to pray that good counsel may prevail in France, and that Prussia may show some of that moderation, at the close of the struggle, of which she has shown herself so strangely wanting in its progress up to the present hour. She may still regain the sympathies which she has lost, by a policy of magnanimity, which will be all the more grateful because it will be utterly unexpected. In her hands rest the issues of peace. Let her be generous and restore it to Europe, by sparing France that bitter humiliation which a loss of territory would inflict.

ART. II. — *Life of Henry John Temple, Third Viscount Palmerston, with Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence.* By the Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B., M.P. Vols. I. and II. London, 1870.

IT sounds strange to say of a man who died in his eighty-second year that he died opportunely, neither too soon nor too late, for his fame. Yet this is strictly true of Lord Palmerston. If he had died at seventy, before his first Premiership, the place permanently assigned to him by history would be

amongst British statesmen of an inferior order: he would have no pretension to rank with Somers, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Peel, or Canning; he would, at best, be remembered as one who, by conducting the foreign policy of the country on liberal and enlightened principles, had caused England to be regarded, with alternating fear and gratitude, as the eager, not invariably judicious, promoter of free institutions throughout the world. On the other hand, if he had lived a year or two longer, he would probably have survived much of his utility and his popularity: although he would certainly not have fallen back on the reactionary party, he would hardly have moved fast enough to satisfy the party of progress, who were already beginning to murmur; he was imperfectly qualified for a home minister at the best of times; he would have upheld unwillingly and with a bad grace the banner of Retrenchment and Reform; and neither the disestablishment of the Irish Church nor the Irish Land Bill would have been carried (if carried at all) in the sweeping, dashing, and uncompromising style in which Mr. Gladstone has carried them.

It was owing to the peculiar exigencies of a transition period that Lord Palmerston's reputation culminated. It was during a lull, between the ebb and flow of the tide, when the State vessel was pausing in her course, that the national voice kept him at the helm. The rational majority of the people thought that, after the abolition of almost all prominent and admitted evils or inequalities—after such measures as Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill of 1832, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, with the attendant and analogous changes—we might rest, be thankful, and take breath, before hazarding any fresh attempt to improve or confirm our political, social, or material advantages by legislation. In other words, moderate Conservatism was in the ascendant; Lord Palmerston was pre-eminently a moderate Conservative; and the wide-spread conviction that he was so, that he was equally opposed to undue caution and rash enterprise, was what gained him the confidence and insured him the support of the most influential portion of the so-called Opposition in addition to the largest, steadiest and (we think) wisest section of the Liberal party. During the closing years of his career he attained and held power by being the representative man, or (more correctly speaking) representative politician, of the period; and this must not be understood in a depreciating sense, for it was not he who changed and accommodated himself to the times, but the times had come over to his way of thinking and acting. He remained substantially what he always had been; *tout vient à propos à qui sait attendre*; and the good fortune which attended him

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him through life had so ordered it that, as contemporary after contemporary died out, he should be recognised as the statesman of all others best qualified to satisfy the expectations of his countrymen.

If any persons connected or intimately acquainted with Lord Palmerston and anxious for his fame should be inclined to question Sir Henry Bulwer's eminent qualifications for his task, their doubts and misgivings will be materially lightened, if not altogether dissipated, by the opening paragraphs, in which he clearly develops his estimate of the life and character which he proposes to describe and illustrate, and his plan :—

‘I have undertaken to write the biography of a great statesman under whom I long served, and for whom I had a sincere and respectful attachment. I shall endeavour to perform this not ungrateful task with simplicity and impartiality, feeling certain that the more simply and impartially I can make known the character of a singularly able and honourable man, the more likely I am to secure for his memory the admiration and affection of his countrymen. The most distinguishing advantage possessed by the eminent person whom I am about to describe was a nature that opened itself happily to the tastes, feelings, and habits of various classes and kinds of men. Hence a comprehensive sympathy, which not only put his actions in spontaneous harmony with the sense and feeling of the public, but by presenting life before his mind in many aspects, widened its views and moderated its impressions, and led it away from those subtleties and eccentricities which solitude or living constantly in any limited society is apt to generate.

‘In the march of his epoch he was behind the eager, but before the slow. Accustomed to a wide range of observation over contemporaneous events, he had been led by history to the conclusion that all eras have their exaggerations, which a calm judgment and an enlightened statesmanship should distinctly recognise, but not prematurely or extravagantly indulge. He did not believe in the absolute wisdom which some see in the past, which others expect from the future ; but he preferred the hopes of the generation that was coming on to the despair of the generation that was passing away. Thus there was nothing violent or abrupt, nothing that had the appearance of going backwards and forwards, or forwards and backwards, in his long career. It moved on in one direction gradually but continuously from its commencement to its close, under the influence of a motive power formed from the collection of various influences—the one modifying the other—and not representing in the aggregate the decided opinion of any particular party or class, but approximating to the opinion of the English nation in general. Into the peculiar and individual position, which in this manner he by degrees acquired, he carried an earnest patriotism, a strong manly understanding, many accomplishments derived from industry and a sound early education, and a remarkable talent for comprehending and commanding details.

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This, indeed, was his peculiar merit as a man of business, and wherein he showed the powers of a masterly capacity. No official situation, therefore, found him unequal to it; whilst it is still more remarkable that he never aspired to any prematurely. Ambitious, he was devoid of vanity; and with a singular absence of effort or pretension, he found his foot at last placed on the topmost round of the ladder he had been long unostentatiously mounting.

This strikes us to be just in conception and felicitous in expression. It is fully borne out by the ensuing biography, for which abundant materials of the rarest and most valuable description were fortunately at hand; including an autobiographical sketch down to 1830, journals for several years, and numerous letters to near relatives and trusted friends to whom the writer communicates his thoughts and speculations on both private and public matters without reserve. The letters to his brother, Sir William Temple, the diplomatist, who became Minister at Naples, would alone constitute a highly interesting publication.

There is a conventional understanding that no notes are to be taken of what passes in Cabinets, and when notes have been taken that they should be carefully suppressed or sealed up till the generation interested in and affected by them shall have passed away. Lord Palmerston does not appear to have considered himself bound by any understanding of this sort. Some of his journals contain full and curious notes of what took place in the earlier Cabinets of which he was a member, and these have been placed at the unrestricted disposal of Sir Henry Bulwer, in the full confidence (amply justified by the result) that he would exercise a sound discretion in quoting from them. He has used them in a manner to throw new and valuable light on public characters and events, without (that we can see) withdrawing the veil from anything which policy or delicacy required to be concealed.

The distinctive merit of his book is the manner in which, step by step, by aid of these documents, the individual Palmerston is developed and placed in broad relief, until it is made clear how and why a man without commanding eloquence, without personal or parliamentary following, without grandeur of conception or originality of view, rose gradually and steadily to the highest point of power and popularity to which it is well possible for the subject of a constitutional State to rise. The trains are laid from the beginning, and even in the few and faint traces of Lord Palmerston's boyhood that have remained unerasd by time, Sir Henry Bulwer discovers proofs that the boy was father to the man. It is curious, therefore, that he should have omitted to
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mark the probable influence of blood and race to which Mr. Kinglake drew attention in a sketch of 'The Minister who held his own Way :—' His partly Celtic blood, and perhaps, too, in early life, his boyish consciousness of power, had given him a certain elation of manner and bearing which kept him for a long time out of the good graces of the more fastidious part of the English world.* When this passage was read to Lady Palmerston at Broadlands, on the first appearance of the book, she denied the Celtic blood almost as indignantly as Lady Teazle denied the pillion and the coach-horse, but on immediate reference to the 'Peerage' she admitted that Mr. Kinglake was right.

According to Sir Henry Bulwer, the Temples were gentlemen in the reign of Henry VIII., and Lord Palmerston's immediate ancestor was the younger brother of Sir William Temple, the trusted counsellor of William III. and the honoured patron of Swift. Henry, the son of this younger brother, was the first Viscount Palmerston, created March 12th, 1772, and was succeeded by his grandson, described as an accomplished and fashionable gentleman, a lover and appreciator of art, which he studied in Italy. He was also an admirer of beauty, of which he gave a proof in his second marriage to Miss Mee, who is 'said to have been the daughter of a respectable Dublin tradesman, into whose house, in consequence of a fall from his horse, the peer was carried. Our late Prime Minister (born 20th October, 1784) was son of the second Viscount, of whom I have just been speaking, and of Miss Mee, who, though not of aristocratic birth, from all accounts appears to have been not only handsome, but accomplished and agreeable, and to have taken in a becoming manner the place in Dublin and London society which her marriage opened to her. Her husband's artistic tastes led him at various times into Italy; and it was thus that a portion of the future minister's boyhood was passed in that country in the fate of which he always took an interest.' It was there also that he acquired an accomplishment which he subsequently turned to good account. He spoke Italian fluently and idiomatically. His residence abroad also inspired him with a wholesome distaste for sundry habits and customs of the English, which did not fall into deserved discredit till long after he had grown to man's estate, without at the same time in the least impairing his boldness of spirit or manliness of tone. Writing to his friend Francis Hare in Italy, from Harrow, January 5th, 1798, after expressing his admiration of Andromeda's leave-taking scene with Hector in the 5th Book of the 'Iliad,' he says :—

* 'The Invasion of the Crimea,' vol. i. p. 452.

'I am

'I am now doing Cæsar, Terence, Ovid, Homer, Greek Testament, and a collection of Greek epigrams, and after the Easter holidays, which are now drawing near, I shall begin Virgil, Horace, and some more. I am perfectly of *your* opinion concerning drinking and swearing, which, though fashionable at present, I think extremely ungentlemanlike; as for getting drunk, I can find no pleasure in it. I am glad to see that though educated in Italy you have not forgot old England. Your letter brings to my mind the pleasant time I spent in Italy, and makes me wish to revisit the country I am now reading so much about; and when I am sucking a sour orange, purchased by perhaps eight biochi, I think with regret upon those which I used to get in such plenty in Italy; and when eating nasty things nicknamed sausages, envy you at Bologna, who perhaps now are feasting off some nice ones. I have begun to learn Spanish, and have also begun to read "Don Quixote" in the original, which I can assure you gave me much pleasure. Mr. Gaetano, if you remember him, desires to be remembered to you. I can assure you I have by no means left off my Italian, but keep it up every holidays with Mr. Gaetano, who has published a new Italian grammar, which has been very much approved of here in England. I cannot agree with you about marriage, though I should be by no means precipitate about my choice. Willy is come to Harrow, and sends his love to you. I send you no news, as I know none. Adieu!'

Francis Hare was the eldest of four highly-gifted and accomplished brothers. He is the only friend or acquaintance of Lord Palmerston's boyhood mentioned or commemorated by him, and it is somewhat remarkable that there is no allusion in the Autobiography to his having been at Harrow with Byron and Peel.* The fact is he had no turn at any time for that sort of habitual companionship which passes current for friendship in the world, the binding nature of which may be collected from Selwyn's cynical confession: 'When I lose a friend, I go to White's and choose another.' The only person beyond the circle of his own family to whom Lord Palmerston was believed to have accorded the full privileges of a friend was the late Sir George Shee. At the period when his education was proceeding, the city in the British isles which shone the brightest with intellectual light was Edinburgh, proudly arrogating the title of the Modern Athens. Rarely was such a constellation seen of historians and philosophers, and numerous were the pilgrims who hurried to do homage and imbibe inspiration at their shrine. It became the fashion for young Englishmen of rank

* There is a Harrovian tradition (which may pair off with the Etonian one of the battle between the Duke of Wellington and Bobus Smith) that Lord Palmerston fought a desperate battle with a boy much bigger than himself and conquered by tenacity.

to take the University of Edinburgh as an intermediate stage between a public school and an English University. Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Lord Lansdowne), Lord John (now Earl) Russell, and William Lord Melbourne, are three distinguished examples. Lord Palmerston is a fourth, and he has left a memorable acknowledgment of what he owed to his Scotch *Alma Mater* in his Autobiography:—‘I left Harrow at sixteen, and went for three years to Edinburgh. I lived with Dugald Stewart, and attended the lectures at the University. In those three years I laid the foundation of whatever useful knowledge and habits of mind I possess.’ Dugald Stewart wrote thus to Mr. Blane on the 27th April 1801:—

‘With regard to Mr. Temple, it is sufficient for me to say that he has constantly confirmed all the favourable impressions of him which I received from your letter. His talents are uncommonly good, and he does them all possible justice by assiduous application.

‘In point of temper and conduct he is everything his friends could wish. Indeed, I cannot say that I have ever seen a more faultless character at his time of life, or one possessed of more amiable dispositions.’

The professor had yet better reason than he suspected at the time to be pleased with his pupil. His lectures were in a great measure extemporised; and when Sir William Hamilton undertook to publish them, the notes which proved most useful were those taken by Lord Palmerston. The autobiography proceeds:—

‘In 1803 I went to St. John’s, Cambridge. I had gone further at Edinburgh in all the branches of study pursued at Cambridge than the course then followed at Cambridge extended during the two first years of attendance. But the Edinburgh system consisted in lectures without examination; at Cambridge there was a half-yearly examination. It became necessary to learn more accurately at Cambridge what one had learned generally at Edinburgh. The knowledge thus acquired of details at Cambridge was worth nothing, because it evaporated soon after the examinations were over. The habit of mind acquired by preparing for these examinations is highly useful.’

In the great majority of instances the habit of mind acquired by preparing for mathematical examinations, the grand object at Cambridge, is all-in-all: very few students remember the details, or make any practical use of them in after life; and it is to be feared that the mind is more frequently weakened than strengthened by any extraordinary strain put upon it. ‘Dr. Outram (we are quoting from the Autobiography), my private tutor at Cambridge, more than once observed to me that as I had always been in the first class at college examinations, and had been commended

commended for the general regularity of my conduct, it would not be amiss to turn my thoughts to standing for the University whenever a vacancy might happen.' He acted on the hint when he was only just of age and had not yet taken his degree, his competitors being Lord Henry Petty and Lord Althorp. 'I stood at the poll where a young man circumstanced as I was could dare expect to stand; that is to say, last, and by a large interval the last of the three. It was an honour, however, to have been supported at all, and I was well satisfied with my fight.' At the general election in 1806 he was elected for Horsham, with Lord Fitzharris; but they were unseated on petition, and thought themselves fortunate in being so; for 'in a short time came the change and the dissolution in May, 1807, and we rejoiced in our good fortune in not having paid 5000*l.* for a three months' seat.' He then stood again for the University, and was again unsuccessful, although, had he been less scrupulous on a point of honour, he might have succeeded; for it was only by putting the strongest pressure on his friends that he induced them to divide their votes according to an alleged engagement instead of plumping for him. Soon after this he came into Parliament for Newtown, in the Isle of Wight, a borough of Sir Leonard Holmes. 'One condition was that I should never, *even for the election*, set foot in the place; so jealous was the patron that any attempt should be made to get a new interest in the borough.'

He had just before been nominated a Lord of the Admiralty through the interest of his guardian, Lord Malmesbury, with the Duke of Portland, then First Lord of the Treasury. But he does not appear to have taken any active part, either in business or debate, till the Session of 1808, although his journal (begun June 29, 1806) proves him to have been all along an attentive and speculative observer of events. We are warned by a note in his handwriting that the opinions and remarks contained in the journal must be regarded merely as the exact expressions of his feelings at the moment when they were written, and by no means as his fixed or unalterable estimates of things, persons, or events; but we shall confidently cite the passages which throw light on contemporary history or the formation of his mind and character. Those who remember his own firm, almost jaunty, step and carriage at past eighty, will be amused by this entry for July 3, 1806:

'The King's health is extremely good. He walks as firmly as any body at his age (68) could be expected to do, and scarcely avails himself when on the terrace (at Windsor) of the assistance of a stick which he holds in his hand. His eyes, however, are scarcely of the smallest use to him.'

Recent events give point and interest to the entries of December 30, 1806:—

‘A succession of events as rapid and extraordinary as those which occurred in the close of the last year, have marked the termination of this. In 1805 Europe saw with astonishment the ancient and powerful empire of Austria laid in the dust in the course of three months. The battle of Ulm, the consequent surrenders of the Austrian army, and the battle of Austerlitz, reduced the Emperor to the abject conditions of the treaty of Presburg. This year one single battle (Jena) has annihilated the former rival of Austria.’

The parallel is rendered more striking by the complete reversal of the parts, and will be found on close inspection to be greatly to the disadvantage of the French. According to M. Thiers not more than 30,000 Austrians surrendered at Ulm; and the capitulation was conditional on no relieving army appearing within eight days. ‘Mack’s sole resource (remarks the historian of the Empire) was to throw himself sword in hand on one of the points of the iron circle inclosing him, to die or open a passage. He would certainly have been beaten. But military honour would have been satisfied, and, next to victory, this is the most precious of attainable results.’ The Archduke Ferdinand actually did put himself at the head of the cavalry and a body of infantry, 15,000 in all, and broke through the iron circle inclosing him.

The relative positions of France and Prussia in 1806, prior to the battle of Jena, are succinctly noted by Lord Palmerston:—

‘Prussia and France had, for some time, been upon terms less friendly than their usual good understanding. When the publication of the Rhenish Confederacy and the demand of Buonaparte for some of the smaller possessions of Prussia, in order to complete his moderate system, opened the eyes of the latter, and convinced the Prussian court that the unprincipled system of aggression, which they had assisted France in enforcing against every other state of Europe, could at length be applied against itself, and that it had no choice left but resistance, or an unconditional acknowledgment of vassalage and submission, the King of Prussia sent, therefore, to Buonaparte three demands; to which he required an answer by the 8th of October. These were, that the French troops should retire from Germany, that no opposition should be made by France to the establishment of a Northern Coalition, of which Prussia should be the chief and protectress, and order to counterbalance the Rhenish Confederacy.’

The battle of Jena was fought on the 14th of October, 1806:—

‘The force on each side was nearly equal, amounting to about 100,000 men. The two armies had, for some days been near each other;

other; but the Prussians were so destitute of intelligence that they did not know where the French were till a day or two before the action. The reason of this is stated to have been the spirit of desertion prevalent in the army, which rendered it useless to send out patrols, who generally joined the enemy instead of returning with intelligence. Two days before the battle 10,000 French penetrated between the centre and left wing of the Prussians, got to Naumburg in their rear and burnt their magazines. The two armies were, at that time, in the following positions: the French at Mühlhausen, Eisenach, and Gotha; the Prussians at Erfurt, Jena, and Zeitz. Upon finding that a body of the enemy had got into their rear, and that the main body of the enemy were making a demonstration to turn their left wing, the Prussians threw that wing back. In the mean time the French fell upon them, and an action commenced which lasted from eight in the morning until three in the afternoon, when victory declared in favour of the French. The loss of the Prussians—killed, wounded, and prisoners—amounted to fifty thousand men, and the rest of the army was entirely dispersed. Mr. Ross, who went as secretary to Lord Morpeth, said the rout of the Prussians exceeded belief. The flying troops were scattered in all directions. Corps without their officers, and officers without their corps, cavalry and infantry, cannon and waggons, were all mixed in one general confusion. To rally or re-assemble them was impossible, and the only limit to the captures and slaughter of the Prussians was the inability of the French to pursue them. The King fled to Berlin, whence he retired immediately to Cüstrin.

There is a note by Lord Palmerston on this passage:—

‘He (the King) fled from thence to Osterade, in the neighbourhood of Dantzic. Such was his apathy with regard to his affairs, that when Count M. Woronzow, who was sent from Petersburg on a mission to him, reached Osterade, he was immediately invited to attend the king on a hunting-party. They had good sport, and killed a wolf and a elk. The queen, though ill and disgusted with this ill-timed amusement, was forced to join the party.’

‘After such a signal overthrow as that of Jena’ (continues Lord Palmerston) ‘it is natural to endeavour to find out reasons in the treachery or incapacity of the officers concerned, and it often happens that much injustice is done in this manner to men whose only fault has been a want of success.’ From his analysis of the causes, they appear to have been identically the same as those which have just led to the military collapse of France: all-pervading corruption and maladministration, combined with carelessness, presumption, and incapacity. The low moral tone of the Government and army of Prussia in 1806 had quite as much to do with the catastrophe as the bad generalship of their chiefs; and the Duke of Brunswick (the Prussian commander-in-chief

in-chief at Jena) had more than one point of character in common with MacMahon :

'The Duke was a man who carried personal courage even to rashness, but wanted that firmness and decision of character so necessary for a great commander. No one could execute with more ability and courage the orders of others, but, placed at the head of an army on which depended the fate of a kingdom, he shrunk from the responsibility of his situation, and lost in hesitation and doubt those moments which should have been employed in vigorous exertion.'

The power that lay prostrate in 1806 is now exclaiming *Væ Victis!* and, Brennus like, flinging the sword into the scale. We leave it to the philosophic historian to explain how this wondrous change has been brought about.

Several pages of the Journal are occupied with the General Election of 1807, and will be read with surprise by the generation who have no personal experience of our representative system prior to 1832.

'The method adopted by Ministers with regard to their borough seats was very politic and ingenious. They purchased seats from their friends at a low price, making up the deficiency probably by appointments and promotions. These seats they afterwards sold out at the average market price to men who promised them support; and with the difference they carried on their contested elections. The sum raised in this manner was stated by a person who was in the secret to be inconceivably great, and accounts for an assertion afterwards made by Lord Grenville in the Lords, that "not one guinea of the public money had been spent for elections." It may be imagined that if seats were bought for two thousand five hundred, or even two thousand pounds, and sold again for five thousand pounds, a comparatively small number of such transactions would furnish a considerable fund; and Government had so many seats passing through its hands that, at last, in one or two instances, it sold them to people who only professed themselves in general well-disposed towards them, without exacting a pledge of unconditional support.'

It was at this election that Sheridan at Westminster, and Tierney at Southwark, the once popular candidates, found the tables turned against them, and had to complain of the violence of the mob. 'Sheridan's unpopularity was said to have arisen chiefly from his never having paid his debts. Numbers of poor people crowded around the hustings, demanding payment for bills which he owed them.' During the Norfolk election 'two ladies, friends of Wodehouse (Coke and Wyndham's opponent), having appeared every day in a barouche and four at the hustings with his colours, the friends of Windham determined to drive them away, and accordingly put two women of the town in
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another barouche, decorated with the same ribands, and drew them alongside the carriage of the ladies. This unmanly insult so incensed those who were the objects of it, that they determined to be revenged. They consequently prevailed upon some of the electors to petition against the sitting members; and as the fact of their having treated is notorious, there is no doubt of their being turned out.

When (in March, 1807) the new parliament met, the government, the Broad-bottom Administration or as they were half mockingly called 'All the Talents,' appeared in the beginning of the month so strong that it seemed beyond the power of events to shake them. 'They (to quote from the Journal) and their adherents had so long and assiduously made the country re-echo with the boast that they alone were fit to conduct the affairs of the nation that the multitude—who seldom take the trouble of judging for themselves, and are apt to believe what they perpetually hear—began at length to give them credit for the abilities of which they claimed such exclusive possession; and keeping the king as a sort of state prisoner, by allowing none but themselves to approach him, they began almost to consider themselves a fourth branch of the Government of the country. From this height of power nothing but their own conduct could have brought them down.' The rock on which they split was the eternal Catholic question. They were succeeded by the Portland Administration (March, 1807), under which Lord Palmerston's long tenure of office commenced with a junior lordship of the Admiralty. In the following September he made his maiden speech; and a maiden speech at that time was an event to which no slight importance was attached:—

'There was not (remarks Sir H. Bulwer) so much and such constant talking in the House of Commons then, as there is now. People did not take up the morning's reports of the debates and put them down, lost amidst the wilderness of commonplace remarks of commonplace men on commonplace subjects, which, in the flattering way it has become the fashion to adopt in speaking of ourselves, we call business-like speaking, but which in reality is for the most part twaddle, that prevents or impedes the transaction of business.

'The ordinary affairs of Government, which after all have to be gone through as a matter of course, with little or much speech about them, were permitted to pass off quietly, without every member making a speech which no other member wanted to hear—any great affair was debated in a great manner by the leading men. When a new member was animated by ambition, he made a trial of his strength, and was judged by the assembly he addressed as fit or unfit to be one of the select to be listened to. The ordeal was a severe one. But the novice who passed it with tolerable credit in the judgment of
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ose men whose opinion was the test of success and failure, and who knew at once how to detect mind—which, if accompanied by energy, adds in giving ascendancy in any body of men who live much together—was henceforth classed, and almost certain, if he persevered in a parliamentary career, to obtain place and distinction.'

In other words, the House of Commons, prior to the Reform Bill of 1832, partook more of the character of a debating club, in which the main object was display, than of a representative assembly in which members are compelled to think of their constituents and grant to one another the license each is compelled to ask in his turn. It has consequently become a less critical audience so far as style and manner are concerned, and readily dispenses with graces of elocution in a speaker who relies on argument, information, and good sense. But it by no means follows that what we are agreed to call business-like speaking is for the most part twaddle, or that the benefits of discussion are best attained by allowing a few party leaders or established orators to monopolise the debates. Indeed, when great affairs are debated, the leaders still speak too often and too long, to the exclusion of many who might bring peculiar knowledge to bear on the subject, or who, as representatives of classes, are well entitled to be heard.

The parliamentary *debûts* of celebrated men would form an instructive and interesting chapter in the political history of England. Sheridan's was a failure; Canning's a moderate success. Lord Chatham was a born orator. On its being remarked, after Pitt's first speech, that he bade fair to become one of the best speakers in the House, a first-rate judge exclaimed, 'He is so already.' Fox's debating excellence was obtained by practice: he has left a record that he spoke every night during his first session, which does equal credit to his perseverance and the patience of the House. Erskine, confused by the contemptuous look and gesture of Pitt, narrowly escaped a break-down. Mr. Radstone fully sustained the expectations of the admiring friends of his youth. Mr. Disraeli resumed his seat amidst shouts of derisive laughter, after uttering his memorable and prophetic last, 'The time will come when you *will* hear me.'

Charles Lamb proposed to draw up a list of men who had never made but a single joke in their lives. A list might also be made of men who established a reputation by a speech and never made another, or made others so indifferent that they have come to be regarded as never made at all. 'Single Speech Hamilton' is one example; 'Single Speech Hawkins' (who came out on the second reading of the Reform Bill) another; and the meteorlike appearance of a third brought him on two marked occasions

occasions into honourable competition with Lord Palmerston, who says in his Autobiography:—

‘In September of this year, 1807, Copenhagen was taken, and the Danish fleet carried off. The Danish expedition was the great subject of debate at the beginning of the Session in 1808. Papers relating to it were laid before Parliament. At that time lay Lords of the Admiralty had nothing to do but to sign their name. I had leisure therefore to study the Copenhagen papers, and put together a speech, on which I received many compliments. Robert Milnes,* better known as Orator Milnes, had made a splendid speech on the first night of the discussion.

‘He chose to make a second speech on a following night, to show that he was as good in reply as in preparation. His speech was a bad one, and my first speech was thought better than his second.’

Writing to his sister three days afterwards (Feb. 6, 1808) Lord Palmerston says: ‘I certainly felt glad when the thing was over, though I began to fear I had exposed myself; but my friends were so obliging as to say I had not talked much nonsense, and I began a few hours afterwards to be reconciled to my fate.’ This feeling of dissatisfaction argued well for the future. On a young man’s expressing satisfaction at his own performance to Dr. Johnson, the lexicographer observed: ‘That, sir, shows not that your execution was good, but that your conception was petty.’ Lord Palmerston complains in the same letter that the papers had not been very liberal in their allowance of report. The speech occupies less than two columns in the ‘Parliamentary Debates,’ and Sir H. Bulwer’s appreciation of it seems just:—

‘The speech to which this correspondence alludes was evidently composed with much care, and in those parts which had been carefully consigned to memory was spoken with great ease and facility; but in others there was that hesitation and superabundance of gesture with the hands, which was perceptible to the last, when Lord Palmerston spoke unprepared, and was seeking for words, which he always employed appropriately, but which it cost him pains to find. This marred, no doubt, the continued effect of his delivery, and made him doubtful, as we have seen, at first as to the impression he had produced; but every one recognised that a clever, well-instructed young man had been speaking, and made ready allowance for defects which might not remain, and to which if they did the House would become accustomed.’

* Mr. Robert Milnes was a college friend of Lord Byron, and a distinguished member of his set, which comprised the late Lord Broughton, Mr. W. Banks, Charles Skinner Matthews, and Scrope Davies. He was offered a peerage by Lord Palmerston as a mark of personal respect, which he refused, on the ground that he might be obliged to oppose Lord Palmerston’s government in the House of Lords. On his death, the peerage was offered to and accepted by his son, now Lord Houghton, whose social, literary and political position fully justified the elevation.

The concluding remark was evidently suggested rather by the eminently successful close of Lord Palmerston's parliamentary career than by its rather doubtful and hesitating commencement. On his first becoming Premier, his conduct of affairs in the House of Commons was condemned for levity of tone and misplaced jocularly. "Let him remain Premier for a year or two," observed a member of the highest literary and political distinction, "and our standard will be lowered till we prefer this laughing devil-may-care method of getting through business to the wit of Canning and the gravity of Peel." The result fully confirmed the justice of the observation, which was made by one of the most refined and acute of contemporary writers and thinkers, Lord Lytton.

The quarrel between Lord Castlereagh and Canning broke up the Portland Administration, and Perceval became Prime Minister, owing rather to the confusion and separation of parties produced by the Catholic question, and to his concurrence in royal illiberality, than to his proved merits as a statesman, for as such he hardly attained mediocrity. Having to form a ministry out of the materials of the last to the exclusion of its most distinguished members, he was compelled to look about him for young men of promise, and his attention was naturally attracted to Mr. Milnes and Lord Palmerston. The account in the Autobiography of the ensuing transactions differs slightly from that in the contemporary letters to Lord Malmesbury, as well as from the version orally communicated to friends; but the upshot was that Lord Palmerston had the successive offers of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the Secretaryship at War, conditioned in each instance on the prior refusal of Mr. Milnes; and his mode of receiving them manifests a rare degree of self-knowledge and discretion.

"I own (he writes to Lord Malmesbury) of course one's vanity and ambition would lead to accept the brilliant offer first proposed; but it is throwing for a *great stake*, and where much is to be gained, *very much* also may be lost. I have always thought it unfortunate for any one, and particularly a young man, to be put above his proper level, as he only rises to fall the lower. Now, I am quite without knowledge of finance, and never but once spoke in the House.

After describing the interview with Perceval, in the course of which he was told that Mr. Milnes must have the refusal of the Secretaryship of War as well as that of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, he writes:—

"He (Perceval) said that he felt that this preference of Milnes might not appear very flattering to me, but he trusted I should view it in its right light, as proceeding from his great anxiety to secure a doubtful
Vol. 129.—No. 258. 2 A friend

friend who might be of essential service to our cause. I assured him that my principal wish was that his Government should receive every possible accession to strength, and that no personal considerations would prevent me from acquiescing in any arrangement which could conduce to that end, but that in point of fact the first offer he had made me of the Exchequer was so very flattering, that, having declined that, I could not in any case object to giving Milnes the preference as to the War Office; and that should he decide to take it, I should very willingly take a seat at the Treasury.

Mr. Milnes, after a long conference with Perceval and another with Canning, determined to support Perceval and decline office altogether:—

‘This latter resolution, which surprised me exceedingly, is founded upon real and unaffected diffidence. I think it a great pity, both for him and for us, as he would be more useful in office than out of it. The War Office has consequently come to me, conditionally, however, upon arrangements I will presently mention. In the mean time, Perceval having very handsomely given me the option of the Cabinet with the War Office (if I go to it), I thought it best, on the whole, to decline it; and I trust that, although you seemed to be of a different opinion at first, you will not, on the whole, think I was wrong. The office is one which does not invariably, or, indeed, usually go with the Cabinet. A seat there was consequently not an object to me for appearance sake; and considering how young I am in office, people in general, so far from expecting to see me in the Cabinet by taking the War Office, would, perhaps, only wonder how I got there.’

The office of Secretary-at-War, which he was destined to hold so long, suited and grew upon him. After some weeks' trial, he writes:—‘I continue to like this office very much. There is a good deal to be done; but if one is confined, it is some satisfaction to have some real business to do: and if they leave us long enough I trust much may be accomplished in arranging the interior details of the office so as to place it on a respectable footing.’ In a letter to his sister, after his first official speech in bringing forward the army estimates, he says that, besides the commendations of his friends, which were things of course, the Opposition were civil and complimentary. ‘Windham was pleased to make honourable mention of me; and, what I certainly least expected, Whitbread, with whom I had never before exchanged a word, took occasion, as he met me entering the House yesterday, to say some very handsome things about perspicuity and information.’

One great attraction of this sort of biography, largely composed of personal reminiscences and familiar letters, is that it revives and records, in all their original freshness, many scenes and incidents which are too illustrative to be forgotten, *e. g.*:—

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'We had last night a most extraordinary display of folly, coarseness, and vulgarity from Fuller, who, because Sir John Anstruther, Chairman of the Committee, would not take notice of him, when he several times attempted to rise, in order to put some very gross and absurd questions to Lord Chatham, flew out into such a passion, and swore, and abused the Chairman and the House to such a degree that it became at last necessary to commit him to custody. As he went out he shook his fist at the Speaker, and said he was a d——d insignificant little puppy, and snapping his fingers at him said he did not care *that* for him or the House either. He is now amusing himself with the serjeant-at-arms, and I think was very lucky in not being sent to Newgate or the Tower.'

The rule or understanding that members of the Government, not being of the Cabinet, are to be chary of their eloquence except when the business of their respective departments is discussed, would have prevented Lord Palmerston from taking an active part in debate during the first eighteen years of his official life had he been possessed with the desire of shining, which he was not. But it did not prevent him from giving marked indications of latent power, nor even from indulging in the same kind of *persiflage* and humorous retort which was latterly by turns his weakness and his strength. The commencement of his reply to a very formidable assailant, Brougham, before whom most debators of his standing would have quailed, was in these words:—'The honourable and learned member has made an accusation, which I certainly cannot retort upon that honourable gentleman himself, namely, that *he very seldom troubles the House with his observations*. I, at all events, will abstain from all declamation, and from any dissertation on the Constitution, and confine myself to the business at present on hand—the Army Estimates of the current year.'

The ridiculous blunders with which Joseph Hume was wont to diversify his economical statements doubtless gave full effect to this sarcasm:—'He (Lord Palmerston) recollected that he had heard of an ancient sage, who said that there were two things over which even the immortal gods themselves had no power, namely, past events and arithmetic. The honourable gentleman, however, seemed to have power over both.' It was not an ancient sage, but a modern orator and wit, Canning, who said that nothing was so misleading as figures, except facts. Hume's matter-of-fact understanding, with his utter insensibility to fancy or humour, besides serving as an armour of proof against the pointed shafts showered upon him, occasionally turned the tables, and produced a telling, because unpremeditated, effect: as when Lord Palmerston, in reply to a demand for papers, observed that considerations of delicacy (to foreign States) forbade their
2 A 2 production.

production. 'There it is!' exclaimed Hume; 'wherever there is delicacy, there is sure to be something wrong.' Although the aphorism is quaintly expressed, without the fitting limitations or modifications, he was not much beside the mark so far as official reticence is concerned.

The death of Perceval in 1812 led to the formation of a Government under Lord Liverpool, which Sir H. Bulwer describes as 'universally considered the weakest that ever undertook to hold the helm of a great State, but which suffered less from opponents and was more favoured by events than almost any other that has conducted the affairs of this country.' Certainly the weakest that ever conducted the affairs of this country for fifteen consecutive years, thanks to the prudent moderation of its chief, to whom may be applied the witty remark in the 'School for Scandal,' that there are 'valetudinarians in reputation as in constitution, who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.' The political capital acquired by the glorious conclusion of the war lasted the Tories the better part of a generation, whilst the Whigs were proportionately discredited by their ineffectual and often factious opposition. It was seven years after the peace that we find Lord Byron writing:—

'Where are the Grenvilles? Turn'd as usual. Where
My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they were.

Nought's permanent amongst the human race,
Except the Whigs not getting into place.'

In this (Lord Liverpool's) administration, remarks Sir Henry Bulwer, 'Lord Palmerston having refused—before the offer was made to Peel—the Secretaryship for Ireland, maintained, without rise or fall, during fifteen years the post which he had received in 1810 from Mr. Perceval, uniting during this period the pleasures of a man of the world with the duties of a man of business. No one went more into what is vulgarly termed "fashionable society," or attended more scrupulously to the affairs of his office; no one made better speeches on the question, whatever it was, that his place required him to speak on, or spoke less when a speech from him was not wanted. His ambition seemed confined to performing his functions with credit, without going out of the beaten track of his office as a volunteer for distinction.' To complete the impression of Lord Palmerston's position and habits in early life, it should be added that he had a turn for literature, associated with the wits, and contributed to the 'New Whig Guide.' Every one has heard the story of Sheridan's dinner-party, at which the sheriff's officers acted as waiters. On
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its being mentioned at Brockett as apocryphal, 'Not at all,' exclaimed Lord Palmerston; 'I was at it. Sheridan, Canning, Frere, and some others, including myself, had agreed to form a society (projected, you may remember, by Swift) for the improvement of the English language. We were to give dinners in turn: Sheridan gave the first, and my attention was attracted by the frequent appeals of the improvised servants to "Mr. Sheridan."' 'And did you improve the language?' 'Not, certainly, at that dinner; for Sheridan got drunk, and a good many words of doubtful propriety were employed.'*

Nor should Lord Palmerston's conduct as an Irish landlord be forgotten; for in this capacity he acted persistently and conscientiously on the conviction that property has duties as well as rights. There were years when he sacrificed the entire income of his Sligo estates to their improvement, and neither the excitement of politics, nor the attractions of society, ever long diverted his attention from the moral as well as material well-being of his tenantry. Sir Henry Bulwer has printed several letters detailing the steps he took for this purpose, which might still afford useful hints to proprietors similarly situated. We find him writing from Cliffoney in 1808:

'Roads are the first necessity for the improvement of Ireland. In my last ride the day was very fine, and the whole tenantry came out to meet me, to the number, in different places, of at least two or three hundred. The universal cry was, "Give us roads, and no petty landlords."'

He said one day, not long before his death, that he had a thousand tenants who paid less than five pounds each, many under a pound. "But do they pay?" "Not always, they pay when they can: when they sell the pig."

Although his oratorical ambition may have been confined to performing his peculiar functions with credit, these were of a nature to elicit his views on leading principles of policy, foreign and domestic; and his defence of a standing army of respectable proportions was based upon the self-same doctrine which he afterwards maintained as Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, that the prosperity and well-being of the British empire depended upon its influential, nay, proud, position amongst the first-rate nations and communities of the globe. This is a pet doctrine of Sir H. Bulwer's, and he is well entitled to be heard upon it:—

* Charles Surface is described as hitting on the same expedient:—

Sir Benjamin Backbite.—"No man lives in greater splendour. They tell me that when he (Charles Surface) entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities, have a score of tradesmen waiting in the ante-rooms, and an officer behind each guest's chair."—*The School for Scandal*.

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‘No doubt a great gentleman, let him be the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Fortescue, Sir Robert Peel, or any other distinguished peer or commoner, is the same individual, whether he opens his house and keeps up a large establishment, or whether he lodges in a cottage and never offers a glass of wine to a friend; but his influence is different. A certain degree of show and hospitality gives influence,—quietly, insensibly, but irresistibly. Lord Palmerston himself, in later years, gained much by a conspicuous mansion and constant dinners and assemblies. It is all very well to sneer at these things; they affect us in spite of our philosophy.

‘As three or four servants in livery and a large house place a man in this world of ours higher than he would be placed, inhabiting a small lodging with a dirty maid to open the door, so a nation has its servants in livery, its large house, its large establishments—things not absolutely necessary to its existence, but the accompaniments of its position, and without which its position would not be duly represented and sustained. I may be mistaken, but I believe every Englishman has a certain pride and interest in the figure made by the English nation. He likes that it should be “the great nation,” and appear “the great nation.” All that seven-eighths of us ask is, that the proper effect should be obtained without needless or improper cost.

Speaking of Lord Palmerston’s position so late down as 1822, Sir H. Bulwer calls attention to the circumstance that, though good, it was still an isolated one:—

‘His private friends were never such as could be called political friends. Mr. Sullivan, his brother-in-law, and Sir George Shee, whom he made afterwards Under Secretary of State, were the only men with whom he could be said to be intimate. Neither did he belong to any of the particular sections which divided the House of Commons and the Tory party. He was not then an adherent of Canning, never having followed that statesman out of office; nor was he an adherent of Lord Eldon, nor even of Lord Liverpool, for he had voted, since 1812, in favour of concessions to the Catholics. He certainly was not a Whig, and yet he lived chiefly with Whig society, which, since the time of Mr. Fox, was the society most in fashion. George IV. always disliked him. No one, therefore, had a very lively interest in him, or felt a strong desire to make his parliamentary position more important.

If not an adherent, in the sense of personal follower, of Canning, Lord Palmerston agreed with Canning on almost every great public question; and long before the open and irreparable breach between the old or Eldonite and new or Canningite Tories in 1827, he had begun to draw away from the reactionary section of his colleagues. Speaking (in the Autobiography) of the Cambridge University election of 1825, he says:—

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'The Church, the Treasury, and the Army were in anti-Catholic hands; and though the Duke of Wellington and Peel condemned the cabal, Eldon, the Duke of York, the Secretaries to the Treasury, and many others did all they could against me.

'I had complained to Lord Liverpool, and the Duke of Wellington, and Canning of being attacked, in violation of the understanding upon which the Government was formed, and by which the Catholic question was to be an open one; and I told Lord Liverpool that if I was beaten I should quit the Government. *This was the first decided step towards a breach between me and the Tories, and they were the aggressors.*'

On the results of the general election he writes to his brother, July 17th, 1826:—

'As to the commonplace balance between Opposition and Government, the election will have little effect upon it. The Government are as strong as any Government can wish to be, as far as regards those who sit facing them; but in truth the real Opposition of the present day sit behind the Treasury Bench; and it is by the stupid old Tory party, who bawl out the memory and praises of Pitt, while they are opposing all the measures and principles which he held most important; it is by these that the progress of the Government in every improvement which they are attempting is thwarted and impeded. On the Catholic question; on the principles of commerce; on the corn laws; on the settlement of the currency; on the laws regulating the trade in money; on colonial slavery; on the game laws, which are intimately connected with the moral habits of the people: on all these questions, and everything like them, the Government find support from the Whigs, and resistance from their self-denominated friends. However, the young squires are more liberal than the old ones, and we must hope that Heaven will protect us from our friends, as it has done from our enemies. The next session will be interesting. All these questions will come under a new Parliament, in which there are about 150 new members.'

It will be observed that two great questions are omitted in this recapitulation—parliamentary reform and the removal of Protestant disabilities. On May 4th, 1827, Canning thus alluded to them:—

'I am asked what I mean to do on the subject of parliamentary reform? Why I say—to oppose it—to oppose it to the end of my life in this House, as hitherto I have done. I am asked what I intend to do respecting the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts? My answer is—to oppose it too.'

Lord Palmerston afterwards gave way to the irresistible call for parliamentary reform, but he then agreed with Canning, and he voted with Huskisson in 1828 against Lord John Russell's motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. He had a confirmed prejudice against Dissenters, and he upheld church rates till

till their abandonment became a *sine quâ non* of his second Premiership.

In a letter to his brother of October 21, 1826:—

‘ I can forgive old women like the Chancellor (Eldon), spoonies like Liverpool, ignoramuses like Westmoreland, old stumped-up Tories like Bathurst; but how such a man as Peel, liberal, enlightened, and fresh minded, should find himself running in such a pack is hardly intelligible. I think he must in his heart regret those early pledges and youthful prejudices, which have committed him to opinions so different from the comprehensive and statesmanlike views which he takes of public affairs. *But the day is fast approaching, as it seems to me, when this matter will be settled as it must be;* and in spite of the orgies in this town and Armagh, the eloquence of Sir George Hill and Lord G. Beresford, and the bumpers pledged to the “Prentice Boys” motto of “*No surrender*,” the days of Protestant ascendancy I think are numbered. It is strange that in this enlightened age and enlightened country people should be still debating whether it is wise to convert four or five millions of men from enemies to friends, and whether it is *safe* to give peace to Ireland.’

The much desiderated settlement was accelerated, though not actually brought about, by the death of Lord Liverpool and the formation of the Canning Ministry in 1827. The Chancellorship of the Exchequer, with a seat in the Cabinet, was again offered to Lord Palmerston and accepted by him, and it was arranged that he should remain Secretary of War till the end of the session, and then go to the Exchequer: ‘In the meanwhile intrigues were set on foot. George IV., who personally hated me, did not fancy me as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He wanted to have Herries in that office. There were questions coming on about palaces and crown lands which the King was very anxious about, and he wished either to have a creature of his own at the Exchequer, or to have the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer held by the First Lord, whose numerous occupations would compel him to leave details very much to George Harrison, the Secretary, and to Herries, Auditor of the Civil List.’

These intrigues proved successful. Rather than embarrass the new Premier, who was particularly anxious to please the King, Lord Palmerston readily consented to retain his old place, with a seat in the Cabinet: ‘Some weeks after this, Canning sent for me again to say he had a proposition to make to me, which he should not himself have thought of, but that the King had said he knew and was sure that it was just the very thing I should like, and that was to go as Governor to Jamaica. I laughed so heartily that I observed Canning looked quite put out, and I was obliged to grow serious again.’ This offer was speedily followed

followed by another, the Governor-Generalship of India, which, splendid and tempting as it was, he immediately refused. 'I had already, I said, declined the office when offered by Lord Liverpool, at a time when I was not in the Cabinet, and the same motives which influenced me then still operated now.' This obvious eagerness to expatriate him justifies a suspicion that his Majesty was actuated by some personal jealousy, such as that which Canning gratified by appointing Lord Ponsonby, an early admirer of Lady Coningham, to a foreign mission. But the scandalous chronicles record nothing of the sort, and no plausible explanation has been given or suggested of this royal prejudice or dislike.

The private letters and the entries in the journals relating to this and the two following Cabinets are in the highest degree valuable and interesting. They admit us behind the scenes of the political drama, and show how one public performance after another was marred by the private differences of the actors and the want of an efficient manager to restore harmony. Referring to the Cabinet in process of formation after Canning's death, he writes August 24, 1827:

'The King wants Herries to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Whigs object to *him* pointedly, and Goderich wishes to have me. Neither party will make way; and there is a great possibility of a dissolution of the Government. Herries himself is not particularly desirous; but he is a great friend of Knighton, who, it is said, urges the appointment. The Whigs certainly have some cause to complain. The King refuses, for the moment at least, to take in Lord Holland, whom they pressed, and presses Herries, whom they reject. Herries is anti-Catholic and anti-Liberal, and I believe has held some indiscreet language about the Whigs. . . . One of two things must follow: either a mixed Government would be made by Goderich of some of his present colleagues and the Tories, or the whole Cabinet would march, and the Tories come in bodily.'

We all know that a mixed Government was the result, that the King had his way, and what came of it. 'Huskisson (writes Lord Palmerston) blamed me for not having stood out: he said if I had insisted upon the fulfilment of Goderich's promise, that promise would not have been retracted, and Herries would not have been thrown like a live shell into the Cabinet to explode and blow us all up. At the appointed time he did explode.' He picked a quarrel with Huskisson, and the Premier, instead of compelling them to make it up or deciding which of them to keep, hurried to lay the dilemma before the King, offered no solution, twaddled, wrung his hands, and shed tears. The King bade him go home, take care of himself, and keep quiet; and immediately

immediately sent for the Duke of Wellington, who also (according to the Autobiography) had been thrown amongst them like a live shell:—

‘One of the first acts of Goderich’s administration had been to ask the Duke of Wellington to be Commander-in-Chief—Lord Anglesey had been sent to make the offer. He travelled without stopping arrived at some country house in the West, where the Duke was staying about three in the morning; found the Duke in full uniform just come home from a fancy ball; obtained his immediate acceptance, and arrived with it at Windsor. While we were sitting in council on the memorable day in August, at which Lord William Bentinck also was present, to be sworn in Governor-General of India, Lord Anglesey said to us, “Well, gentlemen, I have done what you sent me to do. I have brought you the Duke of Wellington’s acceptance as Commander-in-Chief, and by God, mark my words, as sure as you are alive, he will trip up all your heels before six months are over your heads.”

‘Before the six months were well over the Duke was in, and our heels were up; but what share he had in that I cannot say. The King was the great plotter, and Holmes and Planta worked upon Goderich, and persuaded him he could never overcome the difficulties he would have to encounter.’

Sir Henry Bulwer adds, on the authority of ‘a gentleman yet alive,’ that Lord Wellesley expected the Premiership, and had been encouraged by his brother in this expectation; that, according to the express or implied understanding between them, the Duke was to recommend the Marquis as best fitted to take the lead in civil affairs; that the Marquis waited the Duke’s return from the royal closet with much anxiety, and that the ensuing disappointment occasioned a lasting coolness between the pair.* This story derives plausibility from the circumstance that the Duke, a short time previously, had publicly and most emphatically declared his utter unfitness for the post, declaring in the House of Lords that he must be mad to think of it. But, however mistaken his self-estimate, he was the soul of loyalty and truth.

That the hero of a hundred fights committed a grave error in undertaking the government, will now be admitted by his warmest admirers, amongst whom we humbly take leave to rank ourselves; and any lurking doubts in any quarters on that subject will be removed by the revelations of Lord Palmerston, which prove that all the Duke’s sympathies and predilections

* Count D’Orsay’s well known portrait of the Duke was in progress when the Marquis died. The day after the death, the illustrious sitter, much to D’Orsay’s surprise, came at the usual hour and took his seat as if nothing had occurred. His sole reference to the event, after a short pause, was—‘You have heard of the death of the Marquis of Wellesley, a very agreeable man when he had his own way.’

were with the reactionary party, and that, although he gave way on the Catholic question from considerations of expediency, the true character of his administration must be collected from his foreign policy as well as from his mode of dealing with the Corn Laws and Reform. But his capital defect as chief of a mixed Cabinet was the cast of mind contracted from long habits of command: he had too much of the quality altogether wanting in his immediate predecessor; his volition was too strong: he decided too rapidly; he went too straight to the point; his directness of view was too often owing to its narrowness; and he chafed at differences of opinion in the Cabinet as he would have chafed at them in a council of war.

The circumstances under which Lord Palmerston and his political friends joined the Duke, are succinctly stated in the *Autobiography*:—

‘Dudley, Lamb, Binning, Grant, and myself met at Huskisson’s house in Somerset Place, which he still occupied—being very unwell—in order to take these proposals into consideration. We discussed the matter fully, with reference both to the personal question between Herries and Huskisson, and to the public interests and political questions involved; and our determination was that the offer ought to be accepted.

‘We did accept it, therefore, not as individuals, but as a party representing the principles and consisting of the friends of Mr. Canning.

‘We joined the new Government in January. We left it in May. We joined as a party; as a party we retired. The only one who hesitated was Dudley; and he would willingly have given six thousand a year out of his own pocket, instead of receiving that sum from the public, for the pleasure of continuing to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.’

In a letter to his brother, commenting on the exclusion of the Whigs, who had hoped by their support of Canning to regain a permanent official footing, he adds:—

‘The Whigs, of course, will be furious and violent, and lay about them to the right and left. *I very sincerely regret their loss, as I like them much better than the Tories, and agree with them much more; but still we, the Canningites, if we may be so termed, did not join the Government, but they came and joined ours; and whatever regard we may feel for them, we have not enlisted with them, so as to be bound to follow their fate and fortunes, or to make their retention a condition of our remaining; and, indeed, if we had all gone out, I should certainly not have sat with them in the House of Commons, but should have taken an independent and separate position.*

‘We see from this letter,’ remarks Sir H. Bulwer, ‘that the Canningite of the day was not a Whig—was not a Tory. What was

was a Canningite?' He goes on to answer this question by an ingenious disquisition, highly flattering to the Canningites, which will be best brought home to the comprehension of the present generation by saying that they filled in 1827-1830 an analogous position to that filled by the Peelites after 1846.

No inspired prophet was needed to foretell that the Duke would not get on amicably or long with the Canningites. The first serious hitch occurred in March. The Corn Bill introduced by Canning in the preceding year had been defeated in the Lords by the Duke, who moved and carried an amendment 'That no foreign corn in bond should be taken out of bond until the average price of corn should have reached sixty-six shillings.' The Duke was naturally unwilling to concede as Premier what he had successfully maintained as an opposition leader; and several entries in the Journal refer to the resulting differences:—

'Tuesday, March 11th.

'Cabinet on the proposed Corn Bill. The Duke strongly pressed his duty on warehoused corn, according to his amendment of last year, or a higher scale of duty. Huskisson could not agree to either. Peel took much the same view as Huskisson, and so did Melville. After a great deal of discussion, the Cabinet separated without any formal decision, but with an apparent understanding that the bill of last year should be again brought in, only with the addition suggested yesterday by Huskisson. The Duke was evidently ill pleased to find so large a majority of his Cabinet against him on a point on which individually he committed himself last year, and he left the room without saying whether he agreed or not to Huskisson's proposal.'

The Duke partially gave way; but Charles Grant (Lord Glenelg), President of the Board of Trade, who was to move the preliminary resolutions, judged the proposed scale too high, and threatened resignation, which would have entailed the resignation of the rest of the Canningites:—

'Lamb did not say what he should do. Huskisson went at three to the King, to tender his resignation, and explained to the King the course of the transaction, and his reasons for retiring. The King urged him to stay by all the arguments he might have been expected to use, complaining that he was abandoning his King; and Huskisson said that the King was a man of the world, and would therefore understand his feelings by an illustration. It might often happen to a man in society to be obliged to fight a duel, when he knew he was in the wrong, but could not avoid being shot to prove that he was not a coward. He was not obliged to go out without wishing to do so, and without any public reason, merely that he might not be accused of corruptly clinging to office. The King admitted the force of the illustration, but asked if he could not go out provisionally, and return again.

This

This Huskisson said would only be a juggle, which would at once be detected, and only be worse than staying in.'

The Journal (March 25th) goes on to state that, whilst they (the King and Huskisson) were talking, Huskisson received a box from Peel, with a note to say that Grant had yielded the point. 'The King was delighted, told Huskisson to kiss his hand, as a token that he was to remain in, and they parted.' Another fertile source of discord was Greece.

' April 2.

' Cabinet this evening after dinner at Apsley House, to settle draft of a despatch to France, stating our proposals for defining more clearly the objects of the treaty of London. *As usual, much discussion and entire difference of opinion*, the Duke, Ellenborough, and Aberdeen being for cutting down the Greeks as much as possible; Huskisson, Dudley, and myself for executing the treaty in the fair spirit of those who made it. The Duke, while he professes to maintain it, would execute it in the spirit of one who condemns it. The limits were proposed be the Morea and islands. I again urged that Livadia, or at least Attica, should be added; but nobody else supported this opinion.

' Peel again repeated his opinion, that it would have been best to make Greece wholly independent of Turkey. The Duke, on the contrary, wishes to make her as dependent as possible.'

' Good Friday, April 4.

' Cabinet at three, to settle draft of Dudley's letter to Lord Granville about Greek affairs, containing our project for defining those points which were left vague in the treaty of London; renewed discussion whether Greece should follow the Porte in peace and war, in consequence of the suzerainty of the Porte. The Duke strongly for this; Huskisson, Peel, Dudley, myself against it.

* * * * *

' He (the Duke) is evidently anxious to break with Russia. He has a strong personal feeling of dislike to Russia. He has had violent quarrels with the Lievens, and thought himself not civilly received at Petersburg. A great many little things have contributed to set him against the Lievens. Mrs. Arbuthnot and Lady Jersey, who have both influence over him, both hate Madame de Lieven. Madame de Lieven was foolish last year when Canning came in, and too openly expressed her joy at the Duke's retirement, and was to a certain degree personally uncivil to him.

The most tale-telling entry is the brief one of May 22 :—

' The Cabinet has gone on for some time past as it had done before, differing upon almost every question of any importance that has been brought under consideration :—meeting to debate and dispute, and separating without deciding.'

Commenting on this passage, Sir H. Bulwer states that the second

second Lord Holland, who had lived all his life in intimacy with Cabinet Ministers, once said to him that he (Lord H.) had never known a Cabinet in which its members did not dispute more among themselves during their councils than they disputed with their antagonists in the House of Commons. It is probable that Mr. Pitt's Cabinet and Lord Derby's were exceptions to this rule; but I fancy that a peep behind the scenes would pretty generally demonstrate that a Cabinet is more often held together by the same interests than by the same opinions.' The most marked exception was Lord Palmerston's first Cabinet, after the secession of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sydney Herbert, and Sir James Graham in 1855. We have heard a deceased member of that Cabinet avow his belief that Lord Canning was made Governor-General of India, because, after the secession of his Peelite friends, he was the sole remaining member who maintained an independent opinion; the entire business of the Cabinet being thenceforth arranged and managed by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Palmerston. But it was a weak Cabinet, as regarded either debating or administrative talent; and the general break-up of parties has rendered a strong and perfectly harmonious Cabinet an impossibility. 'At all events' (continues Sir H. Bulwer) 'the squabbles which, in Lord Palmerston's language, I have been relating, are a natural prelude to the great quarrel which finally took place: a quarrel of which history may well desire to learn the particulars from biography—inasmuch as it is the starting-point of modern events. I speak of the quarrel between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Huskisson, which led to Mr. Grant being succeeded by Mr. Fitzgerald at the Board of Trade,—which led to the election for Clare,—which led to Catholic Emancipation,—which led, by a new defection in the Tory party, to the Reform Bill,—which led to a complete social and political revolution in our country.'

The broad features of this quarrel are familiar to most readers. It really involved a great principle although it turned on a comparatively small matter: namely, how to deal with the two disfranchised boroughs of Penrhyn and Retford:—

'March 12th

'The Cabinet dined at Ellenborough's. After dinner we discussed what should be done about the proposed disfranchisement of Penrhyn—to be transferred to Manchester, and Retford to Birmingham.

'Peel proposed to transfer Penrhyn, and throw Retford into the Hundreds; Huskisson the reverse. Both wished to prevent establishing the rule that in all such cases the right should be transferred. *Dudley was strongly for seizing the golden opportunity of giving members to great towns, and thus getting rid of the great scandal of the present state of our representation.* I was clearly of opinion that we should be

be beat if we proposed to throw Penryhn into the Hundreds; the Government upon a similar proposal as to Cornish boroughs, Gram-pound and Penrhyn; would it be wise to risk a third defeat as to Retford?

It is an opinion held by political writers of weight, that if this golden opportunity had been seized, all sweeping measures of parliamentary reform would have been indefinitely postponed. At all events, we should not have seen Birmingham preparing to march upon the capital to enforce its claim to representation. The case of Retford came before the House of Commons on the 19th of May. Huskisson, having taken a different line from Peel, went home and wrote a letter which he meant (though he did not so specify it) merely as a conditional tender of his resignation, *i.e.* if the Duke thought his continuance in office would be inconvenient to the public service. The Duke treated it as an unconditional resignation, laid it as such before the King, and refused to listen to the attempted explanation in phrases which have become historical: 'It is no mistake; it can be no mistake, and it shall be no mistake.' Although the Duke was too unbending and was influenced by an obvious wish to get rid of Huskisson without regard to consequences, it must be admitted that Huskisson cuts a sorry figure in the correspondence, and Lord Palmerston, with whom it was a point of honour to stand or fall with him, makes a better case for the Canningites as a body than for their chief. Their hesitation is amusingly described in the Journal:—

'I was going across the Parade towards Downing Street at about two, when Dudley and Lamb called to me from the balcony of Melbourne House. I went up, and Dudley said he imagined the matter at an end.

'Lamb also said that he thought we had no choice as to what we were to do. The whole thing evinced such a thorough determination to get rid of Huskisson, that it was quite time for all of us to retire also.

'Dudley stroked his chin, counted the squares of the carpet three times up and three times down, and then went off in the agony of doubt and hesitation.'

Lord Palmerston, Lord Dudley, and Lamb (Lord Melbourne), agreed to meet at Huskisson's, who was then occupying an official residence in Downing Street:

'On arriving, I found Dudley and Lamb. Huskisson said he had sent his letter back again to the Duke, with a note to say that it had no reference to the appointment of his successor, and that he begged the Duke to open it, therefore, and lay it before the King. We all left Huskisson together, and Dudley proposed we should walk up a
little

little way, our cabriolets following. He was in the middle, and said, "Well, now we are by ourselves in the street, and nobody but the sentry to hear us, let me know, right and left, what is meant to be done—'In' or 'Out'?" I said "Out," and Lamb echoed "Out." "Well," said Dudley, "I am under some embarrassment as to what I shall do. The King has been pleased to take a great fancy to me, and will, I am sure, be much offended if I go out. He and the Duke have both taken for granted that I mean to stay, at all events, and told me so, and I have neither affirmed nor denied their assumption, and they certainly are under an impression that I mean to stay. On the other hand, if you, Palmerston, who have all your life been in office with the Tories, feel it impossible to stay, how much more difficult must it be for me who never belonged to that party, and who came in as the personal friend of Canning?" He asked our opinion, and I said that I thought he would do best for his own credit and comfort by going out.

* * * *

'He said the Colonial Office would be filled by a moderate Tory, a man of promise, a member of a noble Tory family. *Lamb then said that for his part he did not happen to know any young member of a Tory family, who was a man of promise; but that upon Dudley's own showing the character and complexion of the Government was to be altered first by withdrawing Huskisson, and then by putting in his place a decided Tory. That this would decide him, at all events; that not being in the Cabinet, and having no deliberative voice, his confidence in the Government must depend upon those who composed the Cabinet, and so great a change as was about to take place must make him withdraw from his office.*

'Dudley said that there was something in attaching oneself to so great a man as the Duke. "*For my part,*" said Lamb, "*I do not happen to think that he is so great a man; but that's a matter of opinion.*" I left them, and on my return home wrote to the Duke a letter of resignation, which was to be sent to him early the next morning.'

The public, who like straightforwardness, sided with the Duke, and the Whigs, who had thought themselves ungenerously thrown over by the Canningites, shouted in unison, 'Served them right.' The King was sorely embarrassed:—

'The King had a large party at the Lodge during Ascot Races last week, and was much puzzled to know upon what footing to place the recent changes. He did not like to admit that the Duke had ill-used Huskisson, because all had, of course, been done in his name and by his authority. He therefore tried to maintain that Huskisson had determined to go, and the Duke tried all he could to keep him. Some persons, however, who had his ear, and ventured to speak out to him, denied this to him in a manner which left him nothing to say, except "Well, I hate politics, and do not wish to quarrel with you about them, so let us leave this topic." The Duke of Cumberland abused me for a democrat, saying it was all my fault, and that I had urged

Huskisson

Huskisson to go out. To be well abused by H. R. H. is no mean praise. It is quite clear that the King is very much dissatisfied with the turn which affairs have taken. He says he wanted the Duke to have recourse to Lord Lansdowne, but he would not. Cumberland says also that the Duke must have lost his head not to have taken in Eldon. Grey, they say, is angry that he had no proposition made to him. Our party, though small, is very respectable.'

The party, according to a subjoined list, then (June, 1828) consisted of eleven peers and twenty members of the House of Commons. Lord Goderich proposed their meeting at his house, with a view to re-organisation; but Lord Palmerston objected that this would have the appearance of putting themselves under his lead, 'which, considering what an unfortunate display he made last December as head of a party, it would be by no means expedient for us to do.' One unexpected effect of the secession was to make the Government more liberal, which Lord Palmerston accounts for by suggesting that 'they may be disposed to do things when they have the credit of doing them spontaneously, which they refused to do when it would have been supposed that we were urging them to do them.' On June 8th he sets down: 'Aberdeen (who succeeded Lord Dudley) called to-day on Madame de Lieven. She said, 'I am always glad to see you, but I am very sorry to see you Minister for Foreign Affairs, because I consider you Austrian, and an enemy to Russia.' On his assuring her that she was mistaken, she goes on to say that she knew well the Duke's sentiments about Russia, and she could tell him (Lord Aberdeen) what she had heard about himself only two days ago. A countryman of his had met Esterhazy, the Austrian ambassador, in the streets, and Esterhazy, clapping him on the back, exclaimed: 'Eh bien, mon cher, chacun à son tour, vous avez eu votre ministre; à présent j'ai le mien.'

During the *de facto* occupation of the throne of Portugal by Don Miguel in 1828, some thousands of the Portuguese liberals, part of a defeated army, took refuge in England. Palmella, the ambassador of Donna Maria da Gloria, received an application from a thousand of them to act in Terceira against the Miguelites, and notified his intended compliance with it to the Duke, who vowed he would prevent them by force, and wrote him a violent letter of three sheets of paper, in which he said: 'Monsieur le Marquis, I have conveyed to you the commands of his Majesty, and I expect you will obey them.' 'Somewhat imperative language (adds Lord Palmerston) when used towards the ambassador of an independent and allied sovereign, which

would have sounded better had it been used towards a stronger power.' . . . 'How well satisfied I am, and have been every day since I went out of office, that I have escaped from the embarrassment of choosing the precise points of difference with the Duke, at which it would have become absolutely necessary for me to quit his government.'

'In the mean time the King, towards the end of December, received the little Donna Maria da Gloria at Windsor Castle with all the honours of sovereignty, the Duke, Aberdeen, and the other ministers being present. He was charmed with her, thought her like Princess Charlotte, well-mannered, and, above all, beautifully dressed in lace and diamonds. When he handed her to her carriage, he stopped to make her a farewell speech, in which he expressed his hearty wish to see her restored to her throne. The child was so overcome with his kindness and her own difficulty of expressing herself in French, that, as the readiest reply, she instinctively threw her arms round his neck and kissed him, to thank him. This completely captivated him. He is particularly fond of children, and he said that everything else might have been taught her, but this *must* have been her own. We shall see how this reception is to be reconciled with the line about Terceira and the general moral support given to Miguel.'

We learn from these journals how long the seeds of the existing complications in Europe have been germinating. In January, 1829, Lord Palmerston goes to Paris, and, after seeing the leading public men, sets down:

'The present administration is very Russian; but there is growing up among public men a *French* feeling, and this is directed for its first object to the recovery of the provinces between the northern frontier and the Rhine—Belgium, in short, and part of the Prussian territory. The ultra-Liberals say they would support any minister who would recover this territory for France; and I am told that Pozzo di Borgo secretly assures France that, if in the event of a general war in Europe they will side with Russia, Russia will assist them in obtaining this object.

'The happiest thing for France would be a Government that would act upon the system of the late Duc de Richelieu (that is, I presume, which would lean on Russian connection); but the difficulties are great from the dearth of eminent public men. Buonaparte crushed everybody else, both in politics and war; he allowed no one to think and act but himself, and has left, therefore, nothing but generals of division and heads of departments, but no man fit to command an army or govern a country. France, however, is prospering, and wants only peace to become powerful. The interest of her debt is only seven millions sterling, and her sinking fund for redemption of debt is three millions sterling; her taxes are light and her people happy.'

Both

Both Hausmann and Benedetti appear to have been anticipated by General Sebastiani in 1829 :

' I dined at Flahault's yesterday, and met Sebastiani and Talleyrand ; the latter seems sunk and broken, and said but little ; the former is a self-sufficient, consequential coxcomb. He maintained, in a loud voice and a declamatory style, that it is of great importance to a country to have a large capital town, as it tends to create a public opinion, and to advance the political freedom of the State ; that Paris is not large enough, and ought to be forced ; that the best mode of doing this would be to exempt from taxation for fifteen or twenty years all houses that should be built from this time for a certain period to come ;—*he not perceiving that a large capital town may be a good political establishment when it results from the activity of commerce, and arises spontaneously, but that an aggregation of stone and mortar is different from an aggregation of thinking beings.*

' After dinner he did me the honour to tell me, avec franchise, that it is a thousand pities that all parties and Government in England take so mistaken a view of the principle on which we ought to deal with France. It is essential and indispensable to France to get back to the Rhine as a frontier ; Landau and Sarre Louis are particularly necessary to her. So long as the policy of England is opposed to these resummptions, so long will it be impossible for cordial alliance to exist between England and France ; and France, whose real interests lie in a connection with England, will be led rather to seek to unite herself with Russia and Prussia, or any power that will aid her to accomplish these objects. Prussia—though at first sight interested to prevent these resummptions by France—might be bribed to acquiescence by slices from Austria or Saxony, or by Hanover. I expressed great doubts whether any party would be found in England sufficiently enlightened to see this matter in this point of view, and thought it would be very difficult to persuade the people to such an arrangement.'

In a letter from Paris, dated December 4th, 1829, Lord Palmerston foretells with intuitive sagacity what must and did happen if the King, Charles X., were to carry his obstinacy up to the very hour of trial, and if he were backed by a courageous and desperate ministry : ' Then and in that case the result would probably be a change of name in the inhabitant of the Tuileries, and the Duke of Orleans might be invited to step over the way from the Palais Royal ; but as to any other change, it is out of the question. There are too many millions of proprietors of land and funds in France to let it be possible that anything should happen endangering the safety of either one property or the other.'

Two successive proposals were made to Lord Palmerston to rejoin the Duke ; the first of which was declined after an interview,

view, in which Lord Palmerston explained that it would *not* suit him to come back without a complete reconstruction of the ministry; meaning the admission of Lords Grey and Lansdowne, as well as the Canningites:—

‘ Croker called on me a few days afterwards to try to persuade me to reconsider the matter. After talking some time he said, “ Well, I will bring the matter to a point. Are you resolved, or are you not to vote for Parliamentary Reform?” I said, “ I am.” “ Well, then,” said he, “ there is no use in talking to you any more on this subject. You and I, I am grieved to see, shall never again sit on the same bench together.”

‘ Melbourne, the two Grants, Binning, Littleton, Graham, Warrender, Denison, and one or two others, had met at my house a few days before, to consider what we should do on the motion which Brougham was to make in favour of Parliamentary Reform, and the Grants and Littleton had quite determined to vote for it.

‘ As soon as Lord Grey was commissioned by the King to form an administration he sent for me.’

Lord Palmerston had taken a prominent part in opposing the Duke's foreign policy in 1830, and two speeches of his on the affairs of Portugal had attracted much attention by their liberality and comprehensiveness of view. He was already marked out by public opinion for the seals of the Foreign Office when they were confided to him. And here begins the most distinctive portion of his career, that in which he took his own way, and that, consequently, by which he must principally be judged. Foreign affairs are so little understood in England, and commonly excite so little interest, that there is hardly any limit to the influence which a courageous self-willed Foreign Secretary may exert for evil or for good. It is only when the country is fairly committed, or a crisis is at hand, or a war is actually raging, that the House of Commons begins to ask for papers, or the responsible minister is required to enter into explanations with his colleagues. Such, at all events, was the position of Lord Palmerston, until the Queen, at the suggestion of Prince Albert, signed a formal memorandum to the effect that her pleasure should be taken on all proceedings and despatches of the Foreign Office. The continental notion is that Lord Palmerston acted throughout on a fixed system or set of principles, favourable to representative governments and unfavourable to kings, which he rigidly applied as circumstances and events called for or seemed to call for them: and that this system was in marked opposition to Lord Aberdeen's. This, we agree with the able author of ‘Thirty Years of Foreign Policy,’ is altogether

altogether a mistake.* Lord Palmerston had no fixed system, and we should be at a loss to name any broad principle on which he differed from Lord Aberdeen. At the end of an ingenious attempt to reconcile Lord Palmerston's Philhellenism in 1830 with his subsequent support of Turkey, Sir H. Bulwer remarks:—'I may, indeed, observe here that Lord Palmerston—though generally desirous to keep England on the side of liberal opinions—had not any any system of policy relative to foreign states. His notion was that every question should be treated on its own merits, without regard to the actual alliances it might dissolve, or the future dangers it might provoke. "England," he said to me once, "is strong enough to brave consequences;" a theory which has its inconveniences as well as its advantages.'

When Lord Palmerston first entered the Foreign Office (November, 1830) the whole aspect of continental affairs had been changed by the Revolution of July. The French monarchy under the citizen king was regarded as a republic in disguise. Genuine monarchy was at a discount. The late Duke of Devonshire, more than half in earnest, offered a wager that not a crowned head would be left in Europe within seven years. As Sir Henry Bulwer describes the state of things, 'On all sides crowns were falling into the gutter.' The construction of a new kingdom out of the ruins of another was the first duty which devolved upon Lord Palmerston; and in performing it he fearlessly carried out his theory that England is strong enough to brave consequences. The real and substantial grievances which led the Belgians to demand a separation from Holland are lucidly exposed by Sir Henry Bulwer, and he has printed at length the principal letters and despatches of Lord Palmerston detailing the steps by which their independent existence under Leopold was recognised and guaranteed. 'The first stone of the structure built up by the allies of 1815 was then displaced. From that time it has been year by year falling to pieces. Thus the event which commenced the work of demolition, whatever its merits, was so serious in its consequences, that it is worth while to inquire whether wisdom or necessity justified it.'

Our limits prevent us from engaging in this inquiry, and we shall simply quote a few passages from the correspondence, to show the difficulties which Lord Palmerston encountered and overcame. It will incidentally appear from them that the grasping spirit of French diplomacy, as applied to Belgium

* 'Thirty Years of Foreign Policy. A History of the Secretaryships of the Earl of Aberdeen and Viscount Palmerston.' By the author (Mr. Macknight) of 'The Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P.: a Literary and Political Biography.' London, 1855.

and other frontier territories, is no invention of revived Imperialism.

On Talleyrand's objecting to a proposal to unite Luxembourg to Belgium, that the French frontier in that direction was weak,—

‘I replied, that a nation of thirty-two millions, of whom every man is born a soldier, need not be particular about frontiers, and that the defence of their frontier must consist in men, and not in bricks. He then said, Would there be no means of making an arrangement by which Luxembourg might be given to France?’

Finding this inadmissible, he said that France would be satisfied with the cession of Philippeville and Marienburg:—

‘To this we of course positively objected. First, we had no power to give what belongs to Belgium and not to us, and we could not, under the pretence of settling the quarrel between Holland and Belgium, proceed to plunder one of the parties, and that too for the benefit of one of the mediators. Besides, if France began, the rest might have a right to follow the example. At last we brought him to terms by the same means by which juries become unanimous—by starving. Between nine and ten at night he agreed to what we proposed, being, I have no doubt, secretly delighted to have got the neutrality of Belgium established. If Talleyrand complains that our confidence in him seems abated, you may say that this was the natural consequence of our finding that he was aiming at obtaining for France territorial acquisitions, at the same time that France was crying out for non-intervention and peace.’

On February 1st, 1831, Lord Palmerston again writes to Lord Granville, English Ambassador at Paris:—

‘Talleyrand sounded me as to my agreeing to naming the Duc de Nemours King of the Belgians. I told him we should look upon it as union with France, and nothing else, and it was for France, to consider all the consequences which such a departure from all her engagements must necessarily expose her to; that I do not believe the bulk of the French nation wish for Belgium at the price of a general war, and that I do not believe the bulk of the Belgians wish union with France or a French prince. The other three Powers are quite unanimous on the subject, and I must say that if the choice falls on Nemours, and the King of the French accepts, it will be a proof that the policy of France is like an infection clinging to the walls of the dwelling, and breaking out in every successive occupant who comes within their influence.’

On the 15th of the same month, after stating that he had caused a Cabinet to be summoned, to take into consideration a formal communication to the French Government, he writes:—

‘I confess that I like the aspect of their proceedings less and less every

every day. Their assurances of friendship and peace are indeed incessant and uniform, but they continue actively preparing for war when nobody threatens them, and while every day discloses more and more their designs upon Belgium, and the underhand proceedings which they are carrying on with reference to that country. They every day betray an unceasing disposition to pick a quarrel, and to treat us in a manner to which we can never submit. *Pray take care, in all your conversation with Sebastiani, to make him understand that our desire for peace will never lead us to submit to affront either in language or in act.*

Very strong language was required to compel the French to abide by the convention under which their troops entered Belgium.

‘ Aug. 13, 1831.

‘ Will the French Government withdraw their troops into France as soon as the Dutch have evacuated Belgium? Pray make them comprehend all that hangs upon that decision.

‘ Grey writes to you. He is peremptory on this point; and even if the Cabinet had the slightest wish to give way upon it—which they have not—public opinion in England would prevent them. It is, then, a question of war or peace.

* * * * *

‘ We have had no Cabinet to-day upon your letter and your despatches, because we want to learn the result of my letter and Grey’s of Saturday last. Sebastiani and Soult apparently want to pick a quarrel with all their neighbours, or to compel everybody to submit to their insolence and aggressions—witness the language about Spain.’

These passages should be carefully weighed at the present moment, when Europe is asked to rely on the peaceful dispositions and future good behaviour of the French. They are receiving a rude lesson, and may be inclined to turn over a new leaf; but it is absurd to make Napoleon III. their scapegoat. Under every form of government—under the Restoration, the monarchy of July, the Republic, the Second Empire—they have been the same, and might have assumed the same motto:—

‘ Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis.’

Effectively aided by the energy, sagacity, and diplomatic tact of M. Van de Weyer, Lord Palmerston brought the entire work in hand to a satisfactory conclusion. The kingdom of Belgium stands, and we trust will long remain, a firm and conspicuous monument of his statesmanship. Whilst the negotiations were in progress he was bitterly attacked by his former friend, Mr. Croker, for keeping back papers which (Mr. Croker contended) it was his duty to communicate to the Conference and the House.

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An interchange of personalities ensued, in the course of which the secret history of the 'New Whig Guide' was unfolded. According to Mr. Croker, the authors were Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, and himself. 'We three were the only culprits. I was editor. "The Trial (of Henry Brougham)" was Peel's. We each gave touches to the others' contributions, but so slight as not to impair the authorship of any individual article. I do not think Peel wrote any of the verses; Palmerston wrote very little of the prose. Peel's natural turn was humour, but he was extremely shy of indulging it.'

When Lord Palmerston was asked, in 1859, with reference to a meditated commentary on the 'New Whig Guide,' what share he had in it, he replied:—'I certainly did join in quizzing the Whigs at that time, but we have been very good friends since, and I would rather have nothing said about my share in it.' Disagreeable as the allusion to it must have been in 1831 for the same reason, the provocation given by him was almost irresistible. After suggesting that there was no especial reason for Mr. Croker taking the lead on such a subject, he said:—

'But it seems that, in the absence of the principal performers, he has been to-night allowed a whole benefit to himself. He has given us a display, part tragedy, part comedy, and part tragi-comedy; and I wish I could encourage him by stating that he sustained each portion with equal success. Everybody knows that he is an exceedingly happy joker—happy sometimes in his self-satisfaction; and while he confines himself to the light and comic strain he makes himself agreeable to everybody; but he must not attempt too much versatility. He may be a good statesman-of-all-work, but I assure him that he is not a good actor-of-all-work; and in his attempts at the heroic he is apt to confound pathos with bathos, and to overleap the narrow bound between the sublime and the ridiculous. I recommend him, therefore, in future, if he wishes to preserve his reputation, to observe the rule laid down in some of his earlier and fugitive productions in the dramatic art—to cease to vex the grander passions of the soul—

'To leave high tragedy, and stick to farce!'

'He will thus yet afford much amusement; if it be not very natural, it will at least be very entertaining.'

After expressing his surprise at an assertion of Lord Palmerston's that he did not write for newspapers, and the manner in which it was cheered by his friends, Mr. Croker proceeded:—

'Now, what he was about to say, he would assure his noble friend he would say in perfect good humour. He would say that if that cheer meant to insinuate that those who wrote for newspapers pursued a degrading occupation (Lord Palmerston nodded dissent,—his noble friend signified that he did not share that opinion; and he should

should not therefore say what he was about to utter. He might be allowed, however, to observe, in reference to this topic, that if any person should hereafter collect those fugitive pieces which had been attributed to him (Mr. Croker)—with what justice the House would be presently able to judge—he repeated, that if such a collection should be made, and that the merits of those pieces should continue to be attributed to him, he should feel it his duty to do justice to his noble friend by declaring that some of the best and most remarkable were his (Lord Palmerston's) own. He remembered well the days which he spent with his noble friend, not certainly in business of the grave importance which now occupied his noble friend's time;—he recalled with pleasure those earlier days, in which they pursued and enjoyed, not indeed the “search of deep philosophy,” that the poet delighted to remember, but—

‘Wit, eloquence, and poesy—

Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.’

Sir Henry Bulwer calls this encounter ‘a graceful and historical one;’ apparently unconscious that it was fought with borrowed weapons. Lord Palmerston's attack is a palpable imitation of Pitt's sarcastic reference to Sheridan's dramatic authorship, and the concluding sentences (the happiest) of Mr. Croker's retort are a paraphrase of Curran's touching allusion to Lord Avonmore.*

Sir Henry Bulwer made Lord Palmerston's acquaintance in 1831, and thus describes the impression, personal and intellectual:—

‘I then for the first time made Lord Palmerston's acquaintance at a party at Lady Cowper's, and still remember his appearance as that of a man in the full vigour of middle age, very well-dressed, very good-looking, with the large thick whiskers worn at that time. His air was more that of a man of the drawing-room than of the senate; but he had a clear, short, decisive way of speaking on business, which struck me at once. All the questions he put to me went straight to the point; and one could see that he was gathering in information for the purpose of fortifying opinions.’

It is a great advantage to a biographer, giving colour and distinctness to his work, to have been mixed up with the events he describes, and to have associated on intimate terms with the

‘Yes, my Lord, we can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can never more return, for

We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,

But search of deep philosophy,

Wit, eloquence, and poesy—

Arts, which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.’

Phillips' *Specimens of Irish Eloquence*, p. 133; and see Earl Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, p. 97.

leading

leading personages engaged in them. Besides placing Lord Palmerston bodily and vividly before us at different phases of his career, Sir Henry Bulwer's pages are frequently enlivened by incidental reminiscences or sketches of his contemporaries, *e. g.* :

'In 1835 M. de Torreno had become Prime Minister in Spain, succeeding M. Martinez de la Rosa, the first constitutional minister who ruled in Spain. M. Torreno had been one of the first deputation that had originally applied to Mr. Canning for assistance against Napoleon; a man of great ability, both as a statesman and as a debater, bold, not over-scrupulous, gallant, as fond of pleasure as of business, and accustomed to take the lead in one and the other. Mr. George Villiers, the late Lord Clarendon, was English minister. To great charm of manners and an acute intellect he joined that self-confidence which high birth and high fashion usually confer.

'Two clever men brought together in public affairs either like one another very much or not at all; and M. de Torreno and Mr. George Villiers liked one another not at all. In the land of the serenade and the guitar it is always pretended that love and politics go hand-in-hand, and the old question of *qui est elle* was raised on this occasion *—I am far from saying with reason, for there were public motives sufficiently evident for inducing Mr. Villiers to see things with different eyes than those of M. Torreno.'

Constantinople, to which Sir H. Bulwer was sent as Secretary of Embassy by Lord Palmerston, in 1838, supplies some appropriate subjects for his pen:—

'The Grand Vizier Klosreu was a shrewd, bold, illiterate barbarian, who was rather proud of being shorter and stouter than any other man in office; he had, however, great influence over the Sultan, and great authority over the Mussulman population, who respected him from the knowledge that he was ready to have every man in the empire drowned, shot, poisoned, or decapitated, if it was necessary to carry out the views of himself or his master.

* * * * *

'The French and English ambassadorial residences were then fixed, within a stone's throw of each other, at Therapia—a small village fronting the entrance into the Black Sea; and the two ambassadors, Admiral Roussin and Lord Ponsonby, each went to his window on getting out of bed, the one at six in the morning, and the other at six in the afternoon, prepared to see, without surprise, the Russian fleet anchored under their eyes. It was perhaps the only point on which these representatives of the two countries agreed. Both men eccentric, with great energy and ability, the one a philosopher, the other a fine gentleman—self-willed—and assuming rather to direct their governments than to be directed by them, were united by a common appre-

* The first thought of the celebrated Lecocq, when called in to investigate a crime, was invariably, *Trouvez-moi la femme*.

hension, in which each encouraged the other. This apprehension was, no doubt, an exaggerated one, but it could not be considered as altogether absurd.

The requirements of a commercial treaty, which Sir H. Bulwer was especially anxious to procure, brought him into frequent contact with the French Secretary of Embassy:—

‘M. Bilcocq was a charming man; he sang beautifully; he excelled in *calembourgs*; he was naturally very clever; he had an excellent education, and an unhesitating good opinion of himself.

‘He received my proposals characteristically. “Pardon, my friend,” said he, “when you have studied these commercial questions a year, here at Constantinople, when you have been endeavouring to draw up something like a treaty on that knowledge, you will be yet a year in your negotiations with this stupid Government before you get into the position which our embassy occupies in this matter. Thus, if you please, we will act singly, or each take his own way, for I have no wish to gain you credit by the aid of my experience.”

‘I thus saw that I should not only obtain no aid, but that probably I should have to count with the opposition of my agreeable colleague; and a little more knowledge of the locality made me discover that every embassy considered itself, if not the enemy, the rival of the other.’

Not at all discouraged, the English secretary persevered, with the concurrence of his chief, till the affair was sufficiently advanced to be submitted to the Sultan:—

‘The general spirit of our proposals was laid before Mahmoud; in the destruction of monopolies the astute and determined old man saw the means of bringing Europe and his rebellious vassal (the Pacha of Egypt) into differences, and the order was given to sign without an hour’s delay. I was summoned to the country house of the Reis Effendi, or Minister of Foreign Affairs, near whom I was encamped; our head dragoman, Mr. Alexander Pisani, came quietly to meet us. We passed the whole day copying and translating. At ten Lord Ponsonby dropped down in his caique, and we woke the next morning with the treaty concluded.

‘The next morning also the fact was known, to the utter horror and surprise of my friend Bilcocq—

“Est il possible, mon cher, que vous nous avez joué ce tour là?”

“Quel tour?”

“Seulement nous avons trouvé possible, ce que vous avez cru impossible.”

“Mais que faire?”

“Nothing more easy, my dear fellow; here is a copy of our treaty. Do you have another copy made, and sign it to-day, and then let the Journal at Smyrna (a journal in the French pay) say that this happy result was entirely brought about by Admiral Roussin’s influence, and your great knowledge of commercial affairs.”

‘M. Bilcocq

'M. Bilecoq laughed heartily, shook me by the hand, and followed my advice.

'I have gone with some detail into this affair, not only because it was an interesting epoch in my own life, and that narration is improved by these personal episodes, but because it brings out Lord Palmerston's character. The whole of this affair had been managed without instructions from him, and with little communication with him. Another minister might have been sore at anything done in this way, or sought to give himself the credit of doing it. But Lord Palmerston was above all petty feelings of this kind. He got Lord Ponsonby raised in the peerage, named me to the post I most wished for,—Secretary of Embassy at Paris,—and mentioned in a very flattering manner my services in Parliament.

'It is in this way that a chief attaches those who serve under him and makes them zealous in serving him well.'

Lord Palmerston attached great importance to commercial treaties, and prided himself on the number (fourteen, we believe) he had conducted or initiated. But what he deemed his masterpiece in negotiation and diplomacy was the 'Quadruple Alliance Treaty,' signed in London, April 22nd, 1834. 'This treaty,' he writes to his brother, May 12, 1834, 'was a capital hit, and all my own doing.' The contracting parties were England, France, Spain, and Portugal; the powers against which it was directed, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. It was the unfurling of the flag of constitutional government against despotism. Sir H. Bulwer says of it: 'Audacity and safety went hand-in-hand. To select noble ends, to pursue them boldly, and achieve them peaceably, is statesmanship; and after the signature of the Quadruple Alliance Lord Palmerston held the rank of a statesman on the continent of Europe.' This treaty, his own cherished work, did not prevent him, when the Syrian complications arose in January, 1840, from co-operating with Russia, Prussia, and Austria, in opposition to France; a decisive proof that he was not to be diverted from what he thought the public good by any superficial notion of consistency.

The present publication stops at the resignation of the Whig ministry in 1841, and we must postpone any comprehensive review of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy till it has been fully unfolded by the biography. Some questionable episodes are to come; but so far as we have seen yet, he is shown to have been uniformly actuated by an elevated sense of national dignity and a just appreciation of national interests. Be the final judgment of his statesmanship what it may, we feel confident that the estimate of the personal qualities of the man will be all that admiring friends could anticipate or faithful adherents can desire. His generosity, loyalty, straightforwardness, excellent sense,

sense, fine temper, and affectionate disposition, shine out in these pages without a speck; and an unerring proof of his conscious honesty of purpose and good faith is the frankness, verging on indiscretion, with which he unbosoms himself in his journals and correspondence, laying bare every motive that actuated him in the most trying circumstances and emergencies. It is this frankness, judiciously turned to account by the biographer, that will make this Life (with a single exception, Earl Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt') the most valuable contribution to the annals of English statesmanship that English literature can boast.

ART. III.—1. *Elisabeth et Henri IV.* 1595-1598.

2. *Essais de Politique et de Littérature.* 3 vols.

3. *Quelques Pages d'Histoire Contemporaine: Lettres Politiques.* 4 vols.

4. *La France Nouvelle.* Par M. Prevost-Paradol de l'Académie Française. Dixième Edition. Paris, 1869.

PREVOST-PARADOL is the second of French diplomatists who have died, within the last three-and-twenty years, by their own hands, and whose deaths have happened in coincidence, and in supposed connection, with the presaged fate of personal and dynastic policy. The first was M. Bresson, who had been French Minister at Madrid during Louis Philippe's Spanish-marriage intrigues, pregnant with such fatal consequences to the reigning houses of both France and Spain.* In the second instance of strange calamity now before us, it is impossible to say what effect the sudden arrival of the war-news from Europe

* Amongst the documents plundered from the French palaces in February, 1848, and published in M. Tascheveau's 'Revue Retrospective' of that revolution-year, was a very remarkable confidential letter of the Prince de Joinville to the Duc de Nemours, dated from the fleet off Spezzia, 7th November, 1847, from which we translate the following passage:—'The death of Bresson has struck me like a fatality [*m'a funeste*], and I fancy it has had the same effect on you. Setting aside the unfortunate effect produced at Naples, where the laws are so severe against suicide, what I apprehend most is research into the causes which may have produced this unhappy event. Bresson was not ill; he executed his purpose with the sang-froid of a man determined on death. I have letters from Naples from Montessuy and others, which leave me in no doubt about the matter. He was exasperated [*ulcéré*] against *le Père* [King Louis Philippe]. He had held strange language about him at Florence: "the King is inflexible, he no longer listens to any counsel—his will must carry everything before it," &c. All this will not fail to be repeated, and—which I regard as our great danger—the action *le Père* exerts on all subjects will be put in the strongest light—an action so inflexible that, when a public man, who has committed himself on our side, cannot overcome it, he has no resource left but suicide.'—*Revue Retrospective*, 1848, No. 31, p. 481.

may have had on a sensitive mind, coupled with a frame already in a state of suffering from unusually intense heat in a foreign climate. Prevost-Paradol's published writings, however, of two years previously, prove that he had long regarded war with Prussia as a question only of time. Had his bodily health under the burning sun of Washington, been in its normal condition, it is hard to believe that the mere fulfilment of his own predictions could have so affected his mind as to have driven him to seek refuge in suicide from the possible consequences, whether to his country or to himself, of military and political calamities, which could not then be contemplated as inevitable, least of all by Frenchmen. Whatever indeed might ensue could only by the most malignant ingenuity be made to reflect discredit on a man, whose Liberal literary antecedents had occasioned his selection by a professed Liberal cabinet to bear the olive-branch from Imperial France to the great transatlantic Republic. Even if the new minister at Washington had come to think M. Ollivier's Liberalism the hollow and broken reed it has since proved, and his own position, by consequence, more or less a false one, the late example of another literary Imperial convertite relapsed might have assured him that the French Liberals would receive him with open arms again, whenever, like Sainte-Beuve, he returned to his *premiers amours*.

From our passing notice of Prevost-Paradol's death, we turn to the labours of his life, which obtained for him before the middle period of manhood the position of a great Publicist—to say nothing of that of an Academician—due mainly to his brilliant contributions to the newspaper press. From causes which perhaps may count amongst the perils of French politics, but which are certainly sources of singular distinction to French political writers, those writers exert an individual influence, and acquire an individual reputation, to which the system of anonymity precludes any parallel in English journalism. The gradual recovery of its freedom of late years by the French newspaper press has been due in great measure to the distinguished ability and independence of individual journalists; while the full recognition of those qualities has in like measure been due to the publication of the names of French newspaper-writers at the foot of their articles. That publication was rendered legally compulsory by a law passed by the National Assembly of the short-lived Republic of 1848, on the motion of a certain M. de Tinguay, whose name is not otherwise illustrious. Whatever was its motive, we have always regarded its effect as favourable to the individual weight and influence of the higher class of writers, whose contributions to the press have mainly or exclusively raised

raised them to reputation. Of these *facile princeps* in late years was Prevost-Paradol.

The peculiar faculties, which fitted Prevost-Paradol for his literary conflict with power, have been a traditional distinction of French athletes in that arena from Pascal to Voltaire—from Voltaire to Paul Louis Courier (a name little remembered now), and Cormenin, and from these (we should have added before some late escapades) to Edmond About. Frenchwomen were said to owe their tripping elastic step to the dire necessity of acquiring the art of saving their delicate chaussures from the pitfalls and puddles of French street-pavement, as French street-pavement was of yore. In like manner, French writers have had to learn the art of harassing Power by a light ironical handling of its perverted doctrines or more perverse practices. From the *Provinciales* downwards, the best weapon of French polemics and politics has been a keen and polished irony against authorities, whether spiritual or secular, whose forte was not reasoning, but silencing reason when it became seriously offensive. Prevost-Paradol was the last of a long line of French writers whose sarcasms cut with razor keenness into those who wielded 'the axes and the rods which awe mankind.' It is quite a peculiar art of writing, for which there is really no demand in a free country, where neither writers nor readers have had any occasion to acquire the skill or taste for ingenious and indirect modes of conveying censure on powers that be. As Frenchmen are the best cooks for extracting exquisite flavours out of dubious viands—as they are the best dancing-masters for extracting artificial graces out of movements in which natural grace is no ingredient—so are they the most accomplished literary artists in turning 'diseases to commodity'—forging the most effective weapons against Power out of its own jealous restrictions, and telling it *ses vérités* in turns of phrase adroitly avoiding to call a spade a spade or a rogue a rogue. Such literary fencing, indeed, with the 'master of thirty legions' generally ends one way: those who are adepts in it are themselves apt to get tired of tolerance, and wish to assure themselves that they have cut their tyrants to the quick by provoking some hasty stroke of vengeance from high places. Thus Chateaubriand, apparently to refresh the public memory of his rupture with the first Napoleon on occasion of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, got inserted in the '*Mercure de France*' (in 1807) that covert but audacious parallel of the age of Napoleon with the age of Nero (and, by implication, of Tacitus with Chateaubriand) which caused the instant suppression of the '*Mercure*.' Thus Prevost-Paradol, in 1866, found in Gulliver's voyage to Laputa a prototype less stately, but not less insulting to the Second Empire, of the depraved
taste

taste of France for the Imperial regimen and its organs, in the court lady whose story is told in that voyage,—

‘très belle, aimée par les plus galants hommes, qui s'enfuit pour aller vivre avec un palefrenier. Elle est dépoüllée, battue, abétie un peu plus tous les jours ; mais c'en est fait, elle y a pris gout et ne peut être arrachée à cet indigne amant.’

This was followed, in like manner, by the instant suppression of the ‘*Courrier du Dimanche*,’ a short imprisonment of the author, and moderate fines on himself and publisher. It may be questioned whether either Prevost-Paradol or Chateaubriand would have been quite pleased by the policy of entire forbearance on the part of the attacked Power.

In a very brief biographical notice in a monthly periodical, which has the merit of being founded on personal acquaintance with Prevost-Paradol, we find the following passage from a letter written by him to an English friend in 1868 :—

‘I envy your country, to be busy only with such questions as the Irish difficulties and competition of Parliamentary parties ; while we are here struggling for life in the midst of foreign and internal perils. German unity abroad ; universal suffrage, domination of the illiterate classes, and absolute power of a slumbering madman at home : such are the diseases of my country, by the side of which your troubles sink into insignificance.’

Waiving all question as to our English exemption (since 1866) from ‘the domination’—potential at least—‘of the illiterate classes,’ we must say, with reference to the above application of such a phrase as ‘slumbering madman,’ that Napoleon III., like every ruler of France since her revolutions, had slumbering madness to manage in the French nation, and did manage it with success for a longer period than any previous French ruler. If he failed at last, and wrecked his dynasty in his failure, it was less by indulging any individual mania of his own than by indulging a notoriously universal and inveterate mania of his subjects. Whatever right dispassionate foreigners may have to visit with reprobation his unprovoked raid on Germany, passionate Frenchmen—and all patriotic Frenchmen were more or less inflamed with passion in that direction—have no right to denounce it, and in fact, speaking generally, have not denounced it, unless on the score of deficient preparation and pretext. The determination to draw the sword on Germany rather than see Germany complete her national union had been incessantly inculcated by M. Thiers in the legislature, and by Prevost-Paradol in the press, for at least four years before, in an evil hour, it was put in execution by the Emperor’s Government. Alexis
de

de Tocqueville, whom we always have to quote for calm speculation on the turbulent vicissitudes, remote or recent, of French politics, declared repeatedly that, whenever any ruler of France should give the word to march on the Rhine with a definite aim of re-conquest, the whole nation would rise and march on the Rhine, as it had done before. In the sudden direction of the force of France again on the Rhine, with an object which, if not defined, was understood—and the more groundless the pretext, the better understood the purpose—Napoleon III., we repeat, made himself the instrument of the known passions of his subjects (doubtless with the view of diverting those passions from dangerous internal objects), much rather than made his subjects the instruments of any passion of jealousy or appetite of aggrandisement arising spontaneously in his own breast.

Again, foreigners have a much better right than Frenchmen to bring the objection against the policy of Napoleon III. that it was a *policy of surprises*. In a lively dialogue of the date of 1864, in Prevost-Paradol's '*Quelques Pages d'Histoire Contemporaine*,' between A, representing the public, and B, the author, the latter remarks that the designs of the Imperial Government are a mystery, 'which neither you nor I have power to penetrate, nor legal right to control.'

'A. That's just what oppresses me with a constant sense of uncertainty. I feel like a man rowing in a boat with his back to the bow, without knowing where the steersman is taking him to—and reduced to conjecture, from the expression of his countenance, what rocks there may be ahead. For my part, I can form no conjecture about it, and such a state of suspense is to me insupportable.'

'B. Are you quite sure of that? I can't help thinking this state of suspense does not oppress you quite so much as you say it does. *Au fond de votre âme* you are, I suspect, divided between the fear of some mischief, and the hope of some novelty, which leaves an exciting scope to imagination. You are afraid of accidents, but you are fond of surprises; and a régime which should exclude surprises would fail to satisfy you, because it would leave the door open to ennui. You tremble a little every morning when you open the *Moniteur* but this very tremor has something in it that is not displeasing to your levity and curiosity of temper; and if you are deprived too long of this sort of excitement, the world seems to you to stand still.'

La France s'ennuie!—formidable word—first uttered by Lamartine, if we recollect right, in 1847—the eve of the deluge.

'The most politically-stirring element of the French people,' says Prevost-Paradol, 'though not the most enlightened—that part which makes revolutions in a *tour de main*, while society stands by and lets it make them—has two ruling passions: the first is the passion of

predominance, or the show of predominance, over Europe; the second is the passion of establishing a paradise upon earth, beginning with the social regeneration of the French people, and proceeding to reform the rest of the world on that regenerate model. These two passions could not but find a perennial source of irritation in the moderate policy and modest language of the government of Louis Philippe.

And to these two passions was addressed that part of the policy of Napoleon III. the most open to censure on general grounds of principle and public policy.

Justice will not be done to Napoleon III.'s singular career and character, unless it be recognised that he really had an ideal policy in view, which he sought to realise, and which he had already set forth with sufficient explicitness in his 'Idées Napoléoniennes.' M. Guizot has observed somewhere in his 'Memoirs' that men *belong to their opinions*, and act as they think, more than they are themselves aware of. Louis Napoleon's rooted conviction of the unworkableness of parliamentary government, under the conditions of that system in France, had been plainly enough expressed by him, long before events put it in his power to muzzle parliamentarism for nearly a score of years in that country. He contrasted France with England acutely and accurately at the period when he wrote, as regarded the social circumstances which submitted individual ambition in the latter country to party discipline, and rendered parliamentary government practicable, by placing political leadership, for the most part, in the hands of men independent of official position for personal class importance, and not ready, at any moment, as in France, to hazard a revolution merely to overthrow a ministry. At the risk of scandalising 'earnest and decided reformers,' we must confess that our own opinion of the insufficiency of a popular parliamentary system—pure and simple—to secure political stability in a country 'unbowed by revolutions,' like France, agrees very closely with the doctrine of Louis Napoleon's earlier writings. Parliamentary government, as put in operation in France, had undergone a succession of break-downs. It is an easy resource, in the interest of popular politics, to ascribe those successive break-downs solely to the anti-popular, anti-revolutionary attitude of monarchs or ministers. No dispassionate reader of French political history will fall into that facile mode of explaining the failure of France to preserve and develop the essential elements of constitutional government. No writer was less disposed to fall into it than Prevost-Paradol. We may add, none less disposed to make any individual personage mainly or primarily responsible for the profound political apathy into which France

had been thrown by the recurrence of revolutions without result—save that of preparing fresh revolutions.

Napoleon III.'s theory of government has had the singular advantage—so far as it is an advantage to it to be thoroughly known and strictly judged—of having first been expounded very fully by himself in his earlier published writings; of having, secondly, been applied on the most important theatre of European politics; and, thirdly, of having been watched and criticised in succession by two of the acutest intellects of the age—the late Alexis de Tocqueville, and the late Prevost-Paradol. Tocqueville was Louis Napoleon's foreign minister during part of his presidency—that part, by the way, which included the siege of Rome, and re-establishment of the Papal government in 1849.* Prevost-Paradol was the most vivacious, the most pertinacious, and most formidable critic of the imperial policy in the press from 1858 to 1866. His leading articles in the '*Journal des Débats*,' and his fortnightly letters to the '*Courrier du Dimanche*' (which latter at length provoked the final suppression of that journal in 1866), have been collected and republished in seven volumes, under the titles of '*Essais de Politique et de Littérature*' and '*Quelques Pages d'Histoire Contemporaine*.' In his last publication in 1868, entitled '*La France Nouvelle*,' he reproduced in a more condensed shape, and with somewhat softened asperity, his general views on the state and prospects of France, which, in the light of after events, read scarcely short of prophetic. Prevost-Paradol's relations with the Emperor ended, as Tocqueville's had commenced, with being official. Considering all he had written of Napoleon III.'s external and internal policy—writings which, together with Tocqueville's posthumously-published Letters and Conversations, characterise that policy in traits which must remain indelible—the greater marvel is that Prevost-Paradol should have had an important embassy offered him by the late Imperial Government, than that he should have accepted it. But there had been little that could be called pointedly personal, nothing declaredly or

* 'I am not bound,' said Tocqueville, in a conversation with the late Mr. Nassau Senior at Sorrento, in February, 1851, 'to defend the Roman expedition. It was no act of mine. When I entered the Cabinet, we were already at Civita Vecchia. All that I could do was to impress on Oudinot the necessity of so conducting the siege as to avoid injuring what is the property of the whole Christian world—the monuments of Rome. In this attempt we succeeded.'

We make the above citation from the '*Memoirs and Remains of Alexis de Tocqueville*,' published in London in 1861. These two interesting little volumes, which are well worth turning back to at the present time, contain, besides a large portion of Tocqueville's correspondence exceedingly well translated by Miss Senior (now Mrs. Simpson), copious extracts from the late Mr. Senior's diaries in France and Italy, consisting of perfectly unreserved conversations with Tocqueville on French politics from 1848 to 1857.

irreconcilably anti-dynastic, in Prevost-Paradol's eight or ten years' warfare of the pen with the Government. His opposition to it had been founded on the principles of parliamentary government, impugned in the 'Idées Napoléoniennes,' repudiated in the first Imperial Constitution of 1852, re-established partially and tentatively by the decree of November, 1860, and, as it appeared, frankly and fully returned to in the programme of the late Ollivier Ministry.

In the most instructive chapter of M. Prevost-Paradol's 'France Nouvelle,' which bears the title of 'Nos Échecs depuis 1789,' the successful candidature of Prince Louis Bonaparte for the Presidency in 1848 was justly designated as tantamount to 'a declaration of war, if not a sentence of death on the Republic.' Now a declaration of war against the Republic was precisely what the anti-republican majority of the National Assembly of that Republic was well pleased to put forth. The Napoleonic idolatry which was still prevalent amongst the peasantry, and which amongst the simpler of them was said to have amounted to actual belief that the Little Corporal had resurged in *propria persona*—little cocked hat, grey *redingote*, and all—was aided and abetted in favour of the then Prince-President's candidacy by the political passions of the several Royalist and Conservative sections of the Assembly—passions mingled of alarm and anger, excited by the sudden overthrow of a dynasty and the not less sudden explosion of Socialistic doctrines—an explosion, of course, laid to the charge of the Republic, but certainly most unjustly visited on the honest straightforward chief of that Republic, the late General Cavaignac. The very fact that the Conservatives of different colours had a decided majority in the Assembly might have seemed a sufficient security for the moment against *la République démocratique et sociale*, to render it unnecessary to rush headlong into Imperialism, which, after all, has not been without its own Socialistic proclivities. No one of political foresight could have regarded the Presidency of Prince Louis Napoleon in any other light than that of a prelude to a second Napoleonic Empire. The support then given by the Conservative leaders of the National Assembly and their followers to a candidate for Chief Magistrateship, who could only be rationally regarded as a pretender to Empire, was, according to M. Prevost-Paradol, the fruit of the still smouldering resentment of the surprise of February—of the old personal animosities between the ex-monarchical and Republican leaders—of the indignation, mixed with fear, excited by the menaces of the insurgent Socialists—and lastly perhaps of the covertly-cherished hope of restoring constitutional monarchy at the end of the term of office of a President

dent who was then believed more capable of upsetting a Republic than of erecting an Empire.

It was soon perceived that the man, who held in his hands the reins of the whole system of the completely centralised civil and military administration of France, was not one to be led by mere deference to the text of the Constitution to lay them down again at the end of his four years' term of office. Seeing this, the parliamentary majority took perhaps the wisest course open to them by attempting to modify the new Republican Constitution so as to prolong the Presidential term of power, and stave off, as long as might be, the struggle of rival ambitions and mortally opposed opinions, then foreseen as imminent. But here interposed the text of the Constitution, which prohibited any change in its provisions by a majority of less than three-fourths of the national legislature. A Republican minority of more than one-fourth refused, as might have been expected, to give what the Prince-President had the power and will to take, and took accordingly:—

'The ruins then of the second Republic,' says M. Prevost-Paradol, 'were heaped over so many former ruins, which had been piling up since the close of the last century. It is the monotonous spectacle of all these successive catastrophes that has struck into the soul of our nation, once so ardent, that mortal discouragement and profound lassitude, which seem to have now become the very temperament of France. After so many experiments that have failed—after so many hopes deceived—there has been formed among us a sort of public temper which may best be described by saying that it is as exactly as possible opposite to the spirit of 1789. In the same degree as France, at that epoch, was disposed to generous illusions, in the same degree she is now disposed to distrust the most modest improvements. She seems incapable henceforth of hatred as of love, dead to all political passions, and disabused especially of all political hope. She regards her governments, and all their efforts to cure or please her, much like those desponding patients, who listen to all their doctors with tranquil indifference, and receive them all with the same melancholy smile. Foreigners mark with astonishment the slow and feeble pulsations of the great heart of France, whose beating heretofore made itself felt to the ends of the earth. Was it not our own history which the greatest of Roman poets prefigured in that of Sisyphus?

"Et semper victus tristisque recedit ;

Nam petere imperium, quod inane est, nec datur unquam,

Atque in eo semper durum sufferre laborem,

Hoc est adverso nixantem trudere monte

Saxum, quod tamen a summo jam vertice sursum

Volvitur, et plani raptim petit æquora campi."

'How many true patriots has this fatal rock, in vain rolled upwards, crushed in its descent! How many times has the French people

people believed itself at length to hold in its grasp order combined with liberty and equality—only to fall back with empty hands! *Et semper victus tristisque recedit.*

‘What makes me fear,’ remarks the late Alexis de Tocqueville, writing in 1858 to his early friend Gustave de Beaumont,

‘that nothing for a long time to come can make us free, is that we have no serious desire to be so. Not that I am of the number of those who say we are a decrepit and corrupt nation, predestined for all future time to servitude. Those who in that view parade before our eyes the vices of the old Roman empire, and please themselves with the notion that we reproduce those vices on a reduced scale, seem to me to live in books, and not in the realities of their time.

‘No, we are not a decrepit nation, but a fatigued nation, a nation in dread of anarchy. We are indeed deficient in large and lofty conceptions of liberty, but we are nevertheless worth something better than our present destiny. We are not yet ripe to submit ourselves to a definitively and regularly established despotism; and our present rulers will find this out, if their system should ever acquire sufficient stability to discourage conspiracy, compel anarchical parties to lay down their arms, and suppress them so effectually that they seem to vanish from the political stage. In the midst of their triumph our rulers will with surprise discover a whole nation of unknown and unsuspected opponents under the dense stratum of complacent servitude which covers the soil of France. I sometimes think that the sole chance of witnessing the revival in France of a strong taste for liberty may be the temporarily tranquil and apparently final establishment of despotism. Look at the course all our successive revolutions have run. The experience of France for the last seventy years has proved that the people, though a necessary element of revolution, cannot by itself make one. While isolated it is impotent, and only becomes irresistible when a part of the enlightened classes make up their minds to join it; and it is never till the moment when these classes are no longer afraid of it, that they can be brought to lend it either their moral or material co-operation. Thence it has happened that it was just at the moment when each of our Governments in succession, during more than sixty years, has seemed strongest, that it has been struck by the disease by which it was doomed to perish. The Restoration began to die the very day when nobody any longer talked of killing it. It was the same thing with the Government of July, and I believe it will be the same with the present Government.’

From the Napoleonic position of the untrustworthiness of the Many, represented in Parliament, as a governing power, or a power controlling government, Louis Napoleon had made a tremendous leap to the trustworthiness of the One—and that one, himself. Prevost-Paradol very successfully shows the utter incompatibility of personal responsibility in the permanent Chief of an imperial executive with the secure administration of the executive

cutive power itself, and the free discussion of its measures. A Chief Magistrate, whose functions are permanent, and meant to be hereditary, cannot, without public inconvenience and danger, proclaim himself personally responsible for the acts of his Government, and reduce his Ministers, as Napoleon III. did, to mere mechanical instruments of his will. Personal responsibility implies personal dismissal or punishment for misconduct, and either is incongruous with a power permanent and meant to become hereditary. 'That which is permanent,' says the Ghost of Dr. Johnson, in the 'Rejected Addresses,' 'cannot be removed, or, if removed, ceases to be permanent.' For a sovereign to claim personal responsibility is to claim autocracy, since a power too high and too fixed to be called to account for its acts can be responsible only in name, and removable or punishable only by revolution.

The self-proclaimed responsible Ruler of France had the power of making war, or of making treaties independent of Parliamentary sanction;* and we have seen into what an abyss the exercise of such powers may plunge their holder:—

'Thus understood and thus practised,' says M. Prevost-Paradol, 'the right of war is certainly a prerogative of singular grandeur; it resumes that solemn mysterious and terrible aspect it had in the world before the establishment of free and constitutional governments—at the time when Nicole wrote with such depth and truth in the reign of Louis XIV.,—"A declaration of war is a sentence of death pronounced by one prince against the subjects of another who has opposed his will." But what the good and wise Nicole forgot to say is, that the execution of that sentence of death involves some danger to those charged with it by their sovereign, and implies, *par contre coup*, the infliction of a similar sentence on a good many of his own subjects. . . . We have more and more accustomed ourselves to aim at that false greatness which consists in making perpetual encroachments on our neighbours, or keeping them continually on the *qui vive*, and enjoying their inquietude as a tribute of due deference to our assumed supremacy. We have become intoxicated with this barren and pernicious pleasure, and we never could forgive those of our sovereigns who neglected to purvey it for us.'

It has sometimes been made matter of reproach to England by Liberal Frenchmen that she showed herself so ready to take the proffered hand of a Prince who had strangled a Republic—the short-lived Republic imposed on France by the Paris revolutionists of February, 1848. But if England had waited to renew her alliance with France till France was ruled by statesmen who

* The *Senatus-consultum* of September 8th, 1869, nominally restored the right of the Chambers to be consulted on questions of peace or war; but the manner of consulting them on the eve of the present war was a mere mockery.

had faithfully adhered to republicanism, that alliance could not have been renewed at all. No one of the leaders of the majority of the National Assembly affected such adherence to the Republic—no one of them took the slightest pains to disguise aversion to it as an unforeseen and unwished political catastrophe—a triumph over national opinion, only won by surprise. No one of them would have hesitated to take any opportunity that offered of overthrowing a form of government which recalled reminiscences of mob-terrorism and dictatorship—a terrorism and dictatorship which the language held by some of the most prominent Republicans in 1848 showed that only the power was wanting, not the will, to renew. When Napoleon III. held out his hand to England and showed that preference for her alliance which he has also shown since at some critical epochs of English dominion, as well as of French policy, it would have been a strange political puritanism on our part to reject as an ally a Prince whom France had accepted as a Sovereign.

And here we may cite the independent testimony of Prevost-Paradol to the truth that the extensive and deplorable disturbance of the peace of Europe, which commenced four years back with the break-up of the old German Bund and the campaign of Sadowa, may fairly be considered as in no small degree traceable to an interruption of that alliance between England and France, which, while it can be maintained, has ever been the best security for European repose and progress. England and France never can be united in sincere alliance except on some broad and general ground of European interest. And when they separate their policy, it is because some smaller interest, or supposed interest, or sentiment, or punctilio, intervenes to divide them. Such a division had unfortunately taken place in 1864, at the critical moment when the united intervention of England and France could alone have deterred Prussia and Austria from pushing to the last extremity their masterful injustice towards poor Denmark—injustice for which one of those Powers so soon took in hand the providential office of punishing the other. When, at the crisis of the fate of Denmark, England proposed to France to present a joint ultimatum to the German Powers, which might have preserved to Denmark so much of her territory as no colour of right could be pretended even by German diplomatists or professors for taking from her—France drew back with a parade of deference for German popular sentiment, the fruitlessness of which in conciliating any corresponding consideration for French popular sentiment France soon learned by experience. Prevost-Paradol wrote in 1868 with earnestness which has proved prophetic:—

+ Yes,

'Yes, France will have to expiate, one way or other—with the blood of her children, if she succeeds; with the loss of her greatness, perhaps of her very existence, if she fails—the series of faults committed in her name by her Government, since the day when the dismemberment of Denmark was commenced under her eyes—since the day when France favoured that great disorder in the vain hope of profiting by it.'

The French refusal of joint action in the case of Denmark with England placed the latter power, as Prevost-Paradol justly remarks, in a similar mortifying position of inability to follow up the 'grave ords' of Lords Russell and Palmerston by corresponding action, to that in which France had found herself placed the year before by the English refusal of joint action in the case of Poland. If any feeling of rancour on that score, or on that of the previous non-concurrence of the English Government in the Imperial proposals for an European Congress, provoked the French Government to leave England isolated at the Danish crisis, that Government had good cause to rue the indulgence of any such feeling, when it found itself isolated in turn two years afterwards, in presence of the events which effaced Austria as a German power, and confronted France with the North German Confederation, and the northern and southern German military alliance.

In the Preface to his fourth and last volume of '*Lettres Politiques*,' Prevost-Paradol traced with an unsparing hand the genesis of the German question from the Danish:—

'Now at length,' he exclaimed [1867], 'we find ourselves confronted by that German Question which, at this day, effaces all others, and to which the natural instinct assigns the first place in public solicitude. It called itself the Danish before it called itself the German question, and history will place on record the opening of that Danish question at the precise point of time at which France had it in her power to make her choice between two opposite lines of policy, not less freely, with not less decisive consequences, than Hercules in the famous legend had to take his choice between vice and virtue.'

At the Conferences of London everything invited the French Government to assume a firm and unequivocal attitude in favour of Denmark. The sympathy of France for an old and faithful ally; the good will of England, who, from the first to the last day of those conferences, pressed us to oppose a resolute "No"—pronounced in common with her, and to be supported if necessary by joint action—the further progress of the iniquitous enterprise of the German powers; lastly, the paramount and evident interest of France to prevent the aggrandisement of Prussia from aggravating the effects of the treaties of 1815 in that part of them the most full of menace to French greatness.

'There was the path of virtue—a path easy if ever was path to follow—and, had it been followed, no effusion of blood would have, in all

all probability, been necessary once more to demonstrate that the sincere and complete union of France and England suffices at critical epochs to preserve order, and vindicate respect for law in Europe.

'The French Government had adopted a different policy—the precious policy of proportional and simultaneous aggrandisement of France and Prussia. The deliberate surrender of Denmark to German cupidity; the unfortunate appearance of a secret understanding with Prussia in Italy to force Austria by every possible means to war—finally the precarious and degrading dependence on the loyalty and moderation of Prussia, and the eventual necessity of entering the lists ourselves, either to support Prussia and Italy if imperilled by Austria, or to snatch from Prussia, victorious and probably faithless, the compensation indispensable to French greatness; or, in the last resort, at our own risk and peril, to seek that compensation for ourselves at the cost of inoffensive Belgium;—such were the inevitable alternative consequences of a tortuous policy, from which foresight of those consequences should have deterred the French Government.'

Let it be remembered that this keen prospect of the future was taken in 1867, while the Krupp cannon were yawning, innocent of shot or shell, on the festal Champ de Mars, while the Benedetti rough-drafts of treaty were sleeping snugly in the pigeon-holes of the Berlin Foreign Office, and the disastrous War of 1870 was in the womb of Time.

The best apology for what must be called French recreancy on the Danish question was the absorption of French forces in Mexico at that most momentous crisis for Europe. Mexico may, in fact, be considered to have commenced the ruin of the Second Empire, as Spain did of the First. Less of a crime—though avoidable national bloodshedding must be a crime at all times—the Mexican expedition of Napoleon III. was a similar blunder, on a more distant stage and on a smaller scale, to the unprovoked Spanish invasion of Napoleon I.: the blunder of attempting by mere military force, necessarily transient in its operation, to subjugate alien and uncongenial races on their own soil. *Le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle*, whether in Spain or Mexico; and in both cases *la chandelle* was in urgent requisition for nearer use.

On the day, said Prevost-Paradol, when the separation of policy between France and England gave the German Powers free scope for the iniquitous spoliation of Denmark,—

'On that day Prussia and France were, so to speak, set in motion against each other, like two trains on a railway, which, starting simultaneously from opposite and distant points, meet each other at length upon the same line. After a long circuit—shorter, however, than might be supposed—the two trains suddenly come in sight of each other. Alas! they are not only each charged with the wealth of nations, but many a heart beats in each animated by no national enmity,

nmity, and, sensible only of the sweetness of life which they are about to lose. How many tears will the blood cost, which is thus predestined to flow! None wish this terrible shock to take place—all exert themselves to prevent it. Steam is shut off, breaks are put on. All in vain: the impulse has been given too far back, the momentum acquired is too great for resistance. It is inevitable that the sacrifice to human folly should be consummated—to human folly unhappily armed with absolute power.'

If Prevost-Paradol illustrates by his retrospect of the past the mispolicy which led to war, he illustrates it, we must add, not less vividly by showing his own share in it, which made him, like M. Thiers, an accessory before the act to the onslaught of France on Germany, at length determined on in the Imperial councils:—

'They talk to us,' he said, in a letter to the *Courrier du Dimanche* in 1866, 'of compensation for the approaching completion of German unity. Sir, I know of no compensation but one, which can be worthy of the head of a Government of France, whatever may be his name, or origin, or title—whether he calls himself King, President, or Emperor—and that is to die fighting sword in hand, to prevent it.'

It would be unjust to the unfortunate Ruler of France, whose declaration of war against Prussia rekindled into so fierce a blaze from their embers of 1813-14 all those national animosities which still smouldered in the German heart*—to forget that politicians claiming the title of Moderate on all other questions, and exercising such influence as that of Thiers in the legislative body and Prevost-Paradol in the press, had been declaring war, as far as words went, these four years on the whole German nation, if it should dare to complete its union under Prussian leadership or in Prussian alliance. It was *casus belli* enough that an united German nation should presume to form

* 'I found in Rhenish Germany,' said Alexis de Tocqueville, writing in 1854 to a young relative, Baron Hubert de Tocqueville, 'the same feelings which you find prevalent at Vienna with regard to the French—feelings often of alarm, almost always of hatred. How should it be otherwise? We turned the world upside down, disturbed the peace of all nations, and stirred society to its very foundations—all in the name of ideas, sentiments, and doctrines, we have ourselves miserably surrendered since. How can we wonder at the opinion now entertained of us in Europe?' And again in 1858—'All you tell me of Germany agrees with what I thought and with what I knew of it. I returned from Germany three years ago, convinced that our neighbours across the Rhine are our irreconcilable enemies, and that, whatever might be the desire of their Governments to ally themselves with us, the people would always draw off their chiefs to other alliances. It was the long, exhausting, and, above all, insolent oppression exercised by the First Empire over Germany that united it as one man against us, and lighted up passions which still survive, and will long survive the causes which gave birth to them in the hearts of the entire German populations.'—*Correspondance Inédite*, p. 325-481.

itself beside an united French nation; and it could only be a question of time, prudence, and preparation, *when* the Rhine should be crossed to crush such insolent pretensions with the armed force of France. The writer before us, indeed, shows the shrinking of humanity from the horrors of the coming conflict, and the presentiment of genius of the doubtful prospect of success. But in his view the mere fact that Germany pretended to national unity would justify France in drawing the sword to keep her, perforce, divided. And the very doubt of victory exasperated the feverish impatience which expected the combat. Prevost-Paradol wrote, two years back, in his '*France Nouvelle*':—

'Proceeding on the hypothesis of a war with Prussia—*shall we vanquish Prussia?* The mere fact, that such a question can be asked, shows too clearly the change which has been accomplished within these two years in the relative position of France and Germany.'

Prevost-Paradol stated, at that time with truth:—

'It is not that the Prussian Government has any desire to provoke, or the French Government to make war. Quite the contrary; it is notorious at the present time that, from different reasons, the chiefs of those two states are sincerely disposed for peace. But, in spite of the will of men, the force of things leads directly to war. The reason is very simple; it is all but impossible that Prussia, notwithstanding her prudence, should not make some further step towards the absorption of Germany. And it is impossible that the French Government, notwithstanding its patience, should stand by and see that step made without drawing the sword.'

Even on the hypothesis of French victory over Prussia, Prevost-Paradol admitted the probability that 'the movement towards German unity, stimulated even by defeat, would soon resume its course, and the result would be retarded, rather than finally averted, by a successful effort of the valiant arm of France. Then to what purpose any such effort to arrest forcibly the operation of those general causes which, in his own opinion, whatever might be the immediate issue of an armed struggle, would continue to operate for the ultimate achievement of German unity.

The vehement repugnance with which Frenchmen of all parties since 1866 have regarded German progress towards that achievement, doubtless was quite sincere. But to entitle that repugnance to express itself sword in hand, Frenchmen should have abstained from aspirations, the continually-recurring avowal of which convinced Germans of all parties of the necessity closing their ranks and completing their union. France should have shown herself a safe neighbour to the German Confederation.

of 1815, to have entitled her to quarrel with the German federation of 1866 for the mere fact of its existence. The Russian semi-official 'Provincial Correspondence,' in a recent remarkable manifesto, has truly told the French people and Government that what they have in this war asserted the right to hold the sword in hand in Germany is precisely the same process of consolidation under one head of the *dissecta membra* of the Empire of France which was completed ages ago in France, and to which France owes all her national greatness. And for France, and all nations, to pretend to arrest that process on the ground of the treaties of 1815, might be endurable, if all her efforts since 1815, and even since 1830, had not been directed to throw constant weight on those treaties, and nullify their provisions at every possible opportunity. From the date of the severance of Belgium from Holland to that of the 'revendication' of Savoy and Nice, French parties have been ready to abet all infringements on the treaties of 1815 which favoured French interests. The French fixed idea of reclaiming the Rhine frontier, which the French Revolution had put in their possession for the first time, was cherished as regardlessly of the treaties of 1815 as the German fixed idea of national unity, which she is now realising, was cherished by a man as Tocqueville talked fifteen years ago, in his correspondence, of 'the great chimera of German unity' as having a much firmer hold on the German imagination than the desire for real liberty in each of the countries of which Germany was composed. The two fixed ideas of the two nations have come at last, as they could not but come at last, in collision, and the French idea of re-conquest may be likened to brilliant and brittle Sevres china dashing itself, like the jar in the fable, against Berlin iron.

It is a question which, from time to time, the course of events has brought to the attention of France—how is it that all the wisdom of France proves unequal to control her unwisdom? At the recent crisis of her history, as at all former crises, there has been enough in France of the wisdom of Guizot somewhere calls the *vigueur rationnelle* of political wisdom to set up all Europe in wise saws and modern sentences. There is enough, for instance, in Prevost-Paradol's *Nouvelle*, to thoroughly to lay bare the main cause of the French Revolution, which he calls '*nos échecs depuis 1789*,' which may be briefly stated as the '*perfervidum Gallorum ingenium*,' ever oversteering the mark of the practically attainable, and ever too impatient of any powers confronting its will—however legitimately existing—to come to any terms of compromise with them. Intolerance, to the pitch of internecine conflict, of what it accomplishes at home or abroad, is the constantly-recurring character

character of public action in France. Upon that rock have split, for the last eighty years, all her best hopes of national and international peace and progress.

Prevost-Paradol's political imagination was too nimble for the slow march of facts, like that of many highly-endowed Frenchmen; and when such an imagination, bodying forth the forms of things unknown, and events unborn, translates itself into action, it is very apt to precipitate the worst evils it prematurely anticipates. '*Le Français est une machine nerveuse*,' said the First Napoleon, with his keen unsympathising insight into the weak points of the national character. The Frenchman takes umbrage, or takes fright, like a high-mettled charger, at whatever unexpectedly crosses his path, or affronts his *amour propre*. 'For a nation which has known greatness and glory,' says M. Prevost-Paradol, 'there is no alternative between maintaining its old prestige or sinking into complete impotence.' Let this be granted—it may still be affirmed that the old prestige of nations is the last thing they lose, if they forbear from exposing it to over rude tests. The old prestige of the Spain of Charles V. survived a succession of Philips. The old prestige of the Venetian power and polity long outlived its real vigour. The old prestige of France assuredly would have been in no immediate peril from the pacific and therefore protracted process of German unification, which French impatience has precipitated by the red-heat of warfare fusing Fatherland instantaneously into one. Prevost-Paradol's passionate demand—'What can become of France, with a new military power of fifty-one millions of men at her doors?' is best answered by another question—What wisdom was there on the part of France in calling, by her armed attack, that new power which might long have remained dormant, into sudden self-consciousness, and compelling it to energetic action? What was to become of France with an United Germany at her doors depended mainly on what degree of genial heat France herself retained—of what internal and external development France remained capable. If her internal power of growth and expansion was decaying—and her all but stationary population at home, and failure to colonise even so near a dependence as Algeria, must be admitted to be shrewd symptoms of national senescence and debility—the causes of decline could only be aggravated by more arming and more fighting. Foremost amongst those causes, in Prevost-Paradol's opinion—in which opinion he stood by no means single amongst serious French writers—is the slow rate of progress of French population of late times compared with that of her more progressive continental or insular rivals. 'We must consider as absolutely chimerical,' he
says,

says, 'every project and hope of preserving for France her relative rank in the world, if those hopes and projects do not take this maxim as their *point de départ*—that the number of Frenchmen must be made to increase with sufficient rapidity to maintain a certain equilibrium of our numerical force with that of the other great nations of the world.' Assuredly the wars of the Second Empire, like those of the First, have run directly counter to 'every project and hope of preserving for France her relative rank in the world' by preserving unexhausted her flower of manhood, and function of *officina gentium*. To that function England and Germany have succeeded—the former in the direct work of planting new colonies, the latter in furnishing immense contingents to the invading forces best befitting these ages, which seek new hemispheres, not to contend with rivals, but to conquer the wilderness.

'Forty millions of French,' said Prevost-Paradol, 'concentrated on our own territory, are by no means sufficient to form a counterpoise to fifty-one millions of Germans, whom Prussia *may perhaps be able to unite on our frontier, and the increased population which Russia may be able to boast of at no distant period.*

'But how insignificant becomes this French figure of forty millions if we take the census of all the populations of English tongue who will cover the globe, when the United States of America—when the Anglo-Saxon States of Oceania—shall have reached full development! How shall we assure ourselves of a *proportionate increase of population*, indispensable, if it is hoped that the French name is still to count for something in the world?'

This question also may be replied to by another—How could the youth of France be driven by hundreds of thousands into the life of camps, yet retained for the life of cottages and the functions of fathers of families? How could the wealth of France be lavished by thousands of millions on military adventures, yet husbanded for home-culture or for peaceful colonization?

Prevost-Paradol conceived a corresponding increase of territory to be not less indispensable than the desired increase of population to preserve the relative importance of France in the scale of nations. He perceived however, with the good sense which struggled with his uneasy patriotism, that France can no longer hope to found colonies at a distance from her central seat of empire. In the first place, the *Δός που στῶ* is a demand now difficult to answer: the earth's surface is for the most part pre-occupied: in the next place, Frenchmen in the present age seem to have lost the spirit of distant colonial adventure. Prevost-Paradol therefore turned his views to Algeria, which, though it has been a French territorial possession these forty years, seems little

little nearer becoming a French colony than at the date of conquest. 'A hundred and twelve thousand Europeans, imperfectly guarded by seventy-six thousand soldiers, in the midst of two millions and a half of Arabs ever ready to take advantage of the slightest negligence to rise in revolt against us—*voilà l'Algérie.*' Pointing to the rapid progress of the young colony of Queensland, Prevost-Paradol asked sorrowfully what would it have been in the hands of France?

'What Englishman would ever have been tempted to emigrate thither? What else would have been seen there but a camp, a café, a theatre, a prison? May the day soon come,' he exclaimed, 'when our countrymen, finding themselves cramped for room in French Africa [Frenchmen have hitherto formed an inconsiderable portion of its scanty European population], will overflow over Morocco and Tunis, and at length lay the foundation of that Mediterranean empire, which will not only supply a satisfaction for our national pride, but which, in the future state of the world, will certainly become the last refuge of our national greatness.'

After all, has not every nation its bee in its bonnet?—and may it not modestly be asked, whether the British buzzer has not perhaps buzzed as idly in its time as any of its neighbours'? Amongst the titles of the chapters remaining unwritten of Arbutnot's 'History of John Bull,' we find the following—'Chap. iv.: Of the methods by which John endeavoured to preserve peace among his neighbours; how he kept a pair of steel-yards to weigh them, and by diet, purging, vomiting, and bleeding, tried to bring them to equal bulk and strength.' Of the schemes to preserve the European balance of power which busied John Bull three centuries, it may be observed that his apprehensions and his armaments were almost always directed against objects of traditional jealousy and enmity which had become antiquated, and long after the real sources of danger should have been sought (if such must needs be sought) elsewhere. Thus James I. lost credit for seeking to be friends with Spain, after Spain was no longer dangerous as an enemy; and Cromwell gained credit for the 'spirited' foreign policy which sent a British auxiliary force to Dunkirk to help France to substitute a really formidable rising power for the safer neighbourhood of a sinking power in the Spanish Low Countries. In John Bull's slowly transferred apprehension, the French next succeeded the Spaniards in the traditional character of 'natural enemies,' which they have only of late lost. By a whimsical contradiction, while at the present time the old bugbear of Antwerp (supposing it in the possession of France) being a pistol presented, as the first Napoleon vaunted, at the breast of England, has been revived in Parliament,

Parliament, and out of it, on the provocation of recent disclosures, a month or two back John Bull was begging the French Government to let him lay out millions in constructing a French port for steamers of the largest size directly opposite Dover—furnishing funds, in other words, for presenting the pistol to his own breast formidably nearer than the Scheldt.

When Goethe accompanied the memorable Prussian campaign of the Argonne in 1792—a campaign commenced, in M. Ollivier's phrase, *à cœur léger*, and soon retreated from with heavy hearts over heavy roads—he describes the sudden awakening of the German excursionists into France from their dream of conquest, so similar to that of the French excursionists into Germany seventy-eight years afterwards. 'Every one now,' said Goethe—on the first rumour of intended retreat—'saw the situation; none looked each other in the face; or, if they did, it was to curse their luck or their leaders. Towards night we formed a circle in which few seemed disposed to break silence; but at length there was a general appeal to me to know what I thought of it all. I replied, "From this spot and from this day begins a new epoch of world-history, and you will be able to say that you were here to see it."'

The wheel of Revolution has run full circle. What lessons Revolution had to teach, Germany as well as France has learned. This time it is France, not Germany, that has rushed into 'war for an idea,' and the idea she warred for was to arrest by force of arms German national union, which her declaration of war at once converted into an accomplished fact. The baffled French belligerents of this year—*carent quia vate sacro*—are scarce likely perhaps to hear the sentence, which the great German poet prophetically uttered to his comrades in the Prussian campaign of the Argonne in 1792, applied with equal frankness by French lips to the French campaign of the Rhine in 1870—'From this day begins for France and Germany a new epoch, and you may say you have lived to see it.'

If we could imagine ourselves unconcerned spectators of these European vicissitudes, there might be reserved for us a rude awakening at no distant period. When Louis XI., in 'Quentin Durward,' asks his astrologer if he can predict his own death, he replies that it will happen 'twenty-four hours before that of your Majesty.' The present collapse of a military power, which has marched abreast with our own through so many eventful ages of European history, must have something of consequence to teach us. And that something we cannot think to be exactly what Mr. Lowe says it is, in his recent speech at Elgin: 'What we

have been witnessing' is not precisely 'the destruction of a most gallant standing army by what is not a standing army.' What 'we think we hear'—if we hear rightly—is not 'the knell of standing armies.' There is something almost like what our French neighbours call an *amère dérision*, in terming the Prussian military organisation, as remodelled since 1860, 'an organisation mainly useful for defensive wars.' It was remodelled expressly for such purposes as it served in 1866 in the war against Austria; and that war was neither defensive, nor, in its outset, otherwise than most unpopular. The ineffectiveness of the calls made upon the Landwehr in 1830, 1848, and subsequent years, when Prussia was really playing a defensive part in German and European politics, had sufficiently shown that, unless at exceptional epochs of enthusiasm, such as 1813, Mr. Lowe's 'armed nation' was, even for defensive purposes, a frail reed to trust to.

It was in direct defiance of popular predispositions, and repeated parliamentary majorities, that King William and Count Bismarck carried through that reorganisation of the Prussian military system by which it has been, during the last ten years, without losing its Landwehr reserve, approximated, as regards the regular forces kept on foot, to the great standing armies of neighbouring rival Powers. 'The Prussian Government,' says a well-informed French military writer, just before the sudden outbreaking of the present war,* 'from the beginning opposed to the discontent of the doctrinaires of the Liberal party that placid indifference which so long enabled it to sustain a chronic constitutional conflict with the Chambers. All endowed with political foresight anticipated with confidence that, on the day when success should ratify the policy pursued by the Crown, the *démocrates unitaires* [ultra Liberal partisans of German unity] would be the first to applaud a policy from which they had withheld their sanction, and would thus themselves, almost without knowing it, be brought under discipline by the prevailing military spirit.'

The governing power of Prussia is that ascribed to her by Mr. Carlyle—*drill*—including under that name whatever comes within the description of systematic scientific civil and military administration. Her military organisation has always had a strong royal and aristocratic backbone; it is this that is represented by King William and Count Bismarck at the present day; but the unpopular stiffness of the system has not prevented its superiority in science and action over the less rigid military hierarchies of Austria and France. The English army, scanty

* 'L'Armée Prussienne en 1870,' p. 20.

as it has always been in numbers, compared with the work it has to do, has hitherto preserved those solid qualities in its regimental system—those habits of respectful command and steady obedience, which the French army was losing, by the testimony of General Trochu, three years back,* even before the rude tests of this war.

Unfortunately there is not yet apparent in our civil or military authorities that genius of organisation which calls a nation—as Stein and Scharnhorst did in 1807—in aid of an army compulsorily reduced in numerical force, but not less on that account the indispensable nucleus and vital centre of the whole national military organisation. Between the two stools of our relaxed Militia and our amateur Volunteer system, there is imminent danger of our national defensive force falling helplessly to the ground. Admirable raw material of such force we have indeed in abundance, but partly unemployed, partly frittered away in detail. The Volunteer movement itself, indeed, in its origin, may be regarded as a patriotic protest against the neglect of the practical solution by national authority of the problem of national defence. But it is a protest sectional, scattered, and so far powerless.†

If we want such lessons as Prussia got in bygone years, and as France is now getting, to teach us how to make effective military use of the men and material we have, we are not unlikely to get them in our turn,—perhaps at no distant day; but national greatness and independence do not always survive such lessons.

It would be folly to shut our eyes to the fact that the establishment of a great military Empire, under the supremacy of an ambitious and aggressive State like Prussia, is a serious danger to the independence of the other European powers. We are astonished to find persons seeking to impose upon our credulity, and to quiet our apprehensions, by the assurance that the military organisation of Prussia is designed only for defensive purposes, and is not adapted to aggressive war; nor have we that confidence which many of our contemporaries profess to feel in the moderation of Prussian statesmen and of the German people. The eagerness with which all classes in Germany now clamour for the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine affords a bad augury for the future.

* 'L'Armée Française en 1867,' p. 29.

† The very variety of volunteer uniforms is a source of weakness and impotence. It is within our own knowledge that young men, after fitting themselves out in succession with two different uniforms of two different local corps, have declined to join a third, merely on the score of the required further expense of a third uniform. Common sense suggests the question—why is not the volunteer uniform alike, in cut and colour, for all?—with a distinctive button, or belt, or cockade, or what not, to mark the different corps.

The love of foreign conquest grows with success, and soon takes possession of a people. The great Prussian historian describes the feeling of his Government at the time of the infamous partition of Poland, in words which are now applicable to the whole German people:—‘The Prussian Government grasped eagerly at Polish territory, delighted at every fresh acquisition, and careless of future consequences.’* Count Bismarck has, in fact, told Europe that he is careless of future consequences; and it would be madness in Europe not to be on her guard. But if Prussia, intoxicated with her unparalleled success, should seek still further to enlarge her empire, at the expense of neighbouring States, she will sooner or later arouse against her an European coalition, which no single State, however great and warlike, has ever yet withstood, and which will as surely humble the pride and power of Prussia as it overthrew the mighty monarchy of the First Napoleon.

ART. IV.—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.* 1870.

THE great war which has desolated the Continent this summer has left England unscathed by its scorching fire. The nations engaged in this conflict are neither of them those which she is bound to assist by treaty; but it has been acknowledged by statesmen of both parties that there are countries whose independence she must be prepared to defend, and that there are treaties which it would be dishonour to repudiate.

The possibility of having to make war with either of the great military nations now engaged in hostilities, has led Englishmen to ask how far we are prepared for such a contingency.

A general impression appears to pervade the public mind that our state of military preparation for a land war is insufficient and disjointed; that our regular army is too small in numbers to be of much weight even as auxiliaries in a European war; that the infantry, though the best in the world, has been reduced even below the numbers desirable for Home defence; that the numbers of men in each company, and the numbers of companies in each regiment, are lower than is necessary for regimental efficiency, and that the cavalry, the artillery, and the army transport are not in a condition to enable us speedily to take part in the labours, the dangers, and the glories of a campaign.

* Von Sybel's 'History of the French Revolution,' vol. ii. p. 423, translation. B.M.

But while the inefficiency of our army and the disorganisation of our militia and volunteers cause grave anxiety, and make those who care for the honour of England and the faith of treaties, fear that Belgium and Luxembourg may follow Denmark in looking on British faith as a broken reed; yet others seem selfishly to comfort themselves with the delusion that our insular position will enable us, at least, to make our own neutrality respected, and that our navy has not been neglected amid the violent economies of the present Administration.

We propose to examine critically, but without prejudice, so far as we are enabled by official documents and parliamentary declarations, the changes introduced into the navy by the present Government, with the results upon its efficiency in men, ships, and guns. 'Peace, Retrenchment, Reform,' have been the desire of the country and its motto for many years; but the Conservative Party have thought that Peace was best to be kept by preparations for war; that Retrenchment ought never to be allowed to endanger efficiency, and that Reform should only be applied to proved abuses. The party now in power, to do them justice, have always held different language. Peace was to be obtained by them at any price. One of the most eminent members of the Government said, and no doubt felt—'Perish Savoy rather than England should go to war!' Similar apathy was evinced by the Whig Government when Schleswig and Hanover were conquered by the blood and iron policy of Prussia; and those who heard the faint-hearted tones of the warlike declaration of Mr. Gladstone must have felt that but for public feeling outside the walls of Parliament, Belgium and Luxembourg would readily have been left to the tender mercies of those who covet their territories.

Retrenchment with the present Government means Low Estimates without regard to efficiency. It means fewer men, fewer horses, fewer guns, smaller stocks of stores and ammunition. It means reduction in every item of warlike preparation, and of the establishments essential to the conduct of successful war. Reform—we need not say what that means in their eyes. It means disestablishment and disendowment, our cherished institutions sacrificed and democracy unveiled.

In the 'Quarterly' for January, 1869, we reviewed the successful efforts which had been made by the Conservative Administration to re-establish the navy in a state of efficiency, in the two years during which they held office. Nearly a similar period has since elapsed, and we again desire to take a similar review of our naval position and policy.

On the 8th of March, 1869, the First Lord of the Admiralty
stated

stated in his speech in introducing the Navy Estimates, that there were three subjects to which the attention of the Admiralty had been specially directed.* 'The first of those subjects,' he said, 'is the reform in the organisation of the Board and the subordinate departments of the Admiralty affecting all the votes for Naval Establishments; the second is the policy of the Government in relation to our fleets and our men; and the third is our policy in relation to the dockyards and to ship-building.' We propose now to examine how far the reduction in the Board of Admiralty and in the Naval Establishments has produced economy in the public charge and efficiency in the conduct of the business of the Admiralty. The Board of Admiralty, as constituted in 1830 by Sir James Graham, consisted of six members. Of these the First Lord might be either a civilian or a naval officer; four were naval officers selected for their knowledge of the profession, and one, the Civil Lord, was supposed to take cognisance of the financial arrangements for the navy. Sir James Graham, when called as a witness before the Committee appointed by the House of Commons on the 12th of March, 1861, gave evidence that on the whole he found no reason to desire a change in the constitution of the Board; and he was supported in that opinion by the Duke of Somerset, by Sir Charles Wood, and by Sir Francis Baring, who had all been First Lords of the Admiralty; and by Sir George Seymour, Admiral Bowles, and Sir Maurice Berkeley, distinguished naval officers, who had each held the position of First Sea Lord. Evidence was given by one ex-First Lord, Sir John Pakington, and by three distinguished naval officers, Sir Thomas Cochrane, Admiral Elliot, and Admiral Denman—who, however, had never held office at the Admiralty—that they objected in general to the constitution of the Board of Admiralty and would substitute a Minister of Marine; but none of the witnesses appeared to have suggested that if the Board of Admiralty were to be continued, the number of its members or the general distribution of its business should be altered. No sooner, however, had Mr. Childers taken office than he determined to reduce the number of the Board from six, at which it had formerly been maintained, to five, and to make such further changes in the permanent officers of the Board as completely altered the system introduced by Sir James Graham. This reduction in the number of the Lords of the Admiralty appears not to have been made with any view to economy, although this has been frequently asserted by the supporters of the Government; but the

* 'Hansard,' xciv. pp. 67, 68.

estimates show that the salary of the Fourth Sea Lord who was extinguished, was divided between the First Naval Lord and the Third Lord, whose salaries were increased each by 500*l.* a year. It was not long, however, before it was found that the work of the department, even in peace, could not be satisfactorily performed by a Board consisting of five; and an officer, a captain in the navy on full pay, was attached to the Admiralty to perform various duties which it was impossible for the members of the Board to overtake. One of the Lords in Waiting was also for some time lent to the Admiralty to do duty until at last he has been absorbed into the Board itself, and a rear-admiral having hoisted his flag at Woolwich, has been employed at the Board to discharge duties, which no doubt he is very competent to perform, but which he would perform more satisfactorily if he were in the Commission for executing the office of Lord High Admiral. The reduction of the number of the Board has, therefore, neither added to its efficiency nor reduced the public charge.

At Somerset House great changes have taken place. The office of Storekeeper-General, the office of Comptroller of Victualling, the office of Registrar of Contracts, have all been abolished, and a Purchase Department has been created, whose duty it is to perform the functions hitherto exercised in the offices it has absorbed. The Comptroller of the Coast Guard was also abolished, though it would seem that our first reserve ships, the eight ironclad ships prepared for that purpose by the Conservative Government for the Coast Guard Service, would have required an officer of rank to supervise and command them. In effect it has so been found, for the captain in the navy attached to the Admiralty Office, as we before stated, to fulfil the functions of the Fourth Sea Lord, is sent to sea at times as a commodore to command this Coast Guard squadron of evolution, and the rear-admiral who has lately hoisted his flag at Woolwich for service at the Admiralty, is performing the duties of Comptroller of the Coast Guard and of Fourth Sea Lord at Whitehall.

These reductions, however, have not been attended with injustice or injury to individuals. The officers have been duly pensioned, and the First Lord of the Admiralty has stated that the Purchase Department is on its trial, and has begged for further time to let us judge of the result. But when we come to the clerks and others who have been discharged wholesale, the case seems to us to be different. Hitherto employment in the public service has been considered honourable and permanent. The salary is not high, and the prospects of ambition are not likely

likely to be gratified ; but, on the other hand, the employment was certain and the pension was secure. Among the many disadvantages which we think the public have suffered from the discharge, sudden and unexpected, of so many of its servants, not the least is the distrust that has been engendered in the minds of the public servants of the good faith of the Government of the country. Nor does it seem that any saving has been effected by these inconsiderate discharges. The vote for the Admiralty Office, in the estimates for 1869-70, was 168,700*l*. The vote of the Admiralty Office in the year 1870-71 was 159,368*l*., showing a decrease of 9336*l*. ; and the transfers of charges from the other votes amount to 4106*l*., representing a total decrease in the vote for the Admiralty in this year of 13,442*l*. But against this decrease in the vote for the Admiralty Office are about 25,511*l*. of pensions, from which, if we deduct the decrease claimed of 13,442*l*., we get an additional cost to the country of about 12,000*l*. a year.

Many of these gentlemen so retired compulsorily from service at the Admiralty are in the prime of life, and might still have been capable of performing excellent service to the State. They, however, are in the enjoyment of considerable pensions, and were their services again required would hesitate probably to offer them to the Admiralty. The strength of the Admiralty Office having been, therefore, reduced to a minimum, it follows that in any time of public emergency, any increase of the fleet, any unusual transport of troops, any performance of any extra duty, the number of clerks in the Admiralty Office will again require to be increased, and if the present policy prevails, will again require to be reduced to swell the pension list, when their immediate services are no longer required. Even at this moment, with the slight pressure required from preparation for European contingencies, extra clerks have to be hired, to do the work that would formerly have been done by the permanent officials who are now pensioned. If these discharges had only taken effect upon those gentlemen who were willing to retire from the public service on payment of their pension, no cases of individual hardship would have occurred ; and the Admiralty, at first fearing the influence of public opinion, determined to dismiss only those who were willing to go. On the 22nd of June, 1869, Mr. Childers, in reply to Lord Henry Lennox, stated :—

‘ Other clerks than those already retired are expected to apply for retirement shortly. No clerks have been discharged against their will. In several cases there was hesitation and some correspondence ; but ultimately I believe that in every case the retirement was voluntary,’

tary, under the terms approved by the Treasury.'—*Hansard*, cxcvii. p. 413.

No sooner had Parliament risen, than the assurance that clerks were not to be discharged against their will fell to the ground; and many were forced to retire. A good instance of the method adopted to force gentlemen against their will out of the public service may be shown in the cases of Mr. Henry Dundas and Mr. James. Both these gentlemen had devoted their lives to the service of the Crown in the Admiralty at Whitehall. Both had done good service, and held positions of trust. Both, by a singular coincidence, held Conservative opinions; and Mr. Henry Dundas had further the unpardonable fault, in Whig eyes, of being the grandson of Lord Melville. He had been private secretary to Sir Frederick Grey, and to Sir Alexander Milne, as First Sea Lords of the Admiralty; but this appears only to have aggravated his other faults. Mr. James had been entrusted with the management of the gunnery department at a time of unexampled change, and had given satisfaction to all those with whom he had acted. It was determined to dismiss these gentlemen. They were invited to go; they both declined. They were then threatened. An *ex post facto* report was obtained which set forth that they were not very capable officers, and this in the teeth of the commendatory certificates they both possessed. Under these accumulated attacks, Mr. Henry Dundas yielded and left the public service, deprived for ever of all his legitimate hopes of promotion and occupation. Mr. James, however, consulted his solicitor; he gave notice that so soon as he was dismissed, he should institute proceedings for a libel upon his character against the author of the report to which we have alluded above, and he hinted that his list of witnesses would include all the Board, from the First Lord downwards. The prospect of publicity alarmed the heads of the Admiralty; they yielded to fear what they had refused to justice, and Mr. James still has the honour of serving his country.

Before leaving the case of the Admiralty clerks, we desire to say one word in behalf of their honour. We regret to say that constant attacks upon it have been made by the present Secretary of the Admiralty. The foundation for these attacks has been the discovery of one instance of dishonesty in this vast body of public servants. Mr. Gambier was justly punished by the law for attempting to persuade contractors that for their bribes he would assist them to cheat the public. The system of contracts was, however, so rigid, that though he may have succeeded in deceiving some contractors with false hopes, he and his accomplices did
not

not succeed in causing the loss of one penny to the country. This discovery, moreover, was made immediately after the accession of the present Government to power and under the old system, which, however cumbrous it may have seemed, protected the interests of the country and the honour of its officers. The old contract system had this advantage, that no contract could be entered into without the cognizance and supervision of at least one Lord of the Admiralty, one principal officer, and the Registrar of Contracts, all of them independent of each other, and without the power, even if they had the will, of combining in a fraudulent transaction. Stories have been told by the Secretary of the Admiralty, in the House, of false keys and dishonest messengers; but no false key has yet been produced, and no dishonest messenger has yet been punished; and further, were it possible to suppose that the tender-box had thus been tampered with, the tenders themselves were always in sealed envelopes, the opening of which must have led to detection. Where large sums of money are to be disbursed—where great contracts have to be taken—it must be advantageous to the public not only that their pecuniary interests are duly guarded, but that the arrangements are such that no shadow of suspicion shall rest upon the name of its public servants. This was attained under the old contract system; we doubt if it is maintained under the new Purchase Department.

The reductions effected in the clerical staff at the Admiralty, and the confusion of duties incident to the abolition of necessary offices, have led to some ludicrous mistakes. The First Sea Lord at the head of the personnel, and the Third Lord and Controller at the head of the materiel, act as independent authorities. The custom of daily meeting at the Board and consultation having been almost entirely relinquished, no sufficient means existed of letting these quasi-independent great authorities know what each was respectively ordering.

Thus the First Sea Lord ordered one of Her Majesty's ships to sea upon service, and imagined his orders had been obeyed. On the same day and about the same time the Controller ordered the ship into dock for some alteration or repair. His order was obeyed. A day or two afterwards the captain called at Whitehall to report himself, when the First Sea Lord for the first time became aware that his order was still unexecuted. 'Why are you not at sea, Sir, as I ordered?' 'Because, Sir, I have since been ordered into dock.' 'Who ordered you?' 'The Admiralty, Sir.' It may truly be said that Mr. Childers fulfils the charitable injunction not to let his right hand know what his left hand is doing.

So

So far as the reconstruction of the Admiralty is concerned, the grand secret appears to have been to get rid of the naval element in the government of the navy and to buy by private bargain the stores and supplies for the public service. Among the many errors of which the new purchase system has been the fruitful parent, none has been more glaring or more injurious than the arrangements for the supply of coal. Attached to the Purchase Department is a buyer, whose business it is to purchase the coal for the navy, receiving 3*d.* per ton on every ton obtained for the naval service; and it may be remarked that so large a percentage, representing more than half of the ordinary royalty, must make it a good appointment for the fortunate recipient. The store of fuel for our steam fleet is of the utmost importance to its successful conduct, and some considerable experience under former administrations had matured a plan for supplying it which seemed to fulfil the conditions of a plentiful stock at the principal coaling stations, and a regulated and constant replenishing of the store on a system which was capable of immediate expansion when occasion arose. Coal for steam men-of-war must stow compactly, and generate heat without burning away too quickly. Above all things it must be smokeless and enable the commander to conduct his ship without betraying her position to the enemy. One coal-field in the world, that of South Wales, fulfils these conditions. An inexhaustible supply of smokeless and excellent fuel can be obtained for the use of the navy. Its advantage is fully recognised. Foreign countries are only too anxious to obtain it for their war ships; and, despite the natural jealousy of the coal-miners in other parts of England and Scotland, the Conservative Government had made the South Wales coal the sole supply of coal for war-ships of the navy. The contract system by which coal was obtained was simple: it protected the public from overcharge by reasonable competition; it protected the navy from the supply of indifferent fuel by closely guarding the sources from which coal was obtained.

The quality of every seam of coal in the country is thoroughly known. The admirable establishment at the School of Mines in Wemyss Street can readily afford the Government every information as to the proper kind of coal for every purpose, as well as the seam from which to obtain it. In addition to this, every coal-owner was enabled to have specimens of his coal experimentally tested in the Government Dockyards, and, if found suitable, his mine was at once placed on the Government list. This list, which contains the names of a vast number of coal-pits, was no sealed book, and when coal was wanted for the navy, tenders were issued to all who had the proper material, and thus a competition

a competition was ensured which kept down the price and obtained the requisite quality. Nor is it to be supposed that all the coal for the navy was taken from the Welsh coal-field. For sea-going war-ships that coal, as being smokeless, was solely used; but for transports and factory purposes the owners of all the coal-fields in the country, of suitable quality, were invited to tender when coal was required by the Admiralty.

No sooner did the present Government take office than they at once overthrew the whole system thus carefully established. The coal-owners of South Wales were tolerably unanimous in their support of the present Government; but, as the First Lord of the Admiralty remarked, the smokeless coal of South Wales was only about a twentieth part of the coal in this country, and of course he felt it his duty to conciliate the nineteen-twentieths of the coal-owners who had hitherto been excluded from supplying the war-ships of the navy, by buying their bituminous coal, which was unfit for that special purpose.

Complaints, however, soon arose as to the quality of the coal supply. A scheme was then introduced by which cheap Welsh coal was mixed with bituminous North country coal, and then when properly mixed, after an expensive alteration of the furnaces, smokeless combustion was produced. The result of this arrangement was, that, omitting the cost of altering the furnaces and the expensive labour of mixing the coal, as good results, and in one case slightly better results, were obtained from the mixture as had already been obtained from good Welsh coal in the ordinary furnace.

But these experiments are of no value. The mixture of large quantities of Welsh coal with large quantities of bituminous coal is simply impracticable. If a collier were to proceed to Cardiff to take in a portion of its cargo and then to Newcastle to complete, the cargo of coal would not be mixed, but one kind would merely overlay the other. Where war-ships were required to be coaled rapidly, under the old system, the Welsh collier came alongside and was cleared, filling the man-of-war's bunkers with trustworthy and admirable fuel. How the new system is to be worked has probably not yet been considered by the present heads of the navy; but they might easily discover that, even if it now became necessary to coal with two colliers (one from Newcastle and one from Cardiff) alongside at once, the result would not be a mixture of the coal, but layers of coal of different qualities; at one time producing a dense and treacherous smoke, at another smokeless combustion.

All these changes have been made, not for the efficiency of the navy, but partly from a love of overturning and altering
partly

partly from a desire to conciliate the owners of the other coal-fields of the country. We wonder that it has not occurred to the heads of the navy that oatmeal is cheaper than wheat-flour. Many of their supporters are Scotch. If not nineteen-twentieths, at least five-sixths of the Scotch members are staunch allies, and are interested in the growth of oats, and, by a parity of reasoning, it would be but fair to introduce into the navy a proper proportion of oat-cake to be supplied in lieu of a part of the ration of biscuit or of bread which is now issued to the British sailor. Though not so palatable, it would at least leave him ready for work, and would not cripple him as his ships have been crippled by this insane tampering with the coal supply.

But if the quality of the fuel for the navy has been tampered with, the mode of purchase introduced is still more objectionable. The old careful system of contract has been abolished, and a buyer appointed, unchecked by supervision, whose duty it is to select and bargain for the coal for the navy. Great credit is taken for the fact that the coal supply under the present system has cost less than formerly: 18,000*l.* are said to be saved in the year; but, large as this sum appears, it is not a large percentage on the annual charge, and is as nothing when we remember that the success of our operations may be imperilled by this miserable economy. We have been informed, on trustworthy authority, that the Mediterranean squadron on leaving Malta last covered the horizon with volumes of dense black smoke, which would soon have betrayed its position to any enemy.

It is not only in the quality of the coal and its mode of purchase that saving has been effected. The coal stores which former Governments had maintained ready at all our naval stations for the supply of our ships, have been reduced one-half. In our foreign depôts an aggregate supply of nearly 60,000 tons was kept up. This was deemed necessary in Lord Palmerston's Administration, and equally so under Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli. But in this, as in other matters, the principle of the present Government has been to live upon the stores which had been provided by the care of their predecessors. In 1869 the foreign coal depôts had been diminished from 59,199 to 39,627 tons; and this year a still further diminution had taken place, for only 27,026 tons of coal were in store in our foreign depôts on the 1st of January, 1870.

Malta was reduced from 19,319 tons to 970 tons, and Gibraltar from 3625 tons to 409 tons. Neither of these great fortresses, maintained especially to supply our Mediterranean fleet, had coal enough for more than one ship on that station. Bermuda, which

which is solely maintained as our great naval depôt in the Western Atlantic, had been reduced from 3997 tons to 835 tons; Jamaica, from 3167 tons to 1768 tons; Halifax, from 4040 tons to 1487 tons. In all these localities our fleets, had their services been suddenly required, would have been paralysed through this gross administrative madness.

The Secretary of the Admiralty in the House has, indeed, defended his conduct by saying that the winds delayed his colliers; but this excuse will hardly explain the rapid diminution of the stocks of coal in the foreign depôts, gradual and persistent through the last two years. Wicked Tory winds combined to delay his operations; not only at Malta and Gibraltar were they hard-hearted to him, but at the 'still-vexed Bermoothes' they were more than usually incorrigible; and at Jamaica the perennial trade-wind ceased to blow, in order to frustrate the economical efforts of the Whig Admiralty. 'The stars in their courses fought against Sisera,' and if war had broken out, the fate of the Secretary of the Admiralty might easily have been anticipated if there had been either a hammer or a nail left in the Royal dockyards.

But the same cheese-paring policy which was the cause of the emptiness of our coal depôts has been ruthlessly introduced into all the sources of supply. The late Government had, like its predecessors, left the stores full of all the materials of war which the dockyards ought to contain. It had sold condemned and useless stores where a reasonable price could be obtained for them, and by its arrangements in this respect, especially with regard to copper, it considerably relieved the public charge. This would not suffice for the cravings for money of the new Admiralty. Not only old stores, but new stores were to be sold. Seasoned timber, which had been obtained at great cost, was thrown on the market at one-sixth of its value. The ballast-iron, familiarly known as 'Seely's pigs,' which had been proved to a Parliamentary Committee to be worth about 4*l.* per ton, was sold for less than half its value. The sale at one fell swoop of all the serviceable anchors in all the dockyards at 6*l.* per ton must not be omitted amongst the amazing economies of which the Government and its supporters have boasted so loudly. This, which is perhaps the most curious, though not by any means the most costly administrative blunder of the present Admiralty, deserves more than casual notice. No ships in the world had better anchors than the English navy. The Committee of the House of Commons which sat on the inquiry into the chain-cables and anchors in this country, reported that, in that particular at least, the ground-tackle of the fleet was never known to fail. In the great storm off Sebastopol, when
French

French men-of-war and merchant-ships of all nations were cast away, the anchors and cables of the English fleet performed all that could be expected of them. Their endurance had been tested under the most trying circumstances, and they have hardly ever been known to fail. The firm, which had so successfully supplied the anchors and cables for the navy, under contract, had excited the jealousy of other anchor-makers in the country. The contract had been closed by the previous Administration, as a sufficient supply of anchors existed for present wants. Anchors of a small size, though of uncertain quality, may be obtained in the public market, but anchors of a large size such as are necessary for holding our largest line-of-battle ships and our heavy iron-clads are not made at all for the private trade. No merchant-ships, except perhaps the *Great Eastern*, require anchors of so large a size; but the Admiralty, desirous only to show a saving in the estimates by the sale of old stores, determined to sell all the anchors in the public dockyards, and to trust to the private trade for a supply. They employed for this purpose a firm of brokers, who obtained for them the price of 6*l.* per ton for all these anchors, which had cost the country from 30*l.* to 40*l.* per ton. Fortunately for the country this circumstance was brought to light. At some of the dockyards the orders to deliver these anchors were obeyed without question. The anchors at Sheerness Dockyard were at once sent by rail to the purchasers at West Bromwich. At Pembroke, also, many of the anchors were removed. At Portsmouth, however, the Dockyard Superintendent felt that the fleet might suffer if he were, without remonstrance, to obey this extraordinary order. He delayed the delivery of the anchors to the purchaser, and the Admiralty, afraid of the publicity of their administrative blunder, cancelled the arrangement which they had made. The brokers state that they received no consideration for abandoning the profits of this advantageous sale, and their disinterested conduct deserves public gratitude. The Admiralty, however, either from a feeling of gratitude or of justice, made them their brokers for the advantageous sale of other old stores. We have before us now many circulars lithographed by that eminent firm in which they state—'We are authorised by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to offer for sale the following material'—here follows the specification of the articles which they are authorised to sell. No one for the future will venture to deny that virtue is its own reward.

As with the anchors and with the coals, so with every other description of supply; and it may be said without fear of contradiction that the royal dockyards have never been so denuded of
stores,

stores, and so unable to supply a fleet, as they are at the present moment. On foreign stations and at the foreign dockyards, not only has coal been allowed to run short, but the supply of provisions for the fleet has been so insufficient as to place them, in these piping days of peace, almost on short allowance. Two facts will suffice:—When the Mediterranean Squadron left Malta to unite with the Channel Squadron for the summer cruise, there was no flour in store to complete the supply of the fleet; and the gunboat 'Lyne' returning soon after for supplies, had to obtain a barrel of flour from the receiving ship, as there was none to be had in the Royal Naval Store. On the 6th of May of this year, H.M.S. 'Racoon' was paid off at Bermuda, and on the same day both the officers and the men were transferred to H.M.S. 'Juno' for passage to England. The 'Juno' having brought to Bermuda the new crew for the 'Racoon,' had to complete with provisions previous to sailing for England, and a demand was sent in for 5000 lbs. of biscuit. There was not 1 lb. of serviceable bread in store at Bermuda, and the fleet then present, the 'Royal Alfred,' 'Defence,' 'Valorous,' 'Racoon,' 'Niobe,' 'Plover,' 'Philomel,' and two gunboats, had to make up the quantity between them. Upwards of 1000 lbs. of this biscuit was contributed by the 'Defence,' and in consequence of its having been on board some time it had deteriorated, and a requisition to survey its condition was sent in. The bread, however, was not condemned, the surveying officers having been informed that there was no more to be had, as the fleet present, except the 'Niobe,' were short, the flag-ship having less than a week's consumption on board. Had this bread been condemned, the 'Juno' must either have proceeded to New York or to Halifax to complete. At the same station, at Bermuda, not only were the whole of the ships in harbour short of coals and bread, but there were not more than 300 tons of coal in store, and the 'Defence' was detained for nearly three weeks as there was no coal to supply her. These instances are two among many which will show the condition to which the stores have been reduced by the present Administration.

We have thought it right to call attention to the want of stores and of provisions generally prevailing in the royal arsenals. We propose now to touch upon the policy of the Government as to the fleets and the men.

First, as to the men; in the two years of reduction that have elapsed since the present Government took office, the seamen, marines, and boys of the fleet have been reduced by 5500 men. Of these, however, 700 are marines, and the First Lord of the Admiralty has stated that that reduction was due to the arrangements

ments of his predecessor. This, however, must be received with some explanation. Mr. Corry, the late First Lord of the Admiralty, as he stated in Parliament, had been anxious to reduce the non-combatant force of the navy by some 500 men who were serving as officers' servants. He had proposed to Sir Sidney Dacres, then his colleague and at the head of the marines, that these men should be discharged, and that marines accustomed to be officers' servants in barracks should perform that duty for officers at sea. Sir Sidney Dacres objected to this arrangement, and the officers' servants were continued and the marines were reduced. It has, however, been found by the new Admiralty, possible not only to reduce the officers' servants but to reduce the marines; and we question whether the marines would have been so reduced by the Conservative Government, had the other reduction at that time been considered advisable. Of the 5500 men reduced by the present Government, 700 are marines, 500 officers' servants, and about 500 are stokers. The other 4000 men are the seamen of the navy.

The discharge of the stokers has been found to be very disadvantageous. The speed of the ship, the care of the steam machinery, the economy of fuel, depend in a great measure upon judicious stoking; and untrained men are incapable of performing that duty satisfactorily. The First Lord of the Admiralty states:—

‘We have made an arrangement under which a number of blue-jackets will be employed as stokers at an increased pay, the plan being similar to the one which has been effected with success in the French navy.’—*Hansard*, xciv. p. 888.

Whether it be successful or not in the French navy we do not know, but we do know that it has not succeeded in the English navy.

For these reductions the Government were willing to take credit until events in Europe led the country to inquire into the efficiency of the navy. In his statement in the House of Commons, on the 8th of March, 1869, the First Lord took credit for a reduction of sixteen ships and 3267 men; and this year the reductions are still further continued. During the six years of Whig government previous to the year 1866 the Navy List had been reduced by 139 unarmoured steam vessels of war, of which ninety-two were gun-vessels and gun-boats, and the rest frigates, corvettes, and sloops; and this without including some of the old line-of-battle ships no longer adapted for the purposes of war. During the same period, although eighty-five unarmoured vessels were ordered, only thirty-one were actually built; and in 1866, in addition to that, fifty-five more steam vessels were in so defective a state that it was necessary to

remove them from the effective list. The Conservative Government, therefore, had to build thirty-six unarmoured vessels, the greater part of which are now in commission (which shows the necessity for their construction), and ten armour-plated ships, in order to complete the navy of England to an equality in number with that of France.

We shall not detail the employment of the unarmoured vessels of the navy. In all parts of the world their services are required for the protection of our countrymen and our commerce; but with so small an army as we possess, our iron-clad fleet ought not only to be equal to, but superior, both in numbers and in quality, to the iron-clad fleet of any other Power. At the commencement of this year, the French navy consisted of sixty-two iron-clad ships in commission, or ready for sea, and of two vessels building. From this, however, must be deducted eleven *vaisseaux démontables* for navigating inland waters. This leaves fifty-one ships, the whole of which are now in commission. Of these it may be said that two are two-decked armour-clad ships, the 'Solferino' and 'Magenta'; eighteen are iron-clad frigates, of the 'Gloire' and 'Surveillante' class; and fifteen are iron-clad corvettes. The other sixteen vessels comprise the 'Rochambeau,' a vessel of a most formidable character, and fifteen coast-guard ships, or *vaisseaux béliers*, which would act with considerable effect in any fight in the narrow seas. Here it may be remarked that the number of guns on board these ships can be no means now be taken as a measure of their power. The action of Lissa has shown that the power of a vessel is in its prow, and the sinking of the 'Re d'Italia' by the bow of Admiral Tegethoff's flagship has shown how powerless is the heaviest broadside against the well-directed efforts of the ram. Against these fifty-one ships of France we possess fifty-two; but of these we only have thirty in commission. In China we have the 'Ocean'; in the Pacific, the 'Zealous'; in the West Indian and North American station, the 'Royal Alfred.' Belonging to the Mediterranean station we have seven ships, the 'Caledonia,' the 'Defence,' the 'Lord Warden,' the 'Prince Consort,' the 'Royal Oak,' the 'Bellerophon,' and the 'Enterprise.' In the Channel fleet we have also six ships, the 'Minotaur,' the 'Agincourt,' the 'Hercules,' the 'Northumberland,' the 'Warrior,' and the 'Monarch.' In the coast guard we have nine iron-clad ships, the 'Achilles,' 'Black Prince,' 'Hector,' 'Palladus,' 'Penelope,' 'Repulse,' 'Resistance,' 'Valiant,' and 'Wyvern.' In the first division of the Reserve, 'Lord Clyde,' 'Audacious,' 'Invincible,' 'Vanguard'; four ships which it is believed is intended to commission; and the 'Royal Sovereign,' the 'Favourite.'

'Favourite,' the 'Prince Albert,' the 'Research,' the 'Waterwitch.' In the third division of the Reserve we have four ships, the 'Iron Duke,' 'Sultan,' 'Triumph,' and 'Swiftsure.' In the fourth division of the Reserve we have three ships, the 'Thunder,' the 'Thunderbolt,' the 'Erebus,' none of which are fit for service. For the service of the Colony of Victoria we have the 'Cerberus,' and for the protection of the harbour of Bombay, the 'Abyssinia,' and 'Magdala.' At Bermuda we have stationed the 'Scorpion,' the 'Viper,' and the 'Vixen'; and we are building six ships, the 'Glatton,' 'Hotspur,' 'Rupert,' 'Thunderer,' 'Devastation,' and 'Fury.' But the 'Devastation' has only just been ordered to be expedited, and the 'Fury,' it is believed, is not yet begun.

Of this list of ships three effective ships are on distant stations; three are harbour ships for the defence of our colonies and dependencies, and six—the 'Wyvern,' 'Scorpion,' 'Viper,' 'Vixen,' 'Research,' and 'Waterwitch,'—are not fit to be included in the line-of-battle. If we add together, therefore, the three ships on distant stations, the three ships for harbour defence, the three in the 4th division of the Reserve which are unfit for sea service, and the six building, we must deduct 21 ships from our 54, which leaves us only 33, were they all in commission, for European service, and of these some are not ready. Although the 'Monarch,' the 'Hercules,' and the 'Sultan,' are probably more powerful ships than those possessed by any other navy, yet it is a mistake to suppose that the whole of our ships are, as a rule, superior to those of other Powers. It seems to us, therefore, to be matter of grave reprehension that the present Government, with so small a number of iron-clad ships at their disposal, should have hesitated to build others in order to give us superiority at sea. In the two years they have only proposed to build four, and of these one, the 'Fury,' is not yet commenced. The sole desire of the First Lord appears to have been to reduce the Navy Estimates below 10,000,000*l.* In both years he has contrived to succeed, but at how serious a cost to the efficiency of the navy!

The defence of our mercantile harbours, and of our coasts, is a subject that at the present moment excites considerable alarm in the public mind. The Conservative Government, before they left office, had succeeded, on the design of Mr. Rendel of Newcastle, in producing a floating gun-carriage, as it may be termed, called 'The Staunch,' capable of manœuvring by steam in very shallow water, and in firing with effect the largest description of gun. The cost of this vessel amounted to about 7,000*l.*, and a flotilla of these vessels might have been cheaply constructed, and would have made it difficult for any enemy's ship

ship to penetrate into the inner waters of the Mersey or the Thames. Of these vessels, however, the present Government have only built two, and our harbours and mercantile ports are still unprotected; for despite the 11,000,000*l.* which Parliament has authorised to be spent on fortifications, though the forts are built and all but completed, hardly a gun has been made wherewith to arm them. Indeed the question of the ordnance of the navy is one which must create considerable alarm. Ships are being constructed to carry guns of 35 tons, and similar guns will be necessary to mount upon the forts for the defence of our harbours; but the pattern of the gun of this size has not yet been decided upon. The factories at Woolwich Arsenal have been reduced, and its productive power sadly impaired; yet the First Lord of the Admiralty, instead of requesting the War Office to push forward the guns which were necessary for the navy, still further delayed their production by insisting upon re-opening the question of the manufacture of the Whitworth guns.

If anything seemed to have been fairly and finally settled by expensive and exhaustive experiments, it was the pattern of the gun best adapted to the public service. Armstrong, Whitworth, Blakely, Parsons, and a host of other competitors received every consideration from most competent judges, and at last a trial between the Armstrong and the Whitworth guns, which lasted over a considerable period, resulted in a decision which has never been shaken, that the Whitworth homogeneous metal, which was liable to burst explosively, was inferior to the coiled wrought-iron construction of Sir William Armstrong, which was not liable to this danger. The rifling of both the competitors was rejected, and the French system of grooves, with muzzle loading studded shot, was adapted to the Armstrong coil gun. This gun, which has from time to time received various improvements from the authorities at Woolwich, and from the judicious advice of Sir William Armstrong himself, is generally recognised as the best gun for warlike purposes. No one doubts the ability and the skill of Sir Joseph Whitworth and no one can blame him for endeavouring to obtain the English public as one of the customers for guns of his manufacture; but it is the duty of Ministers of the Crown to look after the public interests, when they have a good thing to keep it, and not to put the public to the cost of a change of its armaments without sufficient reason. Towards the close of last year, however, Mr. Childers and Mr. Cardwell visited Sir Joseph Whitworth's ordnance works at Manchester, and Mr. Childers appears to have persuaded his colleague that he, at least,

least, fancied the Whitworth gun was the best for the public service. A requisition was made by the Admiralty upon the War Office to demand from Sir Joseph Whitworth a 35-ton gun for the use of the navy. All who knew anything of the matter were aghast at this proposal. To re-open a question which had, after long and most careful experiments, been settled to the satisfaction of the most competent judges, was little short of madness, as it again delayed, at a most critical time, the armament of our ships. Into the comparative merits of the Armstrong and Whitworth guns this is not the place to enter. It is sufficient to mention, that the Admiralty had previously informed Sir Joseph Whitworth, that 'it is clear that his gun is inferior to the present service gun, and is not suited to her Majesty's naval service.' At the time that the present Admiralty took office, the Naval Director-General of Ordnance was Admiral Key, one of the most competent officers in the British Navy. He reported that 'the service-system satisfied every requirement of the service, and it would, therefore, be most impolitic to incur the enormous expense of introducing any other until some defect is discovered in that now adopted, for which a permanent remedy cannot be found.' The First Lord of the Admiralty was, however, determined to have his own way. Admiral Key was removed from his position as Director of Naval Ordnance, and was sent to Portsmouth Dockyard; and no naval ordnance authority being found to give professional advice in favour of the adoption of the Whitworth system, Mr. Reed, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, who knew nothing specially of artillery, was called upon to produce a report in its favour. At last the subject awakened public curiosity and parliamentary inquiry. A fresh committee was appointed at the War Office to report upon the matter. They reported against the experiment, and, in the month of June of this year, the First Lord of the Admiralty had reluctantly to give up his attempt to introduce the Whitworth ordnance into the navy. But the result of this attempt to favour Sir Joseph Whitworth has lost more than a year's precious time for constructing the guns which are required for the navy.

The annual accounts of the War Department published for 1868-1869, show that in that year 294 cannon were made at Woolwich, but all these save one were ordered by the Conservative Government. They were merely completing the guns required for ships already built, or ordered to be built, up to the time of the late Government's resignation, and under the pressure that existed for guns had not been able to provide for the reserve guns for the navy, nor for arming the forts not then completed or ready for armament, nor for the ship 'Devastation,'
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which the 'Times' assures us is the joint production of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Childers, in default of other, we might say more competent, naval constructors. For two years Woolwich arsenal has been silent, except to the cry of distress, and our shores are exposed defencelessly to any enemy that may choose to attack us.

If the delay in the manufacture of our largest guns has been culpable, what shall we think of the supply of stores and ammunition for the guns which already exist? The 'Captain,' whose untoward loss has cast a deep gloom over the land, sailed on a cruise, after the declaration of war between France and Prussia, upwards of one hundred 12-inch shot short of the number she should have had on board. The 'Monarch' also sailed upwards of seventy short of her number, and of those that she had on board seventy-three were of a pattern which were reported dangerous to the gun. A question on this subject was addressed in the House of Commons to the First Lord of the Admiralty, who partly denied and partly excused it; but we have before us a copy of what passed between the public departments on that occasion, which shows that the First Lord of the Admiralty on this, as on many other matters, has been incorrectly informed. If we are not mistaken, a question was addressed on the 1st of August to the Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory as follows:—'248 Palliser 12-inch shot and 18 12-inch shell are still required to complete the "Monarch" and "Captain." When will they be ready?' To this the official reply was, 'They shall be proceeded with at once, but, owing to insufficient plant and the large number of rejections in proof, I fear the production will not exceed seven or eight per diem.' A further question is sent from Woolwich Arsenal:—'There is now not a single 12-inch Palliser projectile in the arsenal. Will you ask Devonport if there are any there?' Telegram from Devonport on the 2nd of August:—'None in store.'

These telegrams, which passed on the 1st and 2nd of August, would appear to show that the First Lord of the Admiralty was incorrectly informed when, on the 8th of August, he stated to the House of Commons that there was no want of shot for the 12-inch guns, and that the plant at Woolwich could turn out thirty a day. Here we have an example of our two most powerful ships sent to sea on special service without a sufficient supply of shot, and the arsenals at Woolwich, at Portsmouth, and at Devonport—the only storehouses in the country for this material—being incapable of supplying the requisite number.

Hitherto the replies of Ministers of the Crown in both Houses have been well weighed, well considered, and the public has justly relied on their accuracy and good faith; but the replies

replies with regard to our national armaments have, of late, been sadly disappointing.

Rifles are required for the navy and marines, as well as for the army, the militia, and the volunteers. A sufficient supply is certainly not ready for any of the services. Committees have reported that the Henry barrel with the Martini lock, or the Westley-Richards lock would arm our men with a really superior weapon; nevertheless the Government will not make up its mind which of the two locks to attach to the Henry barrel; and the result is, that the bare necessities of the service are not supplied by the slow conversion of the muzzle-loading Enfield into the Snider rifle. The return published on the 8th of August, 1870, shows that only 459,553 in all of these rifles have been made, which is ridiculously insufficient for the armed forces of this country. No country is duly supplied with arms that has not a spare rifle in store for every man who is armed with one. Thus, if our armed forces represent 500,000 men, each man should have his rifle, and there should be 500,000 in store. All over and above the million of rifles might then fairly be considered a reserve supply. Of the Westley-Richards-Henry it is believed that none have been made for the public service, although it has been reported on most favourably by the General commanding at Aldershot, and by many competent authorities both in the army and volunteers. Of the Martini-Henry rifle twenty only have been as yet made for the public service, although a very competent Committee has reported that *it* is the arm which should be supplied to our army and navy. When the Secretary of State for War was asked if 20,000 were not the whole of the supply of reserved arms in this country, he stated that his questioner was much mistaken; that the whole army, except a few regiments about to come from India, was entirely armed with the Snider-Enfield, that a considerable proportion of the militia regiments had also been armed with them, that about 50,000 had been supplied to Canada, and that over and above that there were 300,000 in store. Lord Elcho, whose zeal to make the volunteer forces efficient is most conspicuous, immediately applied to the Secretary of State for War to issue a portion of the 300,000 reserve rifles to the volunteers; but he was informed, as his recent letter has shown, that the Secretary of State for War must have been misinformed as to the number of disposable rifles in this country; for of the 300,000 which he conceived he had in reserve, more than half are said to be in Canada, from whence they can hardly be withdrawn, and the rest were not available for issue to the volunteers. The inaccuracy of these and other statements tends to show that the Ministers of the Crown
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are not themselves aware of the defenceless state of the country, and, in consequence, are not pressing forward the manufacture of our stores and arms in the way which the country expects.

Whilst the Admiralty have thus been neglecting to build ships or to complete their armaments, and have been reducing the effective force of the seamen of the navy, let us glance at the arrangements with regard to the dockyard establishments. A Committee of the House of Commons had recommended the closing of Deptford and of Woolwich Dockyards; and the Conservative Government had taken steps for the closing of Deptford yard, carefully prepared through a considerable period, in order not to inflict hardship upon its employes there, and to affect as little as possible the trade of the place by the closing of the dockyard. Woolwich Dockyard was in a different position. No doubt its closing had been contemplated so soon as Chatham Dockyard extension was complete, but Woolwich possessed the only steam factory capable of refitting the North Sea fleet. At Chatham the foundations for the steam factory are barely laid. At Sheerness a small and very perfect little establishment is in good working order, but we have the best authority in the world, in a letter from Mr. Andrew Murray, late Inspector of Factories for the Navy (one of those officers whom the Admiralty have so inconsiderately and so unjustly dismissed), quoted in the House of Commons, stating that Sheerness factory is only capable of refitting one large ship, and of performing slight repairs to two or three others. Woolwich factory was complete and available for the repairs of the North Sea fleet, and looking to the events which are now occurring on the continent of Europe, who is to say that it might not at any moment be required; but the insane desire for reduction which seized the present Government, caused them to close Woolwich Dockyard, and to break up and destroy and sell the machinery which constituted the excellent factory there. If any circumstances, either of war or of weather were to disable any considerable number of our North Sea fleet, no factory nearer than Portsmouth would be ready to refit them. It must be obvious to all that docks and factories multiply the power of a fleet, and that the country which, equal in other respects, can in war most readily refit its disabled ships must, from that cause, and that cause alone, have the command of the sea. If the truth could only be told, grave and earnest remonstrances must have reached the Admiralty from many of the distinguished officers who superintend our dockyards. Their remonstrances, however, have passed unheeded, and when they have remonstrated too loudly they have been removed.

Admiral Key, whose dismissal from the office of Director
General

General of Naval Ordnance, has already been alluded to, was removed to Portsmouth to be Admiral Superintendent of the dockyard there. When the dockyard workmen were being discharged by hundreds, Admiral Key remonstrated. He suggested that the men might shortly be required again, and that it would be desirable to work short time in the dockyard rather than entirely to discharge good public servants, whom it might be difficult again to recover. For this suggestion he was snubbed. It would have been better for the country now, when the men are again wanted, if his suggestion had been attended to. He remonstrated also about the bad quality of the stores that were supplied under the new purchase system, and committed the woful error of calling attention to the sale of the Admiralty anchors. For his inconvenient defence of the public interests he was superseded from Portsmouth Dockyard, and sent to an inferior command; and a similar fate would, if they dared, be inflicted by the present Admiralty upon any naval officer who was bold enough to point out their mistakes.

We have only space to touch upon one other portion of the policy of the administration of the navy—we allude to the retirement scheme which was introduced in the early part of this year. We must first of all ask ourselves what is the object of a retired list? It must always be the case in every profession that many must enter the lower ranks who can never expect to reach the higher; but at the same time the higher ranks of the professions must always consist of numbers sufficient not only to give efficient officers to command our fleets and armies, but to enable the old and deserving officers of the lower ranks to attain the highest rank even at an age when they can hardly expect to be actively employed. The various ranks of the navy must be adjusted in such a manner as to give a reasonable hope to a fair proportion of officers to rise to the rank of Admiral. So far as the country is concerned, and the public charge is affected, it must be quite the same whether the officers are paid on a retired list or upon the active list. But in various navies of Europe, a retirement by age has for a long time existed, and many have thought that it was desirable that some such regulation should be enforced in this country, in order to assist the minister in refusing employment to men whose age and infirmities, in spite of previous distinguished service, made it unadvisable to employ them. It is clear that a wholesale reduction of the active list by the transfer of the names of officers to a retired list, if the numbers on the active list are correspondingly reduced, will in no wise quicken, but will rather retard promotion; for it must be obvious that vacancies will not so frequently occur amongst a small

small number of active men as among a larger number of men of all ages. A Navy Retirement Scheme of a compulsory character had been introduced for the first time by the Duke of Somerset in 1866, but this gave so much umbrage to many valued and distinguished old officers, and caused so little benefit to the profession, that it is a pity it was attempted. A voluntary retirement must be advantageous both to the officer and to the public. The public are relieved of an officer who no longer desires to serve them, and by the payment of a small bonus are relieved of the charge which his prospective steps of promotion may incur. The officer is at liberty to betake himself to more congenial employments, and with his pension or the bonus he has earned is adequately rewarded. If the Admiralty had confined themselves to a scheme for voluntary retirement, the navy would have been satisfied, and the country relieved. But they decided to go further. In every grade they forced men to retire from the service who were not only loth to go, but were willing to serve, and whose age and experience were such as to justify their employment. Many cases of individual hardship might be instanced to show how unjustly the officers of the navy have been affected by being deprived of the opportunity of serving; but this is quite evident, that no officer should have been compulsorily retired from the rank which he held, if he had fulfilled all the conditions which entitled him to be there. Against reason and against justice, officers who had served in every capacity, and who were ready to serve again, were removed from the List of the navy against their will long before the age which had been fixed upon for their retirement. These acts of injustice will admit of but one remedy, and that will be the replacing of all officers in the higher ranks of the navy upon one list, leaving to the minister to select the officers whom he pleases for the command of our fleets at sea.

The Retirement Scheme, among its many glaring absurdities, enacts that though an Admiral may be incompetent to command a fleet, he need not be considered incompetent to be a member of the Board of Admiralty. Could the navy receive a grosser insult than would be perpetrated by such an arrangement? The Board of Admiralty, whose First Lord was formerly some great illustration of the sea service, a Russell or a Herbert, an Anson, a Hawke, a Keppel, a Howe, a Jervis, or a Barham, has since Trafalgar fallen for the most part into the hands of professional statesmen advised and guided in matters naval by great naval names. But the new plan of the present Government is to deprive the country of even that guarantee for the good government of the fleet. The safety of the British Navy is now entrusted,
alas!

alas! to Mr. Childers and his colleagues,—men who possess the confidence of neither the profession nor the public.

We have thought it right to call attention to the decay of our naval strength under the present administration.

We have too few ships, because the present Admiralty have stopped shipbuilding.

We have too few seamen, because the Admiralty have discharged them.

We have too few guns, because the Admiralty have ceased to demand them from the War Office, who have, on their part, ceased to manufacture what the country requires.

We have insufficient stores and supplies, because Government have striven to reduce the estimates by selling the good and useful stores which had been accumulated by the thoughtfulness and providence of previous administrations, and are establishing a hand-to-mouth policy which trusts to buying in the ordinary market the stores and provisions as they are required.

The Government have wantonly dismissed many of their best officers from the navy, and have treated some of those who remain with such injustice and discourtesy that many have declined to serve. Many no doubt feel, if they do not say, with bitterness, ‘When bad men rule, the post of honour is a private station.’

The country has not yet discovered the imposture under which it is suffering; but a day of retribution will come; the present Board of Admiralty will, for its mismanagement and inefficiency, be swept away; and whatever the cost may be, we feel sure the nation will insist on the restoration of the strength of the British Navy.

ART. V.—1. *The Military Resources of Prussia and France.*

By Lieut.-Colonel Chesney, R.E., and Henry Reeve, Esq., D.C.L. London, 1870.

2. *L'Armée Française en 1867.* Dix-neuvième Édition. Paris, 1868.

HAVING already discussed the origin of the war between France and Germany, and traced its principal events in their political bearings, we now propose to confine ourselves to the military part of the subject. We shall accordingly first explain the constitution of the French and Prussian armies; next give a *resumé* of the military operations of the campaign in as much detail as our limits will allow; then trace the causes to which the unbroken success of the German arms and the collapse of the French military system are to be attributed; and, finally, endeavour to establish the lessons which we, as a nation, may draw from

from the experience of the present struggle for our own advantage, if we are not so besotted with economy—or rather its poor counterfeit—as to reject all improvement which must be effected at the expense of increased estimates.

General Trochu, in his philosophical pamphlet on the French army, which we have placed at the head of the present article, has the following remarks:—

‘Armies, like all machines destined to produce powerful effects, form a composite engine which works by means of a *motive power* and of a *mechanism*.

‘The *motive power* of an army in this sense is a force entirely moral in its operation. It is composed of the elevated sentiments of peoples; national pride, love of country, a jealous regard for its honour and interests: and of the great principles of armies; the spirit of devotion, of self-sacrifice and of discipline.

‘The *mechanism* of an army is a force purely material; it is composed of the numerous and diversified wheels for the successful operation of which the most essential condition is that they shall work in harmony.

‘The principal force of certain armies lies in the strength of the *motive power*: the principal force of certain others consists in the perfection of the *mechanism*.

‘Any army which should unite in an equal degree these two elements of superiority would be infinitely formidable in war, I should say almost invincible.’

In this pregnant quotation are summed up the causes of the wonderful success of the Prussian army; it was greatly superior both in *motive power* and in *mechanism* to that of its antagonist.

Prussia presents the anomaly of an army raised on purely democratic principles, being yet in its constitution the most aristocratic in Europe. Promotion from the ranks of the Prussian line or regular army, in the sense in which it is understood in the English and French services, is a thing unknown. In the Landwehr, indeed, the commissions are laid open without distinction of class, and the officers of that force are a truly national body, although the necessary qualifications require a considerable expenditure both of time and money. But even at the present day the aristocracy regard the right of officering the army as hereditary to their order, and not more than one-twelfth out of the whole body of officers belong to the middle classes of society. It is after he joins the army that the Prussian officer receives infinitely the more valuable part of his military education. This is supplied by the formation in the different military districts of yearly camps of exercise, where the troops assembled learn as much of the business of war as it is possible to learn in peace. Major Goodenough, R.A., who witnessed the manœuvres of the Rhine Province camp in 1868, writes:—

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‘The great peculiarity which gives such a superiority to this system of field manœuvres lies in the character of reality which is given to the whole of the operations: in my opinion, our manœuvres are too much on the plan of a gigantic drill field-day; and those of the French fail in interest from the laborious detail of their plan. The Prussians, on the other hand, place two opposing forces in the field, give them a strategical plan of operations, and then leave the two commanders to plan their own tactical movements; the troops work every day over fresh unknown ground, and so the interest never flags.’

All officers of the Prussian line have to pass six months in the ranks. For two-thirds of them this is a probation, at the end of which they have to satisfy a standing committee of the corps to which they seek admission not only as to professional attainments but also as to *parentage* and *means*. The remaining third have received their appointments direct from the different cadet schools, and may be considered, therefore, to be nominated by the King.

For the Landwehr, or reserve forces, a body of instructed officers has been provided by regulations so pregnant with wisdom and affording such an excellent example for our imitation that they merit some detail. Conscription is universal, but all young men of the educated classes, who are able to provide the means of their own equipment and maintenance and to produce certificates of conduct and attainments from school or college, are allowed to serve for one year in the different light infantry or rifle corps. When the young cadet, or *einjähriger*, as he is called, joins the corps to which he has chosen to be attached, he is posted to a company, after which his attendance is rigidly exacted at drills and parades, but except when on military duty his time is at his own disposal. The military enthusiasm of 1813 has so far survived that it has long been regarded as part of the education of the son of every manufacturer, proprietor, professional man, even of every prosperous shopkeeper, to spend one of the years between his seventeenth and twentieth birthdays in passing through this volunteer course. Such of these cadets as do not aspire above the average level return to their homes, with the prospect of taking their places in the ranks of the conscription in their turn; but any cadet who desires it may by special aptitude obtain a certificate of qualification, entitling him to the first vacancy as sergeant, and in due course to a commission, in the Landwehr battalion of his particular district.

The foundation of the territorial organisation of the military forces of Prussia, which is one of the main causes of her success, was laid by the father of Frederick the Great. In 1733 he decreed the division of his territories into cantons, to each of which was allotted a regiment to be maintained at its effective strength

strength from the cantonal population; on all of whom, with the exception of the nobles, military service was made compulsory. Frederick the Great extended and improved this system, by allotting to each district the supply of arms and stores necessary to enable its brigade or division to take the field fully equipped and ready to march on the mere order to mobilize.

The regeneration of Prussia after Jena is due to Stein and Scharnhorst, who were the Bismarck and Moltke of their day. Stein, by enlightened political reforms and by education, raised the material condition of the masses, and elevated them to the height of self-sacrifice for the national good. The short-service enlistment was devised by Scharnhorst for the purpose of passing a large number of the population through the mill of the regular army, which, to prevent future danger to himself, Napoleon fixed at a very low figure. From 1806 to 1813 service with the colours was limited to six months only, at the end of which period the soldier was enrolled in the militia of his district, and thus spread through the nation a general knowledge of arms against the day of retribution. In 1815 the Landwehr was organised territorially in brigades, each Landwehr brigade being joined to a brigade of the line, and together forming one division of the army for service in the field.

The organisation of the Prussian or North German Army, as it now exists, is generally as follows:—The population numbers about 30 millions. The number of recruits annually raised by conscription is 100,000; or one to every 300 of the population. The age of conscription is 20. The period of military service is 12 years, divided into three portions of *three, four, and five* years respectively; three years being passed by the recruit with the colours of a regular regiment; the next four years in the regimental reserve; and the final period of five years in the Landwehr or militia of his district, after which he is enrolled in the Landsturm, or service for home defence in case of invasion. All men who attain the age of conscription in any one year, and are not drawn for the army, are exempt from military service except in case of war. The regiments of the regular army during peace are, on the breaking out of war, raised to double their number by recalling an equal number of men from the reserve; and each reserve man so recalled returns not merely to the same battalion, but even to the very same company in which he had passed the first three years of his military life.

The perfection of the military system of Prussia is mainly due to the traditional policy of her rulers. The aggrandizement of the nation by military conquest has been handed down as a sacred charge from king to king, and the creation of a perfect
army

army as a means of conquest has been the paramount object of solicitude for each reigning monarch in his turn. Thus the seizure of Schleswig, Saxony, and Hanover, and the exclusion of Austria from the German system by King William, are only the natural sequence of the seizure of Silesia by his acquisitive ancestor. Prussia has always been the most aggressive state in Europe, and her kingdom has been formed, enlarged, and consolidated at the expense of her neighbours and even of her friends. The tactics of the Prussian army have been the subject of incessant study and improvement from the battle of Jena, when their old system collapsed, down to the battle of Sadowa, and later to the capitulation of Sedan, when their new system has culminated in victory. The North German armies are in the highest state of efficiency that can be reached, by scientific preparation for war, by concentration, by compact discipline, and by forethought.

The paramount object of imparting to the different portions of an army that unity of impulse and discipline which are indispensable to success in military operations, is attained by the constitution of the military hierarchy. The absolute authority exercised by the King as Commander-in-Chief exacts implicit and unquestioning obedience, and forbids that jealousy between subordinate commanders with rival pretensions, from which Napoleon suffered so fatally in Spain and Russia. Von Moltke is his right hand, implicitly trusted in the capacity of chief of the staff to plan the operations, which such able leaders as the Crown Prince, Prince Frederick Charles, and others are charged to execute; while Von Roon is his left hand, charged with the important functions of providing the complicated yet perfect mechanism of the tremendous engine.

Our limits do not permit any detailed account of what General Trochu calls the *mechanism* of the Prussian army, viz. the different departments by which it is supplied; but as examples of the elaboration of arrangement, we need only instance the formation of the field post and of the corps of grave-diggers; and the label required to be worn by every man to establish his identity if killed, or which, if only wounded, should serve for the description of his case written by the surgeon who first treats him, for the information of the medical officers of the hospital to which he may be consigned.

To sum up, the Prussian army by means of its organisation, and of the perfection of its departments of supply, was always ready for war; and the officers and soldiers, by the intelligent instruction imparted by the yearly field manœuvres, learnt much

much of the business of war as it is possible to learn in peace. Would that the same could be said of our own army.

The organisation which had been given to the French army by Louvois lasted with no material changes until 1793. Previous to that date enlistment was voluntary, commissions were objects of sale and purchase, and the army was officered exclusively by nobles. The revolution republicanised both the nation and the army, merit was recognised as the sole qualification for an officer's commission, and every conscript carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack. The enthusiasm thus created among the rank and file, when directed by the genius of Napoleon, carried the French eagles into nearly every capital of Europe. But victory is the indispensable condition of the success of such a constitution. Under reverses which try the confidence of the soldier in his superiors, discipline under such a system must surely break down. Since the restoration of Louis XVIII. the French army has been officered on a mixed system of promotion from the ranks and of direct appointments from the military schools, the former class constituting one-third of the whole. Promotion is determined by selection, or nominally by merit—a practice obviously open to dangerous abuses. Whether it be a result of this system or not, the fact remains, on the testimony of General Trochu, that whereas English soldiers, when allied with the French, showed all the military marks of respect to French officers, the latter found it extremely difficult to obtain any such marks from the soldiers of their own army.

The conscription was not established in France by law until 1798; and the statute, which placed the whole population at the disposal of the state, as each generation completes its twentieth year, preceded the supremacy of the man who was to make so tremendous a use of it. The proceeds of the annual conscription, fixed at 40,000 men in 1818, were raised to 80,000 under Louis Philippe. Under the Second Empire it has never been less than 100,000 men, and during the Italian and Crimean Wars it was 140,000. The efficacy of the conscription was, however, materially lessened by the system of 'exonerations,' which permitted drafted men to commute their personal service for a money payment; so that in times of danger the men who were urgently wanted were represented by the unsatisfactory substitute of a bank-note in the Treasury.

The result was that, in the Crimean and Italian Wars, France could only place and maintain in the field one army, not much exceeding one-fourth of her effective strength on paper.

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The system of 'exonerations' was accordingly abandoned in 1868, since which date drafted men must either give personal service or provide an efficient substitute.

The reorganisation of the French army, effected under Marshal Neil's administration in 1868, was as follows:—

The number of recruits raised annually by conscription is 100,000, giving a proportion of about one in every 370 of population. The period of military service is fixed at nine years, of which *five* years are passed with the regimental colours, and the remaining *four* years in a general reserve, called the *second reserve*. There is no territorial connection between the army and any particular districts; also none between the regular regiments and the reserve men who have passed through them. The age of conscription is twenty-one, and all men attaining to that age in any one year, who may not have been among the 100,000 drawn for the army, are enrolled in the Garde National Mobile, in which they continue *five* years. These remain at their homes, and the only military duty required of them by the law in ordinary times is the performance of fifteen drills in each year, with the proviso that no drills shall take them from their homes for more than one night. This part of the law, however, has never been enforced, so that the present war has found the Garde Mobile totally untrained. In time of war the Garde Mobile are to be employed in garrison duty, in guarding communications, or in furnishing reinforcements to the field army.

Of the 100,000 recruits drawn yearly for the army, 70,000 are at once drafted into the ranks, while the remaining 30,000 are enrolled in the *first reserve*, in which they continue for nine years, no military service being exacted during peace except that they shall be drilled during five months in each of the first two years. At the conclusion of the nine years they are discharged. These are the men, as is implied by the title of the *first reserve*, who are first taken to complete the regular regiments to their proper war strength at the commencement of a war.

The 70,000 men drafted into the ranks, after completing *five* years' service, are enrolled in the *second reserve*, and continue therein for *four* years; after which they are held to have fulfilled their military obligations, and are finally discharged.

By the arrangement above detailed, the French can in theory furnish a larger number of men at the outset of a war, in proportion to population, than the Prussians; for whereas in North Germany all men attaining the military age in any one year, who may not be drawn for the army, are exempt from military service; in France all men attaining that age and not drawn in the conscription of the year are enrolled in the Garde Mobile—a

mere nominal advantage, however, since the latter force is totally untrained. One defect of the French system seems to be that the men of the *first reserve*, who are first taken to complete regiments to their war strength, have undergone no military training worth speaking of, while the men of the *second reserve* are disciplined soldiers, who have passed five years in regimental duty. Another defect as compared with the Prussian system is that while the French conscript is relieved from all military service at the end of nine years, the Prussian Government never relinquishes its hold on a man once drawn for the army, but passes him from regimental service first into the reserve, next into the Landwehr, finally into the Landsturm.

The tendency of the military education of the French army has been to give it an overweening idea of its own superiority. With respect to Prussia, as we learn from General Trochu, the doctrine was taught officially in the military schools that the military constitution of that country, which created only young soldiers, was weak, and that the Prussian army would be found deficient in steadiness in the day of battle. This belief was shared up to 1866 by the public, by the army at large, and even with some reserve by himself.

Since the day of Sadowa French military men have come to doubt the correctness of such teaching, and it has been replaced by a different description, of which the '*Conferences Régimentaires*,' a series of published military discussions encouraged by the Government, are an example. In these there is constant reference to Prussia as a rival who is to be watched, whose improvements in the art of war are to be met by counter improvements; whose tactics are to be compared with those of the French army; and whose country is to be studied as a probable theatre of war.

In contrasting the comparative preparedness for war of the French and Prussian systems, General Trochu eulogises that territorial organisation of the latter, by means of which the different corps, divisions, and brigades, with their proper material, field equipment, and staff, all constantly and permanently acting together, and with their proper reinforcements in reserve, are maintained always in a condition to take the field on the order to mobilize. Such a system gives advantages of all kinds in the *preparation of war*, which can thus be carried on without throwing the country and the army into a state of violent agitation by sudden and exceptional efforts, which have the serious evil of disclosing beforehand intentions it is of vital importance to conceal to the last moment. The same authority goes on to say:—

‘With the exception of the great centres, Paris, Lyons, and the
Chalons

Chalons camp, where the troops may be said to be rather concentrated than organised, the elements of war both personal and material are in a state of isolation almost infinitesimal. Organised concentration, the interchange of ideas and sentiments, the relations of the different arms, a common education, combined manœuvres conformable to the practice of real warfare are out of the question; they are impossible; and when war breaks out all this has to be improvised in the presence of the enemy, and with a consequent amount of confusion and error fatal to the discipline and coherence of the army.'

In his remarks on the Intendance, General Trochu says,—

'Il faut pour être bon forgeron, avoir forgé toute sa vie. To be a good administrator, one should have passed his whole life in the study and practice of business.'

He therefore considers it a serious error that the heads of the Intendance, the regulators of the existence of the French armies in the field, should be superannuated generals; and that all their subordinate functionaries, having passed great part of their lives as officers or sub-officers of the army, can have no knowledge of the operations of trade by which alone supply can adjust itself to demand. During the Italian campaign of 1859 the troops were often without bread in one of the richest corn-producing countries of Europe. Biscuit was equally deficient. In the Crimea the Intendance broke down so completely that recourse was obliged to be had to a great commercial house at Marseilles, which thenceforth successfully supplied the wants of the army. It is not impossible that the foregoing remarks may partly explain the quiescence of the French armies on the Saar, during the week's start which they gained on their adversaries at the commencement of the present war.

We have long been of opinion that the maintenance of *corps d'élite* at the expense of the infantry of the line threatens a serious danger to the French army. Of the hundred thousand conscripts poured yearly into the ranks, the strongest, most active, and intelligent, are taken in the following order:—first for the artillery, next for the cavalry, next for the chasseurs-à-pied or light infantry, and the Imperial Guard. The residuum compose the line regiments, which ought to constitute the backbone of an army in battle. By this unwise measure the *esprit de corps* of the favoured few is greatly elevated, while that of the many is proportionately depressed; and it has always been the case of late years that the first have had to atone by enormous losses in battle for the deficiencies of the last.

The remarks which we have made on the advantages drawn by the Prussians from unity of command and unquestioning obedience and concert of subordinate leaders in carrying out

the plans conceived in one guiding brain, may almost be reversed to the disadvantage of the French. The Emperor—his bodily illness reacting on his mind, and of a kindly nature peculiarly averse from the horrid butchery of war—had no Bismarck behind to prompt him to a decided course of action. The plans whereby to disconcert the strategy of Von Moltke must be conceived in his own brain, or made the subject of somewhat wrangling discussions among the commanders of his corps d'armée, coming to the council-board with jealous rival pretensions. His Chief of the Staff was the unfortunate marshal who having administered the War Department since the death of Niel, had deceived both himself and his master as to the perfection of the different departments, and who, relying on that fancied perfection, was 'radiant' at the promised opportunity of putting it to the test. The result was a fatal want of concert in the movements of the different corps; and it may be said of the Imperial commander that his right hand did not know what his left was doing.

With respect to the comparative merits of the chassepot and the needle-gun; the general impression is in favour of the chassepot as to rapidity of fire, range, and flatness of trajectory, which last is one of the most important elements a soldier's arm can possess. The comparative smallness of its bore likewise enables the French soldier to carry a larger supply of cartridges into battle than the Prussian can carry.

The Prussian guns possess the advantage of superior mobility, inasmuch as a sufficient number of men to work the pieces effectively, the moment they are unlimbered for action, are carried on seats supported by the gun axle-trees; while the French gunners, like our own, being unprovided with that convenience, must follow their pieces as fast as they can on foot when the latter are moved rapidly.

We find that the French were provided with a certain number of guns considerably superior in weight of metal to those of the Prussians. The causes of the practical superiority of the latter in action must be sought in the details of the campaign.

With respect to the mitrailleuse, which is said to have had so large a share in determining the French Government for war, there is little doubt it is a most formidable arm, and likely to be adopted by the Prussians who have experienced its effects.

We have thus endeavoured to sketch the different conditions on the two sides, under which Prussia took up the gauntlet thrown down by France on the 15th July, 1870; and we turn now to the details of the campaign. The French army was first in the field.

Between

Between the 20th and 23rd July it was disposed as follows :—

IN FIRST LINE.		Infantry.	Cavalry.	Guns.
<i>Strasburg</i>	1st Corps, MacMahon ..	35,000	3,500	90
<i>Bitsche</i>	.. 5th ,, De Failly ..	26,250	2,600	72
<i>St. Avold</i>	.. 2nd ,, Frossard ..	26,250	2,600	72
<i>Thionville</i>	.. 4th ,, L'Admirault ..	26,250	2,600	72
IN SUPPORT OF THIONVILLE AND ST. AVOLD.				
<i>Metz</i>	.. 3rd Corps, Bazaine ..	35,000	3,500	90
IN SECOND LINE TO SUPPORT EITHER FLANK : MOVED AFTERWARDS TO METZ.				
<i>Nancy</i>	.. Imperial Guard, Bourbaki	16,650	3,600	60
Forming a Grand Total of ..		165,400	18,400	456
IN RESERVE.				
<i>Forming at</i>	6th Corps, Canrobert ..	35,000	3,500	90
<i>Chalons</i>	} Cavalry Reserve	6,250	36
<i>Forming at</i>	7th Corps, Felix Douay ..	26,500	2,600	72
<i>Belfort</i>				
Total Reserve		61,500	12,350	198

The above force, numbering altogether 226,150 infantry, 30,750 cavalry, and 654 guns, together with the African army of from forty to fifty thousand men, one division watching the Spanish frontier, and the troops destined for the Baltic expedition, exhausted all the regular troops immediately available. Outside these were the fourth battalions very imperfectly drilled, and the Garde Mobile, totally untrained, which supplied the only means of increasing the strength of the army in the field.

Looking at the positions of the different corps d'armée on the map, we find that they possessed remarkable facilities for concentration and mutual support by means of frontier railroads. Strasburg, Bitsche, St. Avold, Metz, and Thionville being all situated on the same line of railroad; while a second line in rear of the first placed Strasburg in communication with Nancy and Metz by Saverne, Sarrebourg, and Luneville. Strasburg and Nancy, again, communicated to their rear by two railroads, placing both these towns in connection with Belfort where Felix Douay's corps was, and with Lyons; while Nancy and Thionville respectively communicated with Paris by two railroads, the one passing by Toul, Vitry, Chalons and Epervay; the other by Montmedy, Mezières, Rheims and Soissons.

Thus the French were in possession of railroad communication
all

all along their strategical front, as well as to their rear from the centre and from both flanks: and their general position was strengthened by the strong fortresses of Metz and Strasburg, by the forts of Bitsche, Petite Pierre and Phalsbourg, blocking passes over the Vosges mountains; and by the fortified places of Thionville and Toul, both on the Moselle river, and both commanding railroads which lead to Paris. Strasburg was the base of supply for MacMahon and De Failly on the right; Metz for the remainder of the army.

It was not until the 29th July that the Emperor arrived at Metz to assume the command. In the interval which had elapsed, one division of Frossard's corps had been pushed on to Forbach, about six miles from Saarbrück. On the 24th, a strong French detachment entered Saarbrück, and brought back the information that the enemy was strong enough at that place to repulse them with a loss of ten men. On the same day, some Prussian lancers crossed into French territory to the east of Sarreguemines and blew up the viaduct of the railroad between that place and Haguenau, thereby impeding the French communication between Bitsche and St. Avold.

On Sunday 31st July, twenty Baden troopers of whom six were officers, and among them our countryman Mr. Winsloe, entered France at Lauterburg in broad daylight, and pushed a rapid reconnaissance as far as Niederbronn, cutting in their passage the telegraph wires at the Huntspach Station, on the railroad between Haguenau and Weissenburg, which latter place was to witness the surprise of General Douay's division of MacMahon's corps four days later. These adventurous men were surprised on the following morning whilst breakfasting at a farmhouse; poor young Winsloe was killed, the first officer in this war; most of the party were captured, but several escaped to carry to the Crown Prince their intelligence more precious than gold. The 'Times' correspondent in Paris writes that it may be said of this foolhardy affair, 'C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.' But that is wrong. It was war,—in its most calculated and intelligent aspect, as the French leaders have since discovered to their cost, for it has been precisely by means of such enterprises persistently undertaken almost daily, and in all directions, by small parties of well-mounted, quick-quitted, daring men, that the German commanders have learnt the movements of their adversaries, and have mystified them as to their own position and intentions. The only signs of life given by the Germans up to the 31st July were afforded by these reconnaissances, and by the presence of the small advanced post at Saarbrück with which some of Frossard's men had come in contact. And it is certain that they

were not in any force on the frontier until a day or two

Emperor's arrival on the 29th, and his review of Frossard's at St. Avold on the 30th, had been hailed by the French, accustomed to wait so long when an enemy was in their front, as a signal of advance so impatiently looked for. Yet the days passed without movement. Whispers began to be already of the deficiencies of the Intendance; but there is another, as it seems to us, sufficing explanation of the French inactivity. There is little doubt the Emperor entered on the campaign with the conviction that the South German States would give him active assistance, or would at the worst be neutral. He knew now that the armies of Bavaria, Würtemberg and Baden were available to swell the ranks of the German army, already outnumbering his own. To leave the fate of the war to the issue of an advance on the fortresses, before which he would be detained, while the Prussians at the disposal of the Germans would enable them to meet him in front with a superior force, and at the same time attack round his flanks on his communications, would have been midsummer madness. The necessities of the Emperor's position reduced him imperatively to the defensive. He must now turn to the Germans.

The North German army is organised in thirteen corps, of which one is formed by the Prussian Guard; the others are numbered from 1 to 12.

The South German forces consist of the 1st and 2nd Bavarian and of one division from Würtemberg and one division from Baden. The approximate strength of these corps and the divisions to which they were attached are given in the following

On the 28th July, the 1st Army had alone reached the frontier, where it occupied the line of the Saar; from Saarburg on to Homburg, with advanced posts at that place and at Merzig, Saarbrück, and Bliescastel; with its main body massed in echelon behind in convenient situations for support at Ottweiler, Homburg, and Landstuhl.

The 2nd Army under Prince Frederick Charles, with the headquarters at Mainz, having crossed the Rhine at Mainz and Koblenz, was pressing on in the rear of Steinmetz, and on the 28th prolonged the line of that General's outposts towards the occupation of Zweibrücken and Pirmasens; and the main body echeloned from the left of the 1st corps at Landstuhl, along the line of railway joining that place with Kaiserslautern, and Neustadt.

	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Guns.
* 1ST ARMY.—GENERAL STEINMETZ. CHIEF OF STAFF: MAJOR-GEN. VON SPERLING.			
Corps 7th, Westphalians. Von Zastrow	25,000	3300	96
„ 8th, Rheinlanders. Von Göben	25,000	3300	96
2ND OR CENTRE ARMY.—PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES. CHIEF OF STAFF: COLONEL VON STIEHLE.			
Guards. Prince of Württemberg	29,000	4400	96
1st East Prussian. Von Manteuffel	25,000	3300	96
2nd Pomeranian. Von Fransecky	25,000	3300	96
3rd Brandenburgers. Von Alvensleben (2) ..	28,000	3300	96
9th Schleswig-Holsteiners. Von Manstein ..	29,000	3300	96
10th Hanoverians. Von Voigts-Rhetz	25,000	3300	96
4th † and 12th Saxons. Saxon Crown Prince ..	29,000	3300	96
3RD ARMY.—CROWN PRINCE. CHIEF OF STAFF: LIEUT.-GEN. VON BLUMENTHAL.			
5th Poseners. Von Kirchbach	25,000	3300	96
6th Silesians. Von Tümpling	25,000	3300	96
11th Hessians and Nassauers. Von Bose	35,000	1100	96
1st Bavarians	25,000	2500	96
2nd Bavarians	25,000	2500	96
Division of Württemberg ‡	19,000	2500	54
Division of Baden	18,000	1800	42
Forming a Grand Total of	412,000	47,800	1440

About the 2d and 3d August, the 3rd Army under the Crown Prince, coming from the east bank of the Rhine by Mannheim and Germersheim, took up the line from the left of the 2nd army, occupying as outposts Bergzabern on the road leading to Weissenburg, and Wenden, the junction of the railroads coming from Carlsruhe in one direction and from Mannheim by Neustadt in the other; and having its main body at Neustadt, Spire, Landau, and Germersheim.

Besides these armies which so greatly outnumbered the French, strong reserves were in course of formation at Coblenz, Mainz, Frankfurt, and Hainau.

Turning now to the map, we observe that the Prussians, like the French, obtained great advantages of concentration and communication from their system of railroads.

Beginning on the right, Steinmetz communicated with Prince

* Moved up to the Saar from their permanent quarters at Minden, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Coblenz, and Trèves.

† The 4th Corps, Prussian Saxons, which properly belonged to this army, only arrived in France late in August.

‡ The Württemberg division did not join till the 5th August. The 6th Corps did not join till the 12th August.

Frederick Charles, and he with the Crown Prince, by the railroad passing from Trèves, through Merzig, Saarlouis, Saarbrück, Ottweiler, Homburg, Landstuhl, Neustadt, and Landau, all occupied by their troops; to Wenden junction, the extreme left outpost of the Crown Prince's army. The course of this railroad between Saarbrück and Wenden is in the form of a curve, concave towards the French; that is, having the flanks advanced and the centre retired, and it obviously gave remarkable facilities for massing troops on the flanks, which were the only parts of the German line exposed to attack.

The different armies communicated to their rear as follows:—

Steinmetz by the railroad to Mainz, which passes by Wenden, Sobernheim, and Bingen.

Prince Frederick Charles, also with Mainz, by the railroad passing by Neustadt, Mannheim, and Worms; or, if preferable, by Mannheim with Heidelberg.

While the Crown Prince had the choice of two lines of retreat equally secure; the one by Mannheim either to Mainz or Heidelberg, the other by railroad from Wenden junction to Carlsruhe.

The strong fortresses of Mainz, Landau, and Germersheim, greatly strengthened the Prussian general position, which was far more compact than the strategical position of the French army.

From the disposition of the Prussian armies it may be gathered that their general plan was to operate with their whole force between Saarbrück and the Rhine, making Saarbrück the pivot on which their left was to be swung forward; for to the right of that place they had nothing but weak advanced posts stretching along the Saar as far as Saarburg for the purpose of masking their intentions. Von Moltke had succeeded, by some means, in causing it to be believed at the French head-quarters that Prince Frederick Charles with his whole army was in the neighbourhood of Trèves. MacMahon's corps was accordingly brought up from Strasburg and drawn towards the centre, occupying, in its new position, the frontier line of the Lauter from Bitsche to Weissenburg; General Abel Douay's division of this corps being at Weissenburg.

On the 2nd August General Bataille's division of Frossard's corps, advancing from St. Avold, attacked Saarbrück. The details were much obscured by the high colouring of the French accounts; but the facts seem to be that Saarbrück, which is an open town on the French side of the Saar, and whose suburb of St. Johann on the further bank commands the railroad passing along the Prussian strategical front from Trèves to Landau, was occupied as a German advanced post by one battalion of infantry and

and two guns. The French captured the heights commanding the town from the German pickets, took a few prisoners, planted their batteries, and opening fire on the town inflicted a loss of 2 officers and 70 men on the Germans—chiefly in retreating over the long bridge to St. Johann. The Emperor and the Prince Imperial were present, and the effect of the mitrailleurs, first tried in earnest on this occasion, seems to have inspired the French with the liveliest hopes for the future. The French loss was 1 officer and 10 men killed. The affair had no results, as the railroad from Saarbrück to Trèves remained intact; but even though it had been otherwise it would have mattered little to the Germans, since, as we have shown, their force in that direction was limited to a few weak outposts. Such was the combat of Saarbrück, which has afforded to some writers—who adulated him in his prosperity—a fruitful theme for the gibes and sneers which, according to the instinct of their nature, they lose no opportunity of levelling against the fallen Emperor on account of the allusion to his poor boy's 'baptism of fire.'

But more important events were at hand.

In prosecuting Von Moltke's plan of swinging the whole army forward on Saarbrück as a pivot, the Crown Prince received instructions to attack the French right. Just as day broke over Weissenburg on the 4th of August, while the men of Douay's division were engaged in making their coffee in their camp on the Geisberg—a commanding hill about three-quarters of a mile to the south of the town—a storm of shells suddenly commenced falling both in the camp and in the town, setting the latter on fire. They came from the Crown Prince's guns, planted on the heights of Schweigen, a Bavarian village just over the frontier. Although a reconnaissance undertaken on the previous day had not discovered the neighbourhood of an enemy, yet there on those heights, were drawn up the greater part of the 5th and 11th Prussian corps, and the 1st Bavarian corps, numbering at least 50,000 men. It is easy to see how this surprise was effected. We have said that the Crown Prince's advanced posts were at Bergzabern, which lies nearly due north of Weissenburg little more than six miles distant by road; and at Wenden Junction, on the north-east of Weissenburg, distant from that place by rail eleven miles, and from Bergzabern also by rail six miles.

Troops massed at these places might therefore easily be brought down under cover of the night. Besides, the road from Bergzabern skirts the forest of Mundat, on the lower spurs of the Vosges, which afforded facilities for concealment. The French reconnaissance had been superficial or had not been pushed far enough. Parties of a few daring troopers radiating from

from Weissenburg on the 3rd in all directions, would have revealed to Douay that a concentration of hostile forces was taking place dangerously near to his isolated position. The issue of the Prussian attack directed against, at the utmost, 10,000 French could not be doubtful. After a brilliant defence in which Douay was killed, his overmatched soldiers, to prevent their retreat on Bitsche from being intercepted, retreated by their left and by the Col de Pigeonnière, in the direction of that fortress. It does not clearly appear why the Crown Prince left the possibility of escape in this direction open to them. With the overwhelming force at his disposal, it seems as if a turning movement of the French right flank might have been simultaneous with the front attack; and it is not quite clear why there was no pursuit; that none was undertaken affords the strongest testimony to the desperate valour with which the French defended their position. The loss on both sides was heavy. That of the French is estimated at 3000 killed and wounded, 500 prisoners, and one gun. The German loss we can only estimate by the fact that out of 69 officers; the 74th Regiment lost no fewer than 30 in killed and wounded; the 77th Regiment, 25; the 39th Regiment, 26; the 32nd Regiment, 19; the 95th Regiment, 16; the 83rd Regiment, 14; the 53rd Regiment, 11; the 88th Regiment, 9; and the 80th Regiment, 8.

A correspondent of the 'Daily News,' writing from Frankfurt, relates that—

'The German soldiers who accompanied the prisoners were enthusiastic with regard to the bravery with which the French had fought, after the Geisberg had been stormed. They pointed out fourteen men, belonging to the 74th Regiment of the line, who were the whole remainder of the regiment left standing on the battle-field, but who refused to surrender, and who, deprived of ammunition, kept on fighting at the point of the bayonet. As the Prussians did not like to kill them, they rushed at last in a body upon them, and threw them down wrestling. "*Nous avons cherché la mort,*" said one of them to me, "*comme notre colonel, comme notre général, dont voilà le cheval.*" The train had brought the horse of General Douay.'

On hearing of the disaster of Weissenburg MacMahon went towards Reichshofen, where he was joined by the remnant of Douay's division; and on the evening of the 5th he concentrated his force in a strong position behind the Sauer rivulet, which runs from north to south through the village of Wörth. The main road from Haguenau to Wörth skirts the foot of the vine- and hop-covered slopes, the tops of which were occupied by the French right wing, extending from Morsbronn to Elsashaufen. The centre extended from Elsashaufen to the heights in front
of

of Fröschwiller, and occupied a buttress which pushed out towards the enemy in the direction of Gorsdorf. Their left terminated in a mound which covers the village of Reichshofen. Thus the French position was on two sides of a square, Fröschwiller forming the angle, and Wörth being in front and rather to the right of the angle.

In the midst of these dispositions the 5th Prussian Army corps coming from Soultz appeared on the heights east of Wörth and of the Sauer. The remaining corps which the Crown Prince brought with him were the 11th Prussian and 1st and 2nd Bavarian corps with the Würtemberg division. The cavalry was left at Schauenburg, eight miles in rear, on account of the nature of the country. At 7 A.M., on the 6th, the Germans commenced the action from the direction of Gorsdorf, and attacked so vigorously, that MacMahon to prevent his general position being turned by its left, executed a change of front by wheeling up his left wing on Fröschwiller as a pivot, so that his position now extended nearly in a straight line. The Germans persisted in their efforts against the French left, without making any progress; and directed another attack against the French centre, which was repulsed with heavy loss. At noon victory seemed to incline to MacMahon; but soon after that time an overwhelming attack, covered by sixty guns placed on the heights of Gunstett, was directed against his right by the 11th Prussian corps; and, in spite of desperate infantry charges by the overweighted French many times repeated, in spite of the devotion with which their Cuirassiers rode straight to death, the French right was borne back inch by inch, and at 4 o'clock their general was obliged to order the retreat. This was accomplished from the right, and was protected by the troops of the left wing holding Fröschwiller and Reichshofen to the last. It was in the battle on the right that one Cuirassier regiment being ordered to charge the Prussian infantry protected by enclosures, their colonel took a solemn leave of his marshal before leading them to almost certain death. He survived the charge; but he left on the field more than three-fourths of his regiment.

The French numbered 40,000 men, including one of Felix Douay's divisions; and to conquer them the Crown Prince had been obliged to deploy four corps and the Würtemberg division.

One of De Failly's divisions, which was prevented from joining MacMahon in time for the battle by the mistake of a telegraph operator, came up by rail from Bitsche to Niederbronn, and covered the further retreat from that place by the road which there diverges to Saverne over the mountains. Fortunately for the French the Germans were too much exhausted to pursue,
for

for the retreat was effected in great confusion. MacMahon had nearly all his personal staff killed, and he himself was nearly dead of exhaustion, having been fifteen hours in the saddle. It was stated that here again both MacMahon's infantry and guns had exhausted their ammunition at 3 P.M., and that no reserve was forthcoming, which was attributable to the fact that Strassburg was his base of supply, and that since the battle of Weissenburg he was driven off from the line of railway leading from that place.

It was, we believe, on the battle-field of Wörth that the body of a French captain was found lying with his face to the foe, his left hand grasping the right hand of his sergeant, possibly a relative; and crushed in his right a touching and beautiful letter from his child, begging her '*cher papa*' to return soon to his 'little Marguerite.'

The French loss, allowing for 6000 prisoners, may be estimated by the fact that MacMahon led into the camp of Chalons only about 16,000 men at the end of the retreat, which commenced at Wörth. We can only guess at the Prussian loss from what we know it to have been in officers—the number of officers in a battalion being 69. The 58th Regiment lost 32; the 59th Regiment, 23; the 7th Guards, 35; the 47th Regiment, 29; the 46th Regiment, 33; the 57th Regiment, 30; the 6th Regiment, 28; the 37th Regiment, 25, &c.

In another quarter, the 6th of August was equally disastrous to the French arms. General Frossard, with the second corps, numbering about 28,000 men and 72 guns, had occupied the 'Drill-ground' heights overlooking Saarbrück with an advanced guard since the affair of the 2nd, until the evening of the 5th; when he withdrew his whole force to the Spicheren heights, a range parallel with and much higher than the former, the two enclosing between them a perfectly open plain destitute of all cover, 1600 yards across, over which an enemy would have to pass to attack the front of the Spicheren heights. Forbach lies at the distance of about six miles from Saarbrück, in a valley which at Forbach is a mile in width, but widens gradually to four miles in the direction of Saarbrück; that town lying on the left of the valley. The right of this valley is bounded by the Spicheren heights, running from Forbach in a north-easterly direction to Spicheren village about three and a half miles as the crow flies. The left of the valley is bounded by thickly wooded heights running parallel with the road from Forbach to Saarbrück. The accounts of the numbers engaged on both sides are as yet too conflicting to admit of any certain conclusions; but it appears that Frossard was reinforced by one division of Bazaine's corps,

corps, which raised his total force to about 40,000 men. On the Prussian side, we only know that the battle was opened by one division of the 7th corps, numbering about 12,500 men; and that it was successively reinforced during the action by Von Barnecken's division of the 8th corps; and by Stülpnagel's division of the 3rd corps, which General von Alvensleben on hearing the cannonade ordered to march to the sound of the guns, a part of these coming by rail from Neuenkirchen. Subsequently the 13th division of the 7th corps crossed the Saar at Werden, marched round Frossard's left flank, and seized Forbach, which cut off the French from St. Avold and Metz, rendering the French position untenable and compelling them to retire in the direction of Saarguemines. Thus, from first to last, the Germans brought four divisions into action, numbering at least 45,000 infantry. The number of their guns is not established. Some statements assert they had the artillery of one division only, numbering 45 guns; on the other hand, the 'Times' correspondent, who was an eye-witness, estimated that the Germans outnumbered the French in artillery by more than three to one. The probability lies between these two estimates. The Prussians were outnumbered during the early part of the day, and made repeated attacks on the steep slopes of Spicheren, said to be several hundred feet high, with a bravery that was magnificent but fruitless, until the turning movement by Forbach, which took place almost simultaneously with an attack on the French right flank, decided the day. The 'Times' correspondent greatly overestimating the number of Germans engaged, says, 'The only wonder is how with this superiority they were not able to finish the battle many hours sooner. I can hardly say it is wonderful, however, when I remember the splendid valour of the French and their heroic endurance, which it is impossible to think of now without the deepest emotion.'

It is certainly quite unaccountable that Frossard's corps should have been left in so forward a position, close to the German frontier, with no supports nearer than Metz. The Imperial Guard, which was despatched from Metz on Frossard's requisition, arrived too late to take part in the action.

The French lost 2000 in prisoners, and the loss on both sides was very heavy, that of the French being the most severe.

For two days after the battles of Wörth and Forbach the Emperor was able to give, for the comfort of the Parisian public, only the vaguest account of either MacMahon or Frossard: 'MacMahon has lost a battle; General Frossard, on the Saar, has been compelled to fall back. The retreat is being effected in good order. *Tout peut se retablir.*'

He

He telegraphs again on the morning of the 7th: 'There is no news from General Frossard, who appears, however, to have retired in good order.'

During the succeeding week there was no intelligence of importance from the seat of war. There was a lull in the tempest, which was, however, only the prelude of a fiercer hurricane. If this breathing space had been properly employed, it might have been the salvation of France.

The time had arrived for taking a decided resolution. Matters looked very serious for the French. MacMahon was falling back by Saverne on Nancy, his corps disorganised, and shorn of half its strength by its losses in battle and during the retreat. Closely pursued by the Crown Prince, it was vain to expect he could reach Metz. There was only one course open in a military point of view,—to order a concentric retreat of the whole army on Chalons.

The retreat would have been made at that time unmolested. The Metz army, joined to that which MacMahon afterwards led to its final dissolution at Sedan, would have numbered about 280,000 men, all but 35,000 being old soldiers, with 650 guns.

At least ten days would have been gained for the arrival and organisation of the new levies, who would have fought well in an intrenched position, with Paris and all France behind them; for the Prussian difficulties of advance would increase with every yard. The Germans would drag behind them a lengthening chain. The fortresses of Metz, Toul, Verdun, Thionville, Pfalsbourg, Bitché, &c., would have taken 80,000 troops to mask or to besiege; and their one railroad being interrupted by the garrison of Toul, their trains and supplies must have moved slowly. But political considerations interfered. A retreat at that time was forbidden by the dread of its probable effect on the temper of Paris. MacMahon and De Failly were directed to make the best of their way to join Canrobert at Chalons, which they accomplished respectively on the 16th and 20th, MacMahon bringing with him only 16,000 men; and the remainder of the army, forming a total of 100,000 infantry, 11,000 cavalry, and 280 guns, now placed under Bazaine, awaited the approach of the first and second German armies at Metz.

On the 13th of August the head-quarters of the King of Prussia were at Herny, about fourteen miles south-east of Metz; and the armies of Steinmetz and Prince Frederick Charles were disposed on a large semicircle enveloping the town on the east bank of the Moselle. On Sunday the 14th, the Prussian outposts, observing indications as if the French were about to retreat, attacked vigorously. The attack, supported by larger
bodies

bodies, assumed the proportions of a battle. The Prussians coming under the fire of the advanced works of the fortress retreated with considerable loss, having suffered as was to be expected far more severely than the French. This was only an affair of an advanced and rear guard, and the engagement in the proportions it assumed seems to have been a mistake on the part of the Prussians. There could be no question of carrying Metz by entering the town with the retreating French, since the army was not concentrated for such an attempt, even if it had not been otherwise hopeless. There could be no question of preventing the French from retreating through the town to the other side of the river, for that was an impossibility. The protection of the fortress rendered the retreat of the French secure and certain. The only justifiable object of the attack was information—as to whether the French were really about to retreat, and that being attained, it should have ceased. It was important to obtain this information, because if the French were about to retreat on Verdun, the several bridges of Metz gave them a far shorter line than the Prussians must take in order to intercept them. The latter would be obliged to cross the Moselle above or below the fortress, or both together, over pontoon bridges. It would have been dangerous to commence this operation so long as the French were concentrated on the eastern bank; but once certain that they were retreating, not a moment was to be lost.

The next we hear of Bazaine is by telegram from Paris, dated 17th, to the effect that the bulk of the French army was then concentrated at Etain, 20 kilomètres* (11 miles) from Metz. This was no doubt intended and believed, and part of Canrobert's (6th) corps under that Marshal did, it would appear, proceed by rail from Chalons to Clermont whence it marched to Etain; from which place Bazaine, either not able or not wishing to retreat, brought it on to Metz where it took part in the engagements of the 16th and 18th.

Our next information conveys the intelligence that Bazaine, who had passed over to the west bank of the Moselle on Sunday night, and who therefore had all Monday and Monday night to pursue his retreat unmolested, was yet caught up by the Prussians at Vionville on Tuesday morning, 16th, a place barely nine miles from Metz, and there compelled to arrest his retreat and to fight a battle. Now, what are we to conclude from this? If retreat to Verdun had really been intended on the 14th, the troops would not have commenced to withdraw from before the enemy east of the Moselle until every necessary arrangement

* The real distance is nearly double.

had been made for its unchecked prosecution. From this point of view delay was suicidal. If the head of the French column of march had only reached Vionville at 9 A.M. on the 16th, its rear could hardly have left the town at that hour. Judging in ignorance of the actual circumstances of the situation, we can only conclude that it was a part of Bazaine's plan, while pivoting on the fortress of Metz, the support of which was worth 50,000 additional troops, to entice the Prussians to attack him in strong positions in a series of engagements, not only in the hope of inflicting such loss as to reduce the disproportion of numbers, and of regilding by victory the tarnished prestige of the army, but with the object of gaining time for the arrival and organisation of the new levies which were being hurried forward to Chalons.

It was too late in the day for a general concentration at Chalons. Bazaine's retreat to that place would have been harassed; there was danger from the Crown Prince on his flank; and, failing injury from that quarter, the three German armies united would have reached Chalons almost pell-mell with the retreating French, to the obvious danger of the latter. The action of the Crown Prince's army alone, beyond going 'on the rampage' over the country, could insure no great result. MacMahon might elude an engagement, if too weak, by drawing off to a flank, and an advance on Paris was not to be thought of. This is the only light in which we can view this singular feature of the campaign.

To quit conjecture. At 9 A.M. on the 16th, Bazaine was attacked at Vionville by the cavalry of Von Alvensleben's 3rd Prussian corps, which crossed the Moselle probably at Pont Mousson. The French position, of which Vionville was the high point, followed the crest of a range of steep hills running towards Metz, and forming a semicircular curve convex towards the general direction of the Prussian attack, or towards the south. This position covered as far as Vionville the southern road from Metz to Verdun; on which, at the respective distances of seven and five miles from Metz, were the places known as Rezonville and Gravelotte. At Gravelotte the northern road to Verdun branches off and goes by Etain.

The Prussian cavalry, at first unsupported except by one infantry brigade, had received orders to stop the head of the French line of march at all hazards, and behaved with the most devoted bravery. To them arrived Von Alvensleben's infantry divisions; followed at a later period by the 10th corps, and later still by portions of the 8th and 9th corps, under Prince Frederick Charles; so that, if the Prussian official account is

trustworthy, the forces engaged on the German side could not exceed 80,000 infantry, 8000 cavalry, and 240 guns. Opposed as these were to the whole French army, they yet fought with desperate tenacity till nightfall, making, it is true, no progress against the French positions, but inflicting terrible losses, and capturing, according to the official account, two eagles, seven guns, and 2000 prisoners. At the close of the day the French line still covered the south Verdun road from Vionville to Metz, and the Germans remained in observation. Believing Bazaine to have been actually engaged in retreating on Verdun when he was attacked in the morning, King William was justified in stating in his telegram that the object of the battle had been completely attained. The loss of the Germans was estimated by themselves as exceeding 10,000 men, or about one-tenth of the whole number engaged on their side. Of the French loss in men we have no trustworthy account, but it was in all probability much less severe.

The 17th was employed on the German side in bringing into line from the east bank of the Moselle, over several bridges thrown across the river, the 2nd, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 12th corps, with the guards and artillery of the 3rd corps; so that, including the 3rd and 10th corps already in position, the King concentrated for the attack of the morrow eight corps d'armée with the artillery of the 1st corps in addition (the 1st corps was left under Von Manteuffel on the east side of the Moselle); the aggregate number being, after allowance made for previous losses, 190,000 infantry, 24,000 cavalry, and more than 600 guns. This force was now opposed to about 110,000 French infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 260 guns. To prevent their right from being outflanked by the superior forces opposed to them, a fresh disposition of the French army was made on the 17th. Their old position of the 16th, from Vionville to the Moselle, still formed the left wing; but the right, now thrown back at rather a sharp angle, extended from Vionville by St. Marcel (on the north Verdun road three miles from Gravelotte and eight from Metz) and Verneville, to St. Privat (on the road from Metz to Briey eight miles from Metz). Vionville, at the angle, thus formed the centre. St. Privat formed the extreme right, on a commanding hill with its steep slopes perfectly bare of cover, and its natural strength was enhanced by all the resources of engineering art.

Early in the morning of the 18th, the Guards, followed in succession by the 12th, 9th, 3rd, and 10th corps, began to wind like a huge snake round the salient point of the French position at Vionville. The 9th corps, wheeling to their right, came into
action

action against Verneville about noon; but the Guards, followed by the 12th corps, continued their march across the north Verdun road at St. Marcel, towards St. Privat. When the Guards reached the latter place, which was not till half-past three, they wheeled up to the right for attack; the 12th corps in the rear wheeling up in the same manner and prolonging the line towards the right. The 3rd and 10th corps, at first held in reserve, filled the gap between the 9th corps (engaged at Verneville) and Vionville. The 7th, 8th, and 2nd corps had been formed up for the attack of the French left wing from Vionville to the Moselle. These last opened fire about noon, but not seriously, until the turning movement of the French right wing was completed. The battle then became fierce and general. The Guards and 12th corps carried St. Privat and the positions in the neighbourhood. Verneville was taken by the 9th corps. The crests in front of Rezonville and Gravelotte were carried by the 7th and 8th corps; and at half-past eight, when the firing ceased, the French had lost ground everywhere, and fell back on all points towards Metz. A remarkable panic among the German troops before Gravelotte is reported by the correspondent of the 'Daily News' to have occurred just before the end of the battle. Cavalry, infantry, and artillery (he says) were rushing pell-mell to the rear; and half the army might have gone off, had not some quick-witted, intrepid men of the Ambulance Corps stopped the way by turning a gun across the road, and so giving time to the fugitives to recover their senses. They are a warlike race, these Hohenzollerns; the King, after the battle, slept on the field among his troops, and was well pleased to get a plate of rice and soup from a camp-kettle, after some fifteen hours on horseback, at the age of 72!

The 'Times' correspondent writes with reference to this battle:—

'The French seemed to serve their guns much quicker than the Prussians, but with less result; and I saw on one occasion a French battery engage a Prussian, which although it fired seven shots before the others did three, the three completely disabled the French battery, whose shot had been over them all the time. I spoke to an officer of artillery on the subject late in the day, and he completely confirmed me.'

He goes on to say that a little after three o'clock the fire of the mitrailleurs began steadily to decrease, and the French guns, invariably served with great rapidity, seemed equally to slacken; shewing either a deficiency of ammunition or that they were overpowered, as it is only reasonable to expect they would be, by

the great superiority of the Germans in artillery. The German loss was announced as 'commensurate with the greatness of their heroic achievements,' and the French loss was about 11,000, besides 4000 prisoners. Henceforth, we have done for some time with Bazaine's devoted army. As the French were protected from attack by the fortifications of Metz, the Germans surrounded the town with strong lines of circumvallation, which would enable them to dispense with a great part of the force before Metz to co-operate in an advance on Paris. The German armies were accordingly reorganised. Seven corps—viz., 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th corps—were left to maintain the investment on both sides of the Moselle: a fourth army was formed, composed of the Guards, the 12th corps, and the 4th corps just arrived from Germany, and was entrusted to the command of the Crown Prince of Saxony; it was destined to advance westward by the country between Verdun and the Belgian frontier, communicating by its left with the army of the Crown Prince of Prussia. The King transferred his headquarters to the latter at Bar-le-Duc, and the Germans now 'resolutely entered on their march to Paris.'

Let us avail ourselves of the breathing time thus afforded, while the impression of the above events is fresh, to inquire whether Bazaine might not have done better than await attack on the 18th by a force so greatly superior. The following are the data: Bazaine had an army, after deducting losses, of 130,000 of all arms. The distance from Metz to the different divisions varied from one to eight miles. On the night of the 17th the King's army had all passed to the western side of the Moselle, taking along with it even the artillery of Manteuffel's (1st) corps, which was left alone on the eastern bank to observe Metz, and to protect the German communications. Here was a rare opportunity. To reach and overwhelm Manteuffel, Bazaine's troops could march by the diameter, through the town and over the bridges of Metz, while to sustain him the German troops must march round the circumference, their nearest bridges being at a distance of 10 miles above the town. For this purpose the French divisions of the right wing, extending from Vionville to St. Privat, should have been withdrawn in succession from the right, before dawn on the 18th, the line of outposts being left to face the enemy to the last moment. The turning movement of the Germans by St. Privat was not completed until past three in the afternoon, and the whole country being thickly wooded, the withdrawal of the French could not have been discovered at the earliest before noon, when the first attack was made on the French right wing at Verneville by the 9th corps. This would have

have given the French a start in time alone of eight hours, which ought to have sufficed for the discomfiture of Manteuffel east of Metz, to say nothing of the advantage in distance. Owing to the position of the bridges, the German divisions nearest to the river would have to march at least twelve miles to succour Manteuffel, and the sound of the French guns would have been their first intimation of the necessity. There is a strong probability that the German divisions would have arrived to his support one after another, and would have been beaten in detail; and any attempt of the German corps, which had reached the Briey and North Verdun roads, to follow the French into the fortress would have been obviously hopeless, and just what Bazaine ought to desire. The operation was safe and easy, and if properly conducted must have succeeded; and even though the physical result might not have been great, the moral effect of such a success would have been of incalculable advantage to the army and to the nation. All military science is useless, if the possession of a secure central situation—between the two parts of a superior hostile army separated from each other by obstacles or by distance—is to confer no advantage to remedy the disproportion of numbers.

We must now return to the Crown Prince of Prussia. After the battle of Wörth, the Crown Prince followed in the general direction of MacMahon's retreat to Saverne; detaching the Baden and Würtemberg divisions to besiege Strasburg, and the 2nd Bavarian corps to invest Marsal, a fortified place on the main road between Sarrebourg and Metz, which capitulated after a short defence. Detachments were also sent against Petite Pierre, a small fort due north of Saverne, commanding a lateral road over the Vosges, which surrendered on summons; as well as against Phalsbourg, which place, commanded by a colonel of cavalry named Thieulle, still maintains an heroic defence and blocks the road leading from Saverne by Luneville to Nancy. Bitsche was likewise invested, but still flies the French flag.

Parties of the Crown Prince's cavalry entered Nancy on the 12th, cut the railway between Frouard junction and Metz on the 14th, and on the same day summoned Toul, the resistance of which place under Colonel Talhouet has excited so much interest. On the 15th they were at Commercy, and on the 17th were reported at Vitry. The head-quarters of the army advancing in their rear were at Luneville the 18th, at Nancy the 19th; at Vaucouleurs, whence a force was detached to besiege Toul, which has just surrendered after a defence that will live in history, on the 21st; and at Ligny on the 24th. The Crown Prince's

Prince's army now consisted of the 5th, 6th, and 11th Prussian corps, with the 1st and 2nd Bavarians; and King William established his head-quarters with this army at Bar-le-Duc on the last-named day;—on which day also Vitry, a small fortress seventeen miles south-east of Chalons, surrendered to a Prussian detachment.

We now turn to MacMahon at Chalons. The force there collected seems to have been composed of the remnant of his own corps, 16,000 sabres and bayonets; De Failly's corps, 20,000; Felix Douay's, 15,000; Canrobert's, 15,000; the 12th corps, formed by Trochu, who was appointed Governor of Paris on the 18th, 30,000; with 450 guns, making a grand total of about 105,000 men, all good troops, to whom were added some 35,000 newly organised levies of the Garde Mobile, who had received no military training whatever before they put on their uniforms for the present campaign. That the discipline of a portion of this force was far from reassuring, may be gathered from the story of the pillage of some supply trains at Chalons, in which it was stated that men of all arms of the service were observed to take part. With this force, even increased as it would have been in a few days by the arrival of Vinoy's corps from Paris, success in barring the road to the capital would have been extremely doubtful. Three alternatives presented themselves for choice: 1. To fall back on Paris for the purpose of assuring its successful defence, if besieged; 2. To draw off to a flanking position of observation, having Lyons in the rear, with the new levies there in course of formation; 3. To break up suddenly and secretly from Chalons, and by forced marches round the northern circumference of the circle, on the diameter of which the 4th German army was marching westward, to fall like a thunderbolt on the rear of the investing force at Metz—in combination with Bazaine's army to defeat it—and then with an united army of 250,000 men, encouraged by this victory, and with France in a good heart, to oblige the Germans to begin the game again almost from the commencement. MacMahon chose the last alternative. It was a great resolution, and one which probably in a similar strait would have been adopted by the First Napoleon. But for its successful execution moments were more precious than rubies.

The Crown Prince's army was in full march for Chalons when MacMahon, on the 21st, quitted that place for Rheims, and the leading German columns entered Chalons on the 24th. The French general might reckon confidently that his intentions would not be revealed to Von Moltke for some days after his arrival at Rheims; and, in fact, it was not until the 24th that the news reached the royal head-quarters at Bar-le-Duc that Chalons
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had been evacuated. The data on which MacMahon was to act were then as follows. Having, as it appears, sent from Chalons his cavalry and part of his guns, by Suippe and Vouziers towards Montmedy; his infantry was at Rheims on the 21st, and at Rethel on the 22nd. Up to this point he was perfectly secure. The Crown Prince's head-quarters were on the last-named day still at Vaucouleurs, and it was on that day only that the formation of the 4th army at Metz was completed, and its command assumed by the Crown Prince of Saxony.

If we turn to the map, we find that from Rethel to Montmedy, passing by Le Chêne, Stonne, Beaumont, and Stenay, the distance is about forty-eight miles, or three days' easy march for any army in good condition. MacMahon did not leave Rethel until the 25th, and we are ignorant of the causes which detained him at that place two clear days: he probably waited in the hope of being joined by Vinoy's corps, and continued his march on finding that it could not leave Paris until the 28th, fearing so large a sacrifice of time; but marching on the 25th by road, his first halt would have been at Le Chêne, nineteen miles; on the 26th Beaumont, fourteen miles, would have been the halting-place; and on the 27th a march of sixteen miles would have carried him to Montmedy, past the right flank of the 4th Army, and even without a graze; for although there was a collision at Buzancy on the 27th, that was on the southern road by which the French cavalry was marching from Chalons by Vouziers, and it was nothing more than a fight between two regiments of French and Saxon cavalry. The 4th Army had attacked Verdun unsuccessfully on the 26th, and leaving a force to besiege that place, its 12th corps had passed the Meuse before its direction was changed to the north; so that it was not till the 30th that it reached Beaumont, by which time MacMahon, who by our hypothesis would have quitted Beaumont on the 27th, ought to have been at Metz. The calculation might well have appeared almost a certainty; but it was baffled by the tardiness of the French movements, arising from causes of which we still remain in ignorance.

To return to facts. The evacuation of Chalons became known at the German head-quarters on the 24th. On the 26th, the 3rd and 4th Armies, in constant communication by means of their cavalry, still had their faces turned towards Paris. On the 27th, however, all doubt of MacMahon's intentions being dispelled, the direction of the armies was changed to the north, and the Prussian 'Retiarius' prepared first to throw his net over his victim, and afterwards to destroy him. The two Bavarian corps of the 3rd Army were sent by Varennes to join the 12th corps of
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the 4th Army: these together marched up the left or western bank of the Meuse; while the Guards and 4th corps, also belonging to the 4th Army, marched up the right bank in communication with the others: at the same time, the remaining corps of the 3rd Army, which were then at Rheims, Chalons, and Vitry, were ordered to converge in the general direction of Sedan. Thus on the 30th, the 5th and 11th corps of the 3rd Army were at Stonne, seven miles west of Beaumont; while the 12th corps of the 4th Army, joined with the 1st Bavarians and having the 2nd Bavarians advancing in their rear, was at Beaumont; and the remaining two corps of the 4th Army were on the east of the Meuse, on the same front as Beaumont.

The collision took place in this wise. The Saxons and Bavarians, advancing through a wooded country from Beaumont, learnt from their scouts when a few miles from Mouzon that an enemy was in their front. This proved to be De Failly's French corps, marching up the left bank of the Meuse; the main body, under MacMahon in person, marching in the same direction, between the Meuse and the Chiens rivers, their common goal being Montmedy. The Germans having made all their dispositions under cover of the woods, surprised De Failly's troops by a sudden attack, which drove them back fighting to Mouzon; where MacMahon, who was also attacked by the Prussian Guards and 4th corps, had to fight a battle at great disadvantage, on account of the necessity of extricating De Failly. That general ultimately got across the river at Mouzon, and then the French army, with a loss of twenty guns and several thousand prisoners, retreated on Sedan by the bridge over the Chiens at Douzy, and occupied the strong heights above Bazeilles, covering the approach to Sedan. The corps of the 4th Army, now separated again from those of the 3rd Army, occupied Carignan; and next morning, 31st, advanced from that place on Sedan. The several corps of the 3rd Army received the following direction: the 1st and 2nd Bavarians by Roncourt on Remilly; the 5th and 11th corps from Stonne, by Chemery, towards Donchery; and the Würtemberg division, released from before Strasburg by the arrival of Landwehr from Germany, was directed from Le Chêne by Vendresse and Bautencourt towards the Meuse, at a point about three miles west of Donchery. The 6th corps was coming up from the south-west, too far behind to take part in the battle of the morrow. An attack made in the afternoon by the Saxons on the left of MacMahon's position, as well as by the Bavarians on his right, was repulsed; and the success gave such encouragement to the Emperor, that he telegraphed to Paris that all was going

going well, and that he had no doubt of obtaining a signal victory. In the course of the night of the 31st all the dispositions above detailed were completed.

The sun of the 1st September rose on perhaps the greatest event of modern history. To describe the battle of Sedan is beyond our province; and the daily papers have supplied the public with all the thrilling incidents of which their intrepid correspondents were the observers. It must suffice to say that the Germans enveloped the French position on all sides. The Saxon Crown Prince attacked from the direction of Givonne; the Bavarians crossed the Meuse at Bazeilles over pontoon bridges and by the railway bridge left standing through some unaccountable neglect by the French; the 5th and 11th Corps crossed by pontoon bridges at Donchery, and circled round the French positions to the north, cutting off retreat to Belgium; while the Würtemburgers watched the direction of Mezières. MacMahon, with about 125,000 men and 350 guns, had to withstand 200,000 men with at least 650 guns. The preponderance in men might have been remedied by strength of ground; but the crushing superiority in artillery was decisive, and enabled the Germans to play with their victim as a cat with a mouse. Enfiladed along all their lines of defence in succession, they were driven from one position to another, until at length the French army rushed pell-mell into Sedan, where, in a still more contracted space, the German shells from the heavy batteries continued their work of destruction with even more terrible effect. The battle had commenced at five in the morning, and at five in the afternoon the apparition of a French general waving a flag on the summit of the parapet of Sedan announced to the Germans their astonishing victory. MacMahon has been severely criticised for not having occupied a hill about three-quarters of a mile beyond the left of his position, from which the Germans enfiladed his line with their artillery; but it would seem to have been only a choice of evils. To have occupied the hill as an isolated post would have been useless; and to extend his line so as to embrace the hill within his general position would have dangerously weakened his front. The Emperor, who during four hours appears to have courted death in the thickest press of the battle, sent an aide-de-camp to the King of Prussia with the note following:—*Mon frère, n'ayant pu mourir à la tête de mes troupes, je dépose mon épée aux pieds de votre Majesté.*—*NAPOLÉON.* Early in the day, MacMahon having been seriously wounded by a shell, the chief command devolved on General Wimpfen, who on his arrival with the army from Algeria only the day before, had assumed the direction of the corps

corps of De Failly, removed as it is said for disobedience of orders. Wimpfen declared he would rather die than submit to the terms of unconditional surrender dictated by the King in reply to the Emperor's note. The night passed in Sedan in horrible uncertainty, confusion, and suffering. In the morning the German troops were put in motion, to convince Wimpfen of the hopelessness of resistance, by occupying positions from which they could destroy the town and all within its walls; for Sedan was a mere shell-trap, armed with obsolete ordnance, unprovided with advanced works, and commanded on all sides by hills within easy range of modern artillery. General Wimpfen accordingly signed a capitulation, by which a marshal of France with between eighty and ninety thousand French soldiers surrendered as prisoners of war with the whole materiel of the army. Some three thousand are said to have made their way during the confusion of the fight into Belgium, where they were immediately disarmed; the remainder of the army which MacMahon had led from Chalons had been killed or wounded or taken in the three days' fighting. Some of the French troops, and notably the Marine infantry, behaved magnificently in the battle; others, it is said, did not stand at all.

Far away at Metz, Bazaine, in the hope that MacMahon was close at hand, attempted the plan we have argued he should have adopted on the 18th, by carrying his army over the bridges of the town and breaking out on the weakest portion of the investing force on the east of the Moselle. This was on the evening of 31st; but all the conditions were different, the Germans having supplied the want of numbers with the spade. They had, moreover, organised a telegraphic communication all round Metz, by means of which eight thousand men could be collected at any one spot in fifteen minutes, and twenty-two thousand men in twenty-eight minutes; and the weak German force on the side attacked was thus enabled to hold its own until the arrival, at the end of five and six hours respectively, of two additional corps from the western side, passing over pontoon bridges at Argancy and Hanconcourt. The result was that, although the French persisted in their efforts during great part of the night and through the following day, they were unable to accomplish their object.

With the capitulation of Sedan, which terminates perhaps only the first act of this tremendous drama, we drop the curtain; leaving it to others to follow the advance of the German armies on Paris, and reserving for ourselves space for a few concluding remarks.

MacMahon is of far higher quality, both as a man and as a soldier,

soldier, than Bazaine, whose Mexican antecedents are by no means in his favour; and of all the leaders engaged in the campaign, MacMahon stands out as perhaps the most prominent figure of interest. Nearly all the hard work has fallen to his share; a perverse fate has denied him, on every occasion of trial, the smallest chances of success; and we are much mistaken if time does not reveal a remarkable history of difficulties as yet unappreciated against which he has had to contend. He cannot justly be blamed because the enemy at Wörth outnumbered him so greatly. His movement against the Crown Prince on that occasion was imperatively prescribed from head-quarters, for the purpose of revenging the disaster of Weissenburg; and General Abel Douay's surprise at the latter place could not have happened if the French outpost duty had been properly performed. The general distribution of the army along the frontier, in small bodies so far advanced beyond their supports, and within striking reach of a superior enemy, cannot be too severely blamed; but that distribution was arranged by the Chief of the Staff, speaking with the authority of the Emperor. The commander of a mere corps can never be in a position to ascertain the numbers and general positions of a hostile army; correct information on those points belongs to the '*haute politique militaire*'—to the Government, in fact, who regulate the general distribution of their own forces on the intelligence they may have obtained. MacMahon's conduct as a General in battle can hardly be surpassed. At Wörth it appeared to intelligent witnesses as if, in spite of the enormous odds, he was about to gain the day; and his tactical skill drew forth the admiration of his adversaries. His demeanour during the retreat reminds us of Marshal Ney. There is perhaps no human event so trying to the nerves as to be hurried along in the resistless stream of a confused and flying multitude; and how must that trial be intensified for the commander who a few hours earlier, in the sure confidence of victory, marshalled those disordered and panic-stricken masses in a beautiful and terrible array, and who knows well that, rightly or wrongly, the vials of wrath of a disappointed nation and of a discomfited army will be poured on his devoted head as the cause. From out the furnace of responsibility and adversity MacMahon's character has emerged pure. If he is dead, his memory will be irradiated by a glory with which none gained by other leaders in this war can in any way compare. If he still lives, we here, through the pen of a humble comrade, offer him in his captivity the heartfelt tribute of our respect and of our warmest admiration.

We have egregiously failed in our endeavours, if the foregoing recital does not sufficiently reveal the causes of the unprecedented
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ruin which has overtaken the French army. These may be summed up as follows:—

1. The enormous superiority of the Germans in number—a disadvantage only to be mitigated by commanding genius for war, which was on the French side totally wanting. By the theory of their military system, the French should have been able to place in the field a larger numerical force than the North Germans; and their failure in this respect, as well as the untrained condition of their reserve forces, only proves how useless the best laws must be where their administration is corrupt or incapable.

2. The absolute unity of command and concert of operation secured by the constitution of the Prussian military hierarchy, by which the King, as Commander-in-Chief, exacted implicit obedience from his different armies to execute the strategical plans of Von Moltke—as contrasted with the indecision which marked the French councils, and the jealousies of rival Generals, which, it is said, on more than one occasion marred the prescribed arrangements.

3. The superior *mechanism* of the German army, ensured by entrusting Von Roon with all the details involved in its complete equipment and supply, joined to the *entire absence of jealousy which enabled the Chief of the Staff and the Minister of War to act in fullest concert.*

The incapacity of the French departments of supply has been loudly proclaimed by the French soldiers themselves; although the testimony of men mortified by defeat must be open to suspicion, arising from the obvious temptation to find any other causes for their failure than their own misconduct. But the concurrent testimony from many quarters would seem to establish that in almost every battle the French infantry and guns, having at an early hour expended their ammunition by wild firing, were unprovided with a proper reserve supply.

Owing to their uninterrupted success we have seen no signs of the 'pinching of the shoe' with the Germans; but we are not to conclude on that account that all was rose-coloured among them. According to the correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph,' writing from the camp near Forbach only two days after their victory at that place, and on a line of railroad leading directly to the Rhine, the Prussian troops were in a state of fearful destitution. The supply trains were so far in the rear that for two days the men had nothing to eat but a small piece of bread for each man, hardly sufficient for one meal; and they begged ravenously for a bit of the English correspondent's bread. They were wet to the skin; many of them were ill; and wet straw was all they had to lie on. They had no tents, and were called out from
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the shelter of the houses to lie down in the mud under the pelting rain, which extinguished their camp fires. The horses were also 'suffering dreadfully from want of forage.' And all this on their own frontier!

4. The superior steadiness, intelligence, and discipline of the German soldiers.

These are the qualities to which it is attributable that both the artillery and infantry fire of the Germans was more deliberate and more effective than that of the French, and that when the cartridges of the latter were expended, their adversaries still possessed an ample supply; a consideration which is of itself sufficient to account for French defeats.

5. The superior professional training of the Prussian officers.

6. The superiority of the Germans in outpost duty; and the dash and intelligence of their light cavalry in obtaining correct information, on which success in war depends more than on any other single element whatever. Of the eight battles terminating with Sedan, four of them—Weissenburg, Forbach, Courcelles, and Beaumont—were palpable surprises for the French. With respect to Beaumont, it is quite possible that but for the negligence of De Failly, MacMahon might have marched over the Crown Prince of Saxony on the day of that battle.

When we consider that all these elements of superiority were combined and directed to one clearly defined end by the greatly superior ability of the Prussian strategist, the result seems no longer wonderful.

The general strategy of the campaign on the German side, as well as the rapid and correct execution of the various combinations by masses of men unexampled in modern history, command our highest admiration. After giving the subject the calmest consideration, we are unable to resist the conclusion that the Prussian army, in its numbers, composition, and organisation, is the most tremendous engine of war, for a short effort, which the world has ever seen. We fairly own that this display of enormous physical power, directed by the highest intelligence, makes us tremble for the fate of Europe.

We cannot say we are impressed in an equal degree with the tactical ability of the German leaders. At Forbach the Prussian General took the initiative, and fought the battle during great part of the day with inferior numbers, when a few hours' delay in the attack would have given him a superiority which ought to have ensured victory without so large a sacrifice of men. And the overwhelming superiority of the Germans, both at Weissenburg and Wörth, at least three to one, should have rendered their victory certain without incurring such terrible losses.

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At Mars-le-Tour, in the belief that Bazaine would otherwise escape them, the German Generals may be excused if they decided deliberately to sacrifice men for the object of nailing the French army to Metz; but, on the 18th, with their enormous superiority, nearly two to one in men and more than that proportion in guns, and the delay of a few hours being, under the circumstances, of no consequence, it does appear rather reckless management which sent their heroic soldiers again and again to the front attack of strong positions, before their artillery had made the task of the infantry somewhat more easy, and before the completion of a turning movement threatening the enemy's rear, of which their superior force rendered the accomplishment easy.

They seem to have become more cautious at Sedan, as all accounts concur in stating that to have been an artillery battle. Still we concede freely that the time has hardly arrived for dogmatising, and that our conclusions might be reversed by a more accurate knowledge of details. As to the rank and file, no country ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who have fought in the German ranks. The French, too, have magnificently fought a losing battle from the first. Out-numbered, out-generalled, deprived of all fair chances of success, their tenacity and endurance have been truly heroic. So far as courage is concerned, there is not much to choose on either part. The stories of the misbehaviour of some of the French infantry at Sedan must be taken in connexion with what we know to have been the composition of MacMahon's army, a large proportion having been new and untrained levies; and our admiration of the tenacity with which they fought generally at that place must be heightened by remembering that up to that moment the French had not gained a single success against the army, out-numbering them by nearly two to one, with which they were then engaged.

To admirers of the French army, of whom there are many in England, the failure of its officers to inspire respect among the men, and the scandalous disorders of the latter under reverses, are painful in the extreme. We have already expressed the opinion that the democratic constitution of the French army, doubtless a powerful engine so long as the genius of a Napoleon nails victory to its colours, must inevitably break down under reverses which try the confidence of the soldier in his superiors. The correspondent of a daily paper thus relates his own experience:—

'I have just been told a strange story by a French officer who was made prisoner at Sedan. He says that a French general was mistaken for De Failly on the battle-field and torn to pieces by the soldiers.

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Now, General de Failly is alive, and has been seen at the head-quarters of General Chazal, in Luxemburg. "No one will ever know how many French officers have been killed by their soldiers," said the witness of this horrible scene.

'If I were to write what is said here by the prisoners, of the disorder and the want of discipline in the French army, I should certainly have little chance to be believed; accordingly I prefer to hold my tongue, and not to trouble your readers with unlikely stories which would be considered either inventions or gross exaggerations.'

On the other hand, the testimony to the discipline and good behaviour of the German troops is generally favourable; though the burning of Bazeilles, in which the Bavarian troops appear to have been guilty of the most revolting conduct,* is a horrible exception.

* In the conflicting statements upon this subject it has been difficult hitherto to arrive at the truth. But we fear we must place reliance upon the impartial correspondent of the 'Daily News,' which paper has greatly distinguished itself throughout the war by the accuracy of its information. His statement, published in the 'Daily News' of October 6, is in substance as follows:—'From the strength of the houses, the French troops, and a number of *Francs-tireurs*, believed they would be able to hold the place successfully against the enemy; and there can be no doubt that a desperate conflict happened in the streets. The Bavarians lost heavily, but it was in a fair fight with the French soldiers; and the massacre of the inhabitants those who survive declare to have been of the most unwarrantable character. In answer to my questions, men, women, and priests most indignantly denied that any atrocity had been committed upon wounded Bavarians. They did tell me of one woman whose husband and sons had been killed by the soldiers, who from her own house fired upon the Bavarians, killing two. Because of her it will hardly be said the village was destroyed. Yet upon her shoulders and those of the *Francs-tireurs* the Prussians lay the responsibility of what followed. During the fight, certain things took place which have not yet been made public. A woman of independent means, named Ducheny, was so foully abused by the soldiers—and that phrase is intended to describe the most serious outrage that can be inflicted upon woman—that she died three days afterwards. This fact was attested by the priest, who confessed the woman in her dying moments. Her house was subsequently set on fire, and the outer walls only now remain. Many of the villagers, deceived by the proclamations of the Germans, remained, believing that war was not made upon them. When the fight commenced numbers hid themselves in the cellars of their houses. M. Robarts, a wealthy brewer, and his servant, were dragged from the cellar of their house and shot. In another house, two children, named Dehays, one six months, and the other eighteen months old, were pitched from the window of their house into the street by the Bavarians, then thrown back again into the house, which was set on fire, and the children burnt; but their parents escaped. A young man named Remy, thirty-two years of age, who had been confined to his bed two years with a spinal complaint, was bayonnetted and killed as he lay on his couch. In another house, a man named Vanchelet, his daughter, his brother-in-law, and his father-in-law, were fastened in the cellar and burnt to death. Their charred remains were subsequently buried by some of their neighbours who had known them. Cofin Chartier, a married man with a family, was wounded by a ball in the shoulder and made a prisoner. He was tied up, naked, in the railway station for eight days, and then died from his wound. Henry Aubergiste, landlord of the Golden Lion, was shot on the doorstep of his house. These are the names of some of the sufferers, and I have no doubt that a complete list of those killed may be obtained when the Prussians are gone. But at present, out of a population of nearly two thousand, scarcely fifty remain.'

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This contrast in the discipline of the two armies suggests a reflection that may be made practically useful to ourselves.

The beaten army is officered on democratic principles, that is, largely from the ranks, and its soldiers under reverses are as dangerous to their superiors as wild beasts.

The victorious army is officered exclusively by the aristocracy, and submits to a strictness of discipline which is unknown even in our own service, to the extent of blows inflicted by officers on the rank and file.

It is true the confidence of the latter in their superiors has not yet been tried by reverses; still we shall do well in England to remember these facts when we are urged to make an organic change in the class of our officers by a large infusion of blood from the ranks.

We are not aware that the experience of the present contest has furnished any new conclusions for our guidance. That all cavalry should be light cavalry; that the trooper should be armed with a revolver in place of a carbine; that the killing weight carried by our troop horses should be decreased by at least one-fourth; that to send cavalry against infantry in formation armed with breech-loaders would be simply to sacrifice the former; that the movement of our infantry should be more rapid; that its light infantry training should be more intelligent, so as to obtain all the speed of irregularity and yet to divest it of confusion; that infantry movements should be constantly practised in extended order, even for the supposed attack of a position; that the tendency of men armed with breech-loaders to waste their ammunition should be checked by every possible means that can be devised; have been urged by more than one English military writer ever since the war of the spoliation of Denmark. But the elaborate professional training of the officers of the Prussian line, and the wise provisions to ensure a supply of instructed officers and non-commissioned officers for the reserve forces of Prussia, may well be imitated to our advantage, in so far as those measures may be applicable to our institutions and our national character. We can perceive no well-founded objection to requiring all nominees to commissions in the regular army to pass six months in the ranks before exercising the functions of an officer, associating with the officers when not on duty, and living at their own charges in lodgings or in barracks. The provision of instructed officers for the Militia is one of the problems most loudly calling for solution. The principal obstruction lies in the patronage now exercised by Lord Lieutenants,¹ and should be swept out of the way. The half-pay list offers obvious facilities for achieving this object partially, provided

vided always we are prepared to incur a small additional expense. But the system by which the Prussian Landwehr is officered, as detailed in the foregoing pages, is at least worth an experiment among ourselves.

The one great lesson, however, which the English people should lay to heart is that any military system which is to stand the test of war must be perfected experimentally during peace, and that it will be too late to begin to organise after the storm of war has overtaken us. The English people must be told that the army for which they pay so dearly is a mere rabble of battalions—battalions highly disciplined, no doubt, but still a rabble, entirely destitute of any machinery for combined action. The Militia and Volunteers have no connection with the regular army or with each other, and are, moreover, very imperfectly trained. The only remedy for this state of things is to adopt such a territorial organisation of our military force as shall give to each of its now isolated units its defined place in the grand army of England: with this view, to divide the whole country into military districts; to form in each district permanent mixed brigades of regular, militia, and volunteer battalions, with their proper staff, which shall be assembled yearly in district camps of exercise; and, finally, to provide each district with the stores and equipment necessary to enable its division or brigade to take the field, fully prepared for war, on the mere order to mobilise. The military reforms of the War Minister have resulted, so far, only in a reduction of our battalions and squadrons to a numerical strength which excites ridicule or alarm, according to the disposition of the observer. Twenty thousand efficient soldiers have been discharged, and no provision made, except in theory, for supplying their place. The recruiting, which was supposed to be going on favourably, has received a check; the inducements offered by Mr. Cardwell to old soldiers to enrol in the ranks of the reserve have been ludicrously ineffective; and the whole of the civil departments of the army are in a transition state! And the consequence of all this is, that when England aspires to exercise any influence in European affairs, her counsels are met with a civility that hardly conceals contempt. Let there be no mistake, however, in this matter. It is the English people themselves, and not any particular Government, who are answerable for the state of our military armaments, which we have above described without any exaggeration. ‘The army estimates must be cut down despite the storm of military criticism, and departmental improvements may follow afterwards’ was the language of the leading

organ of public opinion. But the people appear to be now thoroughly aroused, to feel it is high time to have done with trifling; and if the present Government is not prepared to act in earnest, let it make way for one which will endeavour to restore England to her position among the nations, which the so called economical policy of successive administrations has so seriously compromised.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Geschichte der Revolutionszeit von 1789 bis 1795*. Von Heinrich von Sybel. Dritte, vermehrte u. verbesserte Aufl. 3 Bde. Düsseldorf, 1865-6.
2. *History of the French Revolution*. By Heinrich von Sybel. Translated from the third edition of the original German work, by Walter C. Perry, Esq. 4 vols. London, 1867-70.
3. *Oesterreich und Preussen gegenüber der französischen Revolution bis zum Abschluss des Friedens von Campo Formio*. Von Hermann Hüffer. Bonn, 1868.
4. *Oesterreich und Deutschland im Revolutionskrieg. Ergänzungsheft zur Geschichte der Revolutionszeit von 1778 bis 1793*. Von Heinrich von Sybel. Düsseldorf, 1868.
5. *Die Politik der deutschen Mächte im Revolutionskriege bis zum Frieden von Campo Formio*. Von Hermann Hüffer. Münster, 1869.
6. *Polens Untergang und der Revolutionskrieg*. Von Heinrich von Sybel. In *Sybel's Historische Zeitschrift*, vol. xiii. 1. Heft. Munich, 1870.

THE most important contribution, yet offered to our knowledge of the epoch of the French Revolution by the research and intelligence of the modern school of German historians, is fitly dedicated to its veteran chief, the illustrious Leopold von Ranke. Master and disciple are worthy of one another; and there is an organic connexion between their labours. For it is not as an isolated series of events that Professor von Sybel treats the great convulsion of government and society in France; nor as a mere supplement to the history of the French Revolution that he traces the relations between its progress and the general history of Europe during a momentous period of seven years. It was not, indeed, he reminds us, the political programme of the Assembly of 1789, but it was the same object which that Assembly hoped to obtain for France, which the nations of Europe had been struggling to reach ever since the close of the Middle Ages. 'That object was the removal of all unfounded
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and imaginary authority, the loosing of all arbitrary bonds, the overthrow of all unnatural barriers.' In matters political this war against ancient institutions had been opened, not by the peoples, but by the monarchs of the eighteenth century. Their self-confidence, their oblivion of the eternal laws of humanity in the midst of their schemes for ameliorating the condition of mankind, led them into deplorable errors and excesses. It was as if their efforts had been designed to illustrate the intolerance which may accompany crude theories of toleration, and the blindness which is the occasional result of a too sudden enlightenment. The same is doubly true of the reforms attempted in the democratic revolution of the French people. This Revolution was in its origin due to the same impulses 'which had formerly brought Germany into conflict with the hierarchy, raised Holland against Spain, England against the Stuarts, and America against England.' But it was the fatal error of the Revolution to 'declare war, not only against pretended authority, but against all moral laws whatever, and thus to falsify every one of its immense tasks.' Thus the French nation was involved in the inevitable chain of consequences which entails crime as the result of wrong; and thus the acceleration of the overthrow of feudalism, which Europe owes to the Revolution, was outweighed by permanent evils. It failed, not because its object, the destruction of the ancient order of things, was in itself perverse, but because the French nation entered upon the movement 'under a heavy load of inveterate immorality.' Accordingly, both what was good and what was bad in the French Revolution, were the historical heritage of the past.* Neither, therefore, the 'ideas of 1789,' nor the excesses and horrors of the September men and their successors, furnish history with the basis for her judgment of the French Revolution.

'What revolution is in internal affairs, conquest is in foreign policy.' The myth, still venerated in certain quarters, according to which the excesses of the Revolution were due to the pressure exercised by the menaces of the European powers, has not only been discredited under the light of candid historical inquiry; but it sinned *à priori* against the irrefutable principle that revolutionary states must be conquering states, and conquering states revolutionary. Yet the fatal course of the movement would not so utterly have changed the face of Europe, had not another revolutionary, and conquering, power co-operated from the East. The tyranny of Catharine of Russia was as revolutionary in its origin and in its essence as that of the *Comité*

* See the 'General Review' in chap. i. book v. pp. 193 ff. vol. ii. of the English Translation.

du Salut Public. She sat on a throne to which she had no shadow of right, and which she had reached by violence and murder; she ruled, a foreigner, over a people who hated her and loathed her sway. Church and State were alike prostrate under her feet. No personal liberty, and no real security of property, existed in Russia under her dominion. The Czarina was the 'mother of the poor' just as the Jacobins were the patrons of the mob. She, too, as a despot, was necessarily a conqueror. Her very immorality corresponded, like that of the revolutionary tyrants, to the moral decay of her people. Her foreign policy, directed in the first instance towards the acquisition of Poland, in the second towards that of Constantinople, came to absorb all the energy of her government. The danger to Europe from the East was equal to that from the West: and from these two quarters the tempest of revolution and conquest broke over Europe. In the midst lay the conservative powers of Austria and Prussia. The former, encumbered rather than strengthened by the empty honour of the Imperial crown on her sovereign's head, was hesitating for the last time as to the abandonment of a policy into which the welfare of Germany, as such, entered even as a subordinate element. The latter was a Great Power, and yet not a Great Power; jealous of her new territories, yet trembling for their security; proud of her military strength, yet chary of spending a single unnecessary dollar in its maintenance, and conscious rather of her historical rivalry with Austria than of her destiny to oust the latter from the beginning of Germany. Unfortunately for themselves and for Europe, both were still absolute monarchies, and both, during the period of the Revolutionary war, were ruled over by sovereigns utterly devoid of comprehension of their tasks. The worst foibles of the Habsburgs and of the Hohenzollerns were respectively predominant in Francis II. and in Frederick William II. Called upon to govern as well as reign, the former was a mixture of selfish stolidity and intriguing greed, with Viennese *bonhomie* in his words and Florentine perfidy in his heart; while the latter was a romantic pietist, fond of military glory so far as it reflects upon a king, but in matters of state always incapable of leading, and frequently incapable of being led, in the direction of a policy at once vigorous and intelligent.* Around and about them lay the minor principalities of the Empire, the owner or life-tenant of each trembling for its existence,

* King George III. described his royal brother to Lord Malmesbury (when setting out for Berlin) as 'an honest man at the bottom, although a weak one.' ('Diaries and Correspondence of the Earl of Malmesbury,' vol. iii. p. 6.) His honesty, or obstinacy, was of the kind which holds out till the eleventh hour,—and then gives way.

and ready to purchase its continuance on any terms and in any quarter. Yet the sole guarantee for the preservation of the empire lay in union between Austria and Prussia; and that union a war against the Revolution could only consolidate, if Austria and Prussia carried it on with the determination of maintaining the very *status quo* which it lay in the dynastic interests of either to overthrow. If, on the other hand, the two great German Powers regarded the revolutionary operations of France in the West, and of Russia in the East, not as the danger of Germany, but as their own opportunity, the end of that war was not to be foreseen. And thus it came to pass. The history of the Revolutionary War is summed up by Professor von Sybel in a metaphor, of which few will be disposed to dispute the truthfulness:—‘While the furious storm with its dashing waves was undermining the protecting dams, the warders were quarrelling about the fragments of the wrecks which drifted towards them.’—vol. ii. p. 373. (*Engl. Translation.*)

In his account of these quarrels among the warders, *i.e.* in his narrative of the attempts of Austria and Prussia to make harvest for themselves out of the proceedings and ulterior schemes of Catharine of Russia on the one hand, and on the other out of the progress of the very French war in which they were engaged as combatants, we surmise that the majority of Sybel's readers will find the most attractive, because the most novel, portion of his volumes. Yet his book, to be appreciated as it deserves, should be appreciated as a whole. It is not yet indeed, in one sense, complete; for the peace of Basle, with which it concludes, only closes the first act in the great European drama; just as the dissolution of the National Convention at Paris constitutes only a preliminary warning of the fall of the French Republic. No thorough view of the Austrian policy will of course have been obtained until the narrative has been continued (as we rejoice to find Professor von Sybel intends to continue it) as far as Campo Formio; and we even live in hopes that Häusser's friend may supplement the labours of the lamented Heidelberg historian as far as Luneville and Amiens.* Yet, as the book stands, it finds a natural termination in the events of the year 1795; and the mighty figure of Buonaparte only falls as a shadow of the future across the pages of its concluding volume.

Within these limits the author has sought to reach that kind of completeness which lies neither in the accumulation of

* We observe that a fourth edition is now appearing of Ludwig Häusser's admirable work, ‘*Deutsche Geschichte vom Tode Friedrichs des Grossen bis zur Gründung des deutschen Bundes.*’ We shall occasionally refer to the third edition (Berlin, 1861-3).

striking details, nor in a profusion of so-called suggestive touches, but in a lucid disposal of the results of a research which has allowed few, if any, among the necessary materials to escape its notice. His research may, indeed, as his opponent Professor Hüffer (of whom more hereafter) has endeavoured to show, have at one time not been without its occasional gaps, but it is undoubtedly such as to qualify him for speaking with authority on the transactions discussed in these volumes. With regard to the internal course of the French Revolution, he has, in addition to the enormous mass of materials already at the disposal of historical students, and to the Departmental Histories, which, though open to use, have been hitherto little considered out of France, consulted a variety of papers in the Imperial Archives, dating from the period of the *Comités du Salut Public*. These have enabled him to furnish much new information concerning the foreign policy of the first *Comité*, as well as concerning the trials of Hébert and Danton, and the fall of Robespierre. He has accordingly treated these latter events with exceptional fullness; and among those portions of his book which deal more especially with French events, those touching Robespierre seem to us to merit particular attention. The perverse attempts to 'rehabilitate' this one man, at the expense of the whole mass of his fellows, have never yet been more completely, and at the same time more calmly, exposed. Those who prefer to arrange historical facts as data for the solution of psychological problems, may continue to speculate on the innate nobility of Robespierre's soul, or upon the moral elevation of his ultimate objects. But those who still believe, or affect to believe, that his dictatorship had for its end the liberation of France from the system of the Terror, will do well to reconsider their view with the aid of the evidence supplied by the History before us.*

For his narrative of the relations between the French Governments and foreign Powers, and among those Powers themselves, Professor von Sybel has enjoyed many and unusual facilities. Russia, indeed, has preferred to retain the publication of her historical documents in her own hands; but the works of Miliutin and others have been of invaluable aid to the German historian. Up to a very recent date, the Austrian Government had pursued a policy of a still more doubtful kind with regard to its archives. They were opened only to eyes which might be expected to take a friendly view of their contents. Unfortunately for the readers of the German editions of his History, Professor von Sybel was not among those who could lay claim to an exceptional

* See the 4th chapter of the 8th and the first chapter of the 10th Books of Sybel's *History*.

welcome at Vienna. On the other hand, his opponents were aided in their endeavours to confute his views, by enjoying access to evidence which he was obliged to take on their showing. The judicious liberality of the present Austrian Chancellor has at last lifted the veil of which hitherto only corners had been allowed to be raised by sympathising hands. Under the direction of the distinguished Austrian historian, Alfred von Arneth, the archives of Vienna are now open to the historical student; and Sybel has taken full advantage of the permission which he cordially and gratefully acknowledges. Dr. Perry's English Translation is the first edition of the work which contains the results of Sybel's researches at Vienna, simultaneously made known in Germany through the medium of the '*Historical Journal*' conducted by the author. Many important modifications have thus become necessary in the body of the work, of which its English readers have the full benefit.

The results of those inquiries are placed before the reader with admirable lucidity, and without any attempt at ornamentation. From first to last the author's desire is evident to carry conviction by his arguments, instead of inducing assent by flights of eloquence, such as the subject of his narrative seems irresistibly to call forth in most other writers. What will the admirers of eloquent rhapsodies on the French Revolution think of a writer who narrates the death of Marie-Antoinette and of the Girondists in a single page? Yet even here the manner of his narrative seems to us not inadequate to his subject. Sybel's style has been quarrelled with by English critics as dry. For ourselves, we confess that we prefer the dignified calm of his *History*, to the livelier tone, which he has shown to be at his command as a controversialist. Meanwhile, those who regard the uneasy sprightliness of Mommsen as a hopeful sign, that a highly-seasoned style is coming to be recognised even by the Germans as desirable in historical composition, will probably arrive at a different opinion. They will be disappointed if they search for epigrams; but if they care to go a little deeper, they may discover that Professor von Sybel is by no means devoid of an appreciation of that which is keener than literary sarcasm—the irony of historical facts.* Moreover, when

* As such we may instance his description of the 'Great Ledger' of the Convention (vol. iii. p. 173 note): 'The "Great Ledger," one of the few creations of the Convention which have survived their authors, has enjoyed in most histories of the Revolution a pretty general laudation, especially on account of the clearness which it is said to have brought into the national debt. No doubt order is an excellent thing, but in regard to debt, it consists less in tabular distinctness than in security and solidity; and a fraudulent bankruptcy cannot be made into an honest transaction by mere clearness; nor was the Republic preserved from any of its later bankruptcies by the orderly arrangement of the "Great Ledger."'

he cares to interrupt the even course of his narrative in order to sketch a character, he displays a remarkable insight into varieties of human nature beyond the bent of the mere student's experience; and though he treats King Frederick William II., and his oddly compounded circle of favourites with, perhaps, unconscious tenderness, and adds nothing to our knowledge of the personal character of Catharine II., or of the Austrian sovereigns, her contemporaries, though even Thugut receives no very definite incarnation at the hands of his assailant,*—he has drawn with admirable distinctness the likeness of the earlier generals of the French Republic, of Dumouriez, and Hoche, and Pichegru; and his portrait of Carnot, the soul of the first great offensive movement, strikes us as in its way a masterpiece.†

We proceed to advert to a few points on which the conclusions of this important work appear to deserve particular attention, either by their novelty and originality, or by the success with which the author has advanced views hitherto still doubted by many readers of European history.

At the close of the first year of the French Revolution, during the winter from 1789 to 90, and the spring of the latter year, the thoughts of European statesmen were anything but absorbed in the contemplation of the movement in France. As long as Mirabeau lived, and carried on his brilliant intrigue for effecting a compromise between the principles of Revolution and Monarchy, by means of a secret understanding with Queen Marie-Antoinette on the one hand, and open declarations against the remnants of feudalism on the other, the hope had not passed away of yet bridging over the gulf. Even after his death, in April 1791, the intention of the Royal family, which was frustrated at Varennes, was not by their flight to the frontier to save themselves from personal danger: it was rather to save the throne. Of the foreign Powers, Austria had (since the death in February, 1790, of the restless Joseph II.), under the prudent rule of Leopold II., renounced the schemes of foreign conquest to which his predecessor had, under the influence of Catharine II. of Russia, lent a willing ear. Though Leopold had with characteristic caution delayed the conclusion of an alliance with Prussia until he was satisfied of the pacific nature of her policy towards

* A sketch of Thugut's very remarkable career will be found in Hüffer, 'Oesterreich und Preussen,' p. 175 ff. His character is more briefly, but less sympathisingly drawn by Springer ('Geschichte Oesterreichs s. d. Wiener Frieden,' vol. i. pp. 55-6), who, however, quotes with disapproval Prince Schwarzenberg's remark on Thugut's 'world-desolating senseless obstinacy.' Thugut was the son of a poor skipper, whose ominous name of *Thunichgut* was changed by order of the Empress Maria Theresa into the form under which his son was to give it historical renown.

† See vol. iii. pp. 318 ff.

Poland, he was by the summer of 1791 persuaded of the possibility of upholding Poland under her new constitution against the designs of Russia,* and sanguine in his expectation of carrying out the scheme for establishing a hereditary Saxo-Polish monarchy, with the consent of his Prussian ally. The success of this scheme would have been to establish a kingdom, closely allied to Austria, which would have permanently excluded Russia from interference in the affairs of Europe, but would at the same time have made impossible the development of the Prussian monarchy in the sense of the policy of Frederick the Great.

England's main anxiety in foreign affairs had for some time been to stem the tide of Russian conquests. Accordingly Mr. Pitt (who had been forced to renounce the active measures upon which he had resolved against Russia in the spring of 1791) was both surprised and rejoiced to find, in the pacific policy of Austria, the best guarantee for what England would, single-handed, have been unable to secure. In this conjuncture originated the famous Prusso-Austrian alliance, of which the Pillnitz Conferences were not more than a subsidiary expression. Had this alliance in reality amounted to the *entente cordiale* which it seemed to be, it would have constituted a guarantee for the peace of Europe, instead of becoming a seedplot of future wars and revolutions. But in truth Prussia, in agreeing to accept and maintain the *status quo* in Poland, was actuated rather by fear of Russia than by any real acquiescence in the new Polish constitution. In other words, Prussia consented to a course which could only tend to strengthen Poland, without forgetting that it was in the permanent interest of her own aggrandisement to leave weak what she was contributing to make strong. Prussia, therefore, undertook to co-operate in a policy upon which she could only honestly and effectively enter if she were to abandon that hope of acquiring her 'natural frontiers,' which still lived in the inheritors of the schemes of Frederick the Great, though it only fitfully animated the mind of his successor on the throne. Not for the last time in the transactions of these years, Prussia placed herself in a radically false position, by professing the adoption of a policy which she had neither the courage at the moment to eschew, nor subsequently the loyalty to maintain.

* This constitution was the result of the Polish *coup d'état* of May 3rd, 1791. Sybel has not been able to discover in the Vienna archives any direct evidence to prove Austria to have contributed to this act, which she certainly supported after its completion. The scheme of a hereditary Saxo-Polish monarchy was adopted by Leopold late in the autumn of 1791; but it was invented, not by him, but by the Saxon Elector. This discovery from the Vienna archives makes a slight modification necessary in vol. ii. p. 336.

The arrest of Louis XVI. and his family at Varennes, and the agitation which their flight had produced in France, for the first time called forth in Leopold II. genuine apprehensions for the personal safety of his sister and her family. The Emperor's advice had been strongly against attempting this flight; and the famous convention of May, 1791 (which certain French historians persist in regarding as the first project of an invasion of France) had been merely designed as a demonstration for strengthening the hands of Louis XVI., in case he consented to remain at Paris. But, in opposition to the wishes of the Emperor, Marie-Antoinette had decided upon the fatal flight; and nothing remained for Leopold but to promise to support the French Royal family in its new position by demonstrations on the Sardinian and Belgian frontiers. The consequences apprehended by him had followed; yet he was still assured that the party now in power in France (Lameth, Barnave, &c.) were anxious to avert war, and that the best guarantee for the preservation of peace lay in the assumption of a firm attitude by the combined Powers. Thus, the Austrian circular issued from Padua on July 6th, 1791, was again nothing more than a measure of precaution; and the declaration to the National Assembly, drawn up at the same time, and referring solely to the security of the Royal family, was never despatched, after the Emperor had ascertained that security to be in no immediate danger. The preliminary Treaty concluded between Austria and Prussia in the same month (after fully establishing the agreement between the two Powers in reference to Poland) merely held out the hope of a general European understanding upon French affairs; and the Austrian *pro memoria* presented at Berlin in the same year was explicitly characterised in the Prussian reply as a proposal which could lead to nothing. When Leopold had received this reply, and had assured himself of the determination of the Cabinet of St. James' to observe absolute neutrality in the event of a rupture between Austria and France, he gave the best possible proof of his pacific intentions by placing his army on a peace-footing, and dismissing nearly half his troops from active service. Russia having, meanwhile, concluded her peace with Turkey, was now at liberty to address herself to the affairs of Poland. For this purpose nothing could have suited her better than to embroil Austria in a war with France. Accordingly, the King of Sweden was encouraged in his ambitious dreams of heading a crusade against the accursed Revolution; and while Russia was concluding treaties with the *Emigrés*, and even accrediting an envoy to the emigrant French princes, the Emperor Leopold was endeavouring to disabuse the Count of Artois

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of any hopes which the latter might still place upon active Austrian supports.

Enough has been said to show the nature of the conjuncture under which the famous Conferences of Pillnitz took place. Surely the time has arrived for the last word to be said on the true significance of that much debated meeting. Not, indeed, that it remains necessary to fight the shadow of the ancient superstition as to a treaty concluded there which partitioned France between the Powers.* But even so well-informed a historian as Lord Stanhope, who scouts the notions of secret articles providing for the partition of France, and who is aware that the main object of the Austrian and Prussian sovereigns was to confer on the affairs of Poland—speaks of the deliberations on the subject of France as having been ‘quickened by the arrival at Dresden of the Comte d’Artois and M. de Calonne in the name of the Emigrant party.’† Sybel’s account of the Conference (vol. i., pp. 361-4) incontestably proves that, so far from the Declaration of Pillnitz having ‘raised to a high pitch the spirits of the Emigrants’ (as Lord Stanhope avers‡), it amounted to an absolute disappointment of their hopes and schemes in case, as Leopold strongly advised, Louis XVI. accepted the new constitution which was to be offered to him on the 16th of September, 1791. The King of France actually accepted this constitution; and, in a circular note of the following November, the Austrian Government expressed to the Powers its opinion that the King of France having himself shown his readiness to accept his new position, and having thereby regained his liberty and royal authority, nothing remained but quietly to observe the further development of events in France. Neither the personal wishes of George III., as Lord Stanhope has already pointed out, nor, we may add, the personal wishes of Frederick William II., prevailed against the determination of their Cabinets to maintain a peace which they had now no excuse for breaking. The Declaration of Pillnitz, therefore, not merely remained a dead letter, or, as Lord Stanhope expresses it, ‘bore little or no fruit,’ but it had never been intended by Austria to bear any. In one word, the peace of Europe was preserved in 1791 by the firm attitude of Mr. Pitt.

* The confused state of the public mind on the subject in the period immediately following upon the Conference is amusingly illustrated by the following entry in the ‘Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson’ (vol. i. p. 97), under the year 1801: ‘I did not omit to make an excursion, occupying a day, to Pillnitz, which has a castle of doubtful or disputed celebrity; it being still a question whether the treaty which bears the name of Pillnitz was ever entered into among the great powers in 1792 [?] to partition France.’

† ‘Life of Pitt,’ vol. ii. p. 135.

‡ ‘Life of Pitt,’ vol. ii. p. 134.

If this be so, no doubt can of course exist as to the quarter in which is to be fixed the responsibility of the actual outbreak of the Revolutionary War. Russia might for her selfish purposes be anxious for a conflict between France and the German Powers; Gustavus III. of Sweden might aspire to recur to the traditional policy of the house of Wasa by defending the Right in countries with which his own had no earthly concern; Sardinia might be ambitious to thrust herself forward into a prominence which it is easy for small states to obtain at the cost of their neighbours' peace; Spain, smarting under her recent humiliation by England, and desirous of finding in a restored *ancien régime* in France a willing ally against English hostility, might be substituting for her dreams of solitary intervention hopes of a European coalition against the 'French madness';* the handful of *Emigrés* on the Rhine might continue to spin their impotent intrigues; and the sovereigns of Great Britain and Prussia might grumble that the day seemed to have passed, when nations went to war in support of the right divine of kings. But England and Austria were firm for peace; nor had the Emperor Leopold any stronger motive for its maintenance, besides the general considerations of his Servian and Polish policy, than the wishes of Louis XVI. and of the Moderate party in the *Assemblée Legislative* at Paris, the so-called *Feuillants*. Unhappily this Moderate party was as weak in action as it was divided in its opinions on the theory of government. Though the opposite, or Democratic, party was nominally in a minority in the Assembly, the bulk of the majority consisted of a multitude only too ready to give way before an energy in their opponents which they missed in their leaders. But the energy of the minority was directed towards the destruction of the monarchy. The most obvious way for ensuring that destruction lay in exciting the French people to a belief that the King had betrayed the country to the foreigner, and was about to restore the *ancien régime* with the aid of German bayonets. The Girondists thus became the authors of the Revolutionary War; and the petty ambition of La Fayette, who hoped to secure its command for himself, brought over to their side a large proportion of the hesitating majority. Robespierre and the extreme Jacobins were for peace, because they wished the

* It was thus that the Spanish minister Floridablanca was wont to designate the revolutionary movement. An admirable sketch of the helpless policy of Spain during the later years of his administration (upon which Sybel has only incidentally touched) will be found in the introductory chapter of Baumgarten's 'Geschichte Spaniens vom Ausbruch d. fr. Rev. bis auf unsere Tage' (Leipzig, 1865-9), a work which has, indeed, been noticed by some English journals, but which has not yet received the general attention deserved by it, especially at the present moment.

destruction of the monarchy in France, according to the logical order which they affected, to precede the liberation of Europe. Upon the Girondists, then, the primary responsibility of the war is to be charged;* secondarily, it lies upon the nation which was without the force of guiding itself. But 'les peuples,' as a French king † has said, 'ne sont jamais coupables;' and thus, ultimately, it was the sins of Louis XVI.'s predecessors which forced him to declare the war in which he too clearly foresaw that his throne would be buried.

In appointing 'the brisk Narbonne' (to borrow one of Mr. Carlyle's inimitable epithets) Minister of War, the King probably hoped to secure a popular minister as to whose devotion to the throne there could at the same time be no doubt. In reality, he only chose an adventurer who was ready in pure gaiety of heart to drift into a war, by which he hoped to gain popularity for the throne which it was by its author designed to overthrow. Madame de Stael's friend may have intended a popular demonstration against the *Emigrés*; the Girondists, by the challenge which Louis was forced on the 14th of December, 1791, to send to their host the Elector of Trèves, meant to strike not at the *Emigrés*, but at the Emperor whom they declared to be standing behind them. The Elector of Trèves was bidden by the Emperor to disarm his turbulent guests; but the Gironde, determined to have war, obstinately insisted on the dissolution of a coalition which had no existence except in their harangues. In February, 1792, the Emperor was still writing to Marie-Antoinette that he and the King of Prussia were resolved not to interfere in the internal concerns of France, except in the event of a personal danger to the royal family, and in no case to seek the overthrow of the French constitution, but merely to favour its amelioration by conciliatory means. Meanwhile, the decree of the French Assembly had already gone forth announcing immediate war unless the Emperor would at once abandon all proceedings against the French constitution, and promise to support France, according to the ancient treaties, against other Powers. This decree passed on the 15th of January, 1792. Ten days afterwards it was followed by another, calling upon the King to summon the Emperor to renounce all undertakings against France, or to be prepared for a declaration of war on the 1st of March ensuing. The Austrian Minister, Kaunitz, replied by a note to the effect that the Emperor had restrained instead of encouraging the *Emigrés*; that no coalition had existed except for the protection of the

* See Delessart's letter (Sybel vol. i. p. 404, *note*), and Brissot's declaration (Hüffer, 'Oesterr. u. Preussen,' p. 30).

† Louis Philippe.

security of the royal family, or would ever come into operation unless that security should be again endangered; and that he could only warn the French Government against the endeavours of an anarchical party in France—the Jacobins—and declare the resolution of the Emperor, in case of an attack upon his territories, to defend them. Prussia, through her ambassador at Paris, signified her assent to this note.

The unhappy Louis XVI. and his helpless Ministers were only too ready to accept, and to acquiesce in, these explanations. But at this moment the news arrived of the death of the Emperor Leopold II., and the discouragement of the royal family was complete.* Marseilles and Lyons declared in favour of the extreme party; and the King was fain or forced to accept a Girondist ministry. In the place of the pacific Delessart (who was arrested on a charge of treason), General Dumouriez was entrusted with the conduct of foreign affairs; and a renewed demand upon the new Austrian Sovereign having been answered by Cobenzl in a note identical with Kaunitz's previous explanation, war was declared by Louis XVI. against the King of Bohemia and Hungary on the 20th of April.

In February, 1792, Austria and Prussia concluded their treaty of alliance, from which Austria was obliged to omit any renewal of the joint guarantee of the Polish constitution; and by the month of July following they had agreed upon their plan of operations for their first campaign against the French Republic. Thus we have arrived at the delicate ground where Professor von Sybel has first explicitly to expound the nature of the relations between the Great German Powers at the time of their entering upon the alliance which only three years afterwards was, amidst mutual jealousy, suspicion, and distrust, to come to a declared end with the peace of Basle. And it is accordingly from this point that he begins to incur the criticisms of those who differ from his conclusions as to the foundation of the charges brought, at various times and from various quarters against Austria and Prussia respectively in connexion with the political transactions during the years of their short-lived alliance. Professor von Sybel, no novice in the conduct of literary controversies (as *e.g.* Professor Ficker of Innsbruck and M. Feuille de Conches at Paris have experienced to their cost), has not let unanswered the strictures which he has provoked; and his repl

* It is significant of the extent to which the Girondists forced popular opinion that the public (having been deluded into the belief that the danger of war lay in the Emperor Leopold) was so encouraged by the news of his death that the funds rose 15 per cent. Brissot and La Fayette recognised in the same event an improvement in the chances of war.—*Sybel*, vol. i. p. 432.

to one of his critics, Professor Hüffer of Bonn, together with that gentleman's retort, are now before us. In 1868 M. Hüffer published, as the first volume of a series on 'Diplomatic Transactions in the Times of the French Revolution,' a review of the relations of Austria and Prussia to the course of European history from the outbreak of the Revolutionary War to the peace of Campo Formio. The plan of this book (intended rather as a series of historical studies on the diplomatic transactions of the Revolutionary epoch than as a complete narrative of them *) seems to have been, partly to supplement, partly to comment upon, the labours of Sybel and Häusser in the same field. Hüffer believed himself justified in assuming that the historical works of these two writers were both designed to have an effect, and actually exercised it, upon the advancement of their political views. Having himself been permitted to consult the papers in the Vienna archives referring to the treaties of Leoben and Campo Formio, and having also examined the archives at Berlin and Paris, he accordingly conceived it worth his while once more to survey the field of his predecessors' labours. It is only due to M. Hüffer to state at once that, where he felt bound to differ either from a distinguished historian, whose death Germany has not yet ceased to deplore, or from his equally distinguished survivor, he never, so far as we can judge, transgressed the bounds of literary courtesy. Professor von Sybel, however, judged otherwise, and, in his reply to his academical colleague, fell into a strain recalling the permissible vehemence of Parliamentary debates, rather than the more moderated tone which we are happy to think has become habitual in literary controversies of the present day (except in questions of music in Germany and of theology perhaps elsewhere). We have no wish to dwell any further on this aspect of the dispute, except to remark that, since Professor von Sybel distinctly assumes the position of a superior towards his opponent, he might perhaps have more uniformly remembered that conscious superiority has its obligations as well as its advantages. On the other hand, Professor Hüffer, in his retort to Professor von Sybel's reply, can hardly be said to have kept his promise of refusing to follow his adversary's example. Thus he has laid himself open to the charge of 'rabulism,' brought by Sybel in a note to the essay which he has published in his 'Journal' as a kind of *triplica* in this controversy—though we may remark, by the way, that Sybel would have shewn more taste by saying nothing upon this

* Hüffer, 'Oesterreich u. Preussen,' &c., pp. 15, 16.

point, after the acrimony in which he had previously allowed himself to indulge. At last, the author of the 'History' is enabled to meet the strictures of his opponent after a personal examination of the evidence of the Vienna archives; and, without any further reference to the form of a dispute on which it was far from pleasant to be obliged to comment, we may pass to a notice of the principal points upon which it has turned.

That the result of the first campaign of the Allies against the French Republic was simply due to the military incompetence of the Duke of Brunswick, is a point on which no difference of opinion is likely to prevail at the present day. Even French historians are beginning contemptuously to abandon the venerable myth of the 'treason' of Brunswick. Would that they were equally willing to resign to the limbo of discredited fictions all their exploded evidence of the 'treason' of Louis XVI.! But this by the way. The original cause of the ultimate rupture between Austria and Prussia is to be sought, not in the failure of their first joint campaign, but in events prior to its commencement. Historical students have long recognised that it was the interest of Russia to involve the German Powers in a French war, in order that she might have her hands free for the execution of her designs in Poland. While Austria and Prussia were doing battle in Flanders and on the Rhine, Catharine (now at peace with Turkey) intended to overrun Poland, and, if possible, to secure a protectorate over that kingdom, which might, in course of time, be converted, as it were, by a natural process into sovereign dominion. In time the Russian plans on Poland (encouraged by the unhappy continuance of party intrigues in that country) became known to Prussia. Accordingly, while Austria continued to advocate the maintenance of the existing Polish Government, Prussia, with her usual unscrupulousness, determined, with a view to her own aggrandizement, to fall in with these Russian plans, and violate without scruple the treaty under which she had, in 1790, sworn to guarantee the independence and integrity of Poland. On the 12th of March, 1793, King Frederick William II. wrote to his Ministers that—

'the Russian plan would be the most advantageous for Prussia always provided that Prussia received the whole left bank of the Vistula, by the acquisition of which that distant frontier—so long to be defended—would be well rounded off.'—*Sybel*, vol. ii. p. 21.

Austria was accordingly invited by Prussia to co-operate with the Russian plan; but, before negotiations on the subject had been commenced, Leopold II. had died, and Austria found herself obliged, by the French declaration of war, to seek the alliance

of Prussia for her Western campaign. Prussia immediately signified her determination not to enter on the French war, except on the understanding of a suitable compensation in land; and this compensation, it was speedily announced, she was resolved to find in Poland. It seems to have been a traditional maxim of Prussian policy, from the time of the seizure of Silesia to the present day, never to embark in any war unless she could see her way to obtain an enlargement of her territories at her neighbour's expense. What she demanded then was, a number of Polish palatinates, which, at the present day, make up (or nearly so) the Prussian province of Posen. The consequence was that Austria also set up a corresponding claim, due, apparently, to a Russian suggestion, that the exchange of Belgium for Bavaria (a favourite scheme of the Emperor Joseph II.) might satisfy the Austrian demands. But Austria requiring, in addition, the cession by Prussia of the Franconian principalities of Anspach and Baireuth, the negotiation halted, and the German Powers opened their war against the French Republic, without having agreed upon the nature of the compensations which they were respectively determined to claim for their exertions in it. Everything remained uncertain, except the approaching fate of Poland. For the two Powers had agreed to undertake in future no longer the guarantee of the free Constitution (*de la libre Constitution*), but only of a free Constitution (*d'une libre Constitution*) to Poland, an insignificant alteration, which, as Hüffer observes,* 'delivered up the independence of Poland to the destructive designs of Russia.'

The campaign in Champagne dragged its slow course along, conducted with timid caution on the one side by the incompetent Duke of Brunswick, and as fruitlessly on the other by the self-willed servant of an anarchical Government, Dumouriez. What concerns us at present is the circumstance that the attempts of Dumouriez (whose thoughts were all along directed to the conquest of Belgium) to induce the King of Prussia to conclude a separate peace never passed beyond the merest preliminary overtures,† and were abruptly terminated by the news of the abolition of monarchy in France (end of September, 1792). If

* 'Oesterreich u. Preussen,' &c., p. 39.

† This does not, of course, exclude the fact that Manstein and other counsellors of the King were grievously anxious for a separate Prusso-French peace. But the King, with all his weakness, was too honourable to listen to such insinuations; and the second manifesto of Brunswick (of September 28th) may be regarded as a proof of the King's desire to display his unabated zeal for the overthrow of the Revolution. This is shown very clearly by Häusser, vol. i. pp. 385-6. He agrees with Sybel in regarding the negotiations with the Commissioners of the Convention at the time of the Prussian retreat as an 'allowable stratagem of war.'—*Ib.* p. 389.

they were subsequently resumed, it is obvious that this was merely to gain time for the retreat of the Prussian army, whose operations Brunswick was bent upon concentrating on the capture of the fortresses of the Meuse.

The world, however, and the Austrian world in particular, was filled with suspicions of the conduct of the Prussian general. Meanwhile, the French had poured their troops across the Upper Rhine, had effected the seizure of Mayence (to be followed a little later by the occupation of Frankfort), and amidst a general *sauve qui peut*, by flight or protestations of neutrality, on the part of princes and bishops, had commenced their warlike propaganda in the German West. But Dumouriez had erred in calculating upon the unwillingness of Prussia to continue what the French persistently regarded as an Austrian war. Prussia was willing to carry it on, if her ally would undertake to guarantee her an enlarged compensation. This is the meaning of the Note of Merle, which marks the commencement of the second act in the diplomatic history of the great Revolutionary War. It expressed the readiness of the King of Prussia to carry on the war on two conditions only, viz. recovery of the expenses already incurred, and a compensation in Poland nearly double in amount to that originally claimed by him.

Our limits do not allow us to follow Sybel in the negotiations which followed between Austria and Prussia, and which only show the cupidity and faithlessness of both powers. It is sufficient for our present purpose to mention that on the 23rd of January, 1793, Russia and Prussia concluded, independently of Austria, the infamous treaty which settled the Second Partition of Poland; and shortly afterwards Prussian troops entered Poland (on the pretence of Jacobin movements, which possibly had in truth begun to agitate Prussia's previous Polish territories), Russian troops speedily following. Thus, although the treaty contained a clause binding the parties to seek the accession to it of Austria (it was not actually known at Vienna till the following April), and, in the event of this accession, promising the good offices and exertions of the two Powers on behalf of the Bavaro-Belgian exchange, and for securing to the Emperor 'other advantages reconcileable with the common interests,'*—yet Austria, to use a familiar expression, found herself at best left with her bird in the bush, while her ally had his in the hand. A blunder had therefore undoubtedly been committed; and the hands which had allowed the knot to be tied were not the hands to unloose it. The policy of Cobenzl

* 'Polens Untergang,' p. 88.

and Spielmann was at least viewed in this light by their master, and they were both dismissed from office.

In 1793, therefore, the war commenced, as Häusser expresses it,* under auspices totally different from those which had accompanied the opening of the previous campaign. In the St. Petersburg treaty of January 23rd, we have the key to the relations of the Great Powers at this stage of their transactions. For Russia, as Sybel admirably shows, had only consented as a *pis aller* to make a concession, which she would gladly have avoided, to Prussia, so as to secure the acquiescence of the latter in the Russian proceedings. Prussia, by concluding this treaty, had purchased a prospect of aggrandisement by a direct violation of her promises of 1790; and, moreover, she was endeavouring to secure more than even her 'natural boundaries.' Austria, under her new minister Thugut, was naturally unwilling to accede to the Treaty until the compensation to herself, of which it acknowledged the principle, had been effectually secured.† Thus, though the campaign of 1793 began with the entrance into the field of a new combatant against France (for England had in February been forced into war by the determination of the regicides of the Mountain to burn all their bridges behind them, and to change the Girondist war of revolutionary propaganda into one of revolutionary conquest), and though Belgium and the Rhine were recovered, and the French frontier was once more crossed; yet the struggle was conducted by Powers whose suspicion and distrust of one another continued unabated.

The campaigns closed with those tremendous efforts of the French Provisional Government, which have commanded the admiration of friends and foes alike. Our limits forbid our dwelling upon the new proofs, adduced by Sybel, of the execrable tyranny, which drove the sons of France into fields of glory, or upon his exposure of the mendacious system which, for the encouragement of its victims, exaggerated even the fearful exertions actually made.‡ It was not, however, till the following year that

* Vol. i. p. 439.

† It may here be noticed that Sybel attributes the silence of the English cabinet on the Partition treaty directly to the Russian concession of the hitherto contested principle of the right of search in neutral vessels. Undoubtedly, both this special important concession and the desirability of preserving the goodwill of Russia in the now inevitable Anglo-French war contributed to tie Lord Grenville's tongue; but Sybel has omitted to notice what is most appropriately recalled by Lord Stanhope ('Life of Pitt,' vol. ii. p. 168), 'how much this iniquitous confederacy [between Russia and Prussia], 'was aided and secured from foreign interruption by the clamour raised a few months before against the Russian armaments in England.'

‡ Yet we may direct attention to one point as permanently settled by Sybel on irrefragable evidence. The numbers of the so-called 'Fourteen Armies' of the

that the arms of France were to be victorious, not only by the devotion of her soldiers and the errors of her foes, but by the superior vigour and intelligence of her military administration. Jourdan's successes against Coburg were owing to the adverse strategy of the Austrian commander; nor was their effort anything beyond the maintenance of the French frontier. Again, the movement of Hoche, which raised the siege of Landau, was undertaken in defiance of St. Just; and the daring general was rewarded for his achievement by his arrest. Toulon, too, was recovered, so to speak, by accident, through the genius of a subordinate officer, who was only present at the siege by chance.* Nowhere had the champions of the Republic accomplished more than the expulsion of the foreigner from the French soil. The war of *conquest* began in 1794, with the re-modelling of the army, with the systematic organisation of military operations by Carnot, and with the equally systematic direction of foreign affairs under Barère. The reason of the brilliant success of their proceedings in all but one quarter (for the invasion of England formed an integral element in Carnot's plan) is to be sought, not solely, or indeed chiefly, in the desperate vigour with which enthusiasm and fear combined to inspire the uplifted arm of revolutionary France. It will be found above all in the fatal disunion between those European Powers which had assumed the task of meeting the shock. Of this disunion none will be inclined to dispute the existence, or to question the effects; but the historian's difficult and delicate task is calmly and impartially to apportion its responsibility.

Republic in the autumn of 1793 are constantly estimated at a million, or more than a million, of men. (See e. g. Sir Archibald Alison's 'History of Europe,' vol. iv. p. 45, 7th edition: 'fourteen armies, and twelve hundred thousand men, were soon assembled round the standards of the Republic'). The documents of the French War Office and the regimental rolls prove the number of troops, garrisons included, to have barely exceeded 600,000; so that, calculating the proportion of sick at one third of that number, the whole 'effective' force could not have exceeded 800,000. And, which is more curious still, the fourteen armies themselves shrink into eleven; unless the garrison of Mayence (afterwards incorporated with the Brest Division), the Toulon corps (made up out of detachments from the Alpine and Italian armies, besides the National Guards of the environs), and the imaginary '*armée intermédiaire*' (a mere *dépôt* of the army of the north) are comprehended in the list. 'If it is an honour for the Republic,' remarks Prof. von Sybel, writing early in 1866, 'to have set fourteen armies on foot in such a manner, the Germany of the present day may evidently lay claim to a double measure of renown, since it possesses no less than thirty-three.' (Dr. Perry has in his Translation properly reduced this to a merely historical sarcasm).

* Napoleon afterwards, in order to conceal his obligations to his compatriot Salicetti, thought fit to pretend that he was sent to Toulon from Paris as commander of the artillery, by the Committee of Public Safety. But this is contradicted by his own assertion in his 'Correspondence,' that he was 'retained at Toulon and placed in command of the artillery by the representatives of the people,' i. e. the Commissaries of the Convention, of whom Salicetti was before Toulon. See P. Lanfrey, 'Histoire de Napoléon I^{er},' vol. i. p. 37, note.

At the beginning of the year 1794 the same party at the Prussian Court, which in 1793 had urged the conclusion of a separate treaty with France, was still eager for peace with the Republic; and the pietist politicians, who in all matters but those of religion, clung to the traditions of Frederick the Great, were still expressing their trust, that Heaven might turn the heart of Frederick William II. to a true understanding of his interests. But the King was still for war, although he agreed that, in the undoubted exhaustion of the Prussian finances (always a tenderer point in that State than elsewhere), it could no longer be carried on, unless he were subsidised by his allies. The Prussian Government accordingly offered an army of 100,000 men in return for a subsidy of 22 million dollars, of which Austria was asked to pay three, England nine, and the German Empire ten millions respectively. This proposal was promptly declined by both Austria and the Diet; and, indeed, the demand was so unreasonably high, that even Russia and England considered its acceptance out of the question.* Sybel allows that an assent to the proposal could hardly have been seriously expected by the Prussian ministers. At the same time Russia consistently continued to urge the continuance of the war; and England, as will be seen immediately, was preparing to make unprecedented sacrifices for its vigorous prosecution. An odd suggestion made by the Emperor (who was personally favourable to the war, and who was urged in this direction by a strong party at Vienna, composed of the whole higher nobility), for a general armament of the German population, met with opposition not only from Prussia, but from a majority of the Estates represented in the Diet at Ratisbon; and thus the deadlock seemed already established, when the arrival of Lord Malmesbury at Berlin once more brought life into the projects for a continuance of the war.

The reputation of this diplomatist had been chiefly gained in a court where the principal task of the envoy lay in watching the countenances and divining the caprices of a succession of favourites; and he never wholly lost the habits of mind which he had there acquired. His present task was a more difficult one than he had probably known when he received his instructions. England and her great Minister had, as has more than once been the case in our history, been roused by the lamentable failure of the last campaign to a determination to redouble their efforts in the cause of the war. Lord Malmesbury

* Häusser, vol. i. p. 537.

was therefore instructed, if he ascertained the slackness of Prussia to be really due to her financial difficulties, to propose that she should receive, in return for an army of 100,000 men, a subsidy of 2,000,000*l.*, of which England should furnish two-fifths, and Austria, Holland, and Prussia, one of the remaining fifths each. This proposal was declined by Austria; and, as an immediate consequence, the Prussian troops (with the exception of the contingent which the King of Prussia was bound to maintain as an estate of the empire) were recalled from the Rhine. We have here arrived at the first open signal of an approaching rupture between the two great German Powers; and, as the reader will doubtless surmise, at the first point of radical difference between historians who, like Sybel and Häusser, believe in the disloyalty of the Austrian Cabinet, and those who are unwilling to explain its conduct on such an hypothesis.

Sybel's view, which was originally nearly identical with that of Häusser, has been modified in one point of considerable importance by his recent researches. Substantially, however, it remains unchanged, and may be summarised as follows. The Austrian Government, of which Thugut was now the leading spirit, had entered into a policy aiming, above all, at preventing the aggrandisement of Prussia, and the consequences which he anticipated from its realisation. He believed that Prussia actually designed to make peace with France, in order to make war upon the Emperor, whose own troops would meanwhile be engaged, far from home, in the campaign against the Republic. This fear was a mere illusion—'the reflex of his own hostile conduct.' But it determined the entire policy of the Austrian Government, from the spring of 1793 to the evacuation of Belgium in the following year. With this view, Thugut had offered to Russia a renewal of the intimate alliance which had subsisted between the two Imperial Courts in the times of Joseph II., but which had been loosened in the reign of his successor. Thugut desired that the Russian Government should break its treaty with Prussia of January, 1793, either in whole, or, at least, in part; and that, in the latter event, a security should be given to Austria in the acquisition either of a share in the Polish partition, or out of the frontier-territories of the French Republic; or, if these could not be conquered, in the territory of the Venetian Republic. He did *not* desire that Russia should, at once and before peace had been concluded with France, commence operations for the execution of Catharine's scheme for the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. But, in principle, he was ready to assent to the execution of this design at a later date; and Austria would then,

as a matter of course, secure to herself a share in the territories emancipated from Turkish rule on the Danube.* But, for his present purposes, it was imperatively necessary that the Russian forces should not be drawn off from the quarter where they would aid Austria to resist the proceedings anticipated from the Prussian troops. When this policy was perceived by the Prussian Government, the latter began to slacken its energy in the conduct of the French war. And when this policy openly declared itself in the refusal of Austria to acknowledge the acquisitions of Prussia in the Polish treaty of January, 1793, the King of Prussia declined to continue the war, except on condition of his receiving the necessary subsidies from England and Holland. Thugut, on the other hand, refused to co-operate in the subsidy scheme. If he could not prevail upon Russia to keep Prussia out of Poland, then he must, at all hazards, assert Austria's claim to a share in the partition, and make an end of the French war, even at the risk of sacrificing Belgium. The latter would probably be defended by England and Holland in their own interests, as would the Rhine by the Estates of the empire. This was the policy which, not without difficulty and the help of intrigue, he prevailed upon the Emperor Francis II. to adopt; and its ultimate result was the abandonment of Belgium and of the left bank of the Rhine.

This view, as now stated, seems to us to offer the most probable solution of a difficult question, and it is fully borne out by Thugut's own despatches. Hüffer believes that Austria's real reason for declining to pay subsidies to Prussia lay in want of money, and in a natural unwillingness to impair the Imperial dignity by subsidising an Estate of the Empire (and particularly one which had shown so little disposition to consult the interests of Austria as Prussia had displayed in concluding the Treaty of January, 1793). The former reason, of course, existed, but need not necessarily have constituted the decisive element; the latter has been disposed of by Sybel, who shows that the Emperor had long before paid subsidies to several of the lesser Estates, so that no question of principle would have been involved in the

* It is this point on which Sybel has, in consequence of his recent researches at Vienna, changed, and frankly avowed that he has changed, his original view. On this head, therefore, Hüffer's objections have proved correct. But when the latter had proved in the circumstance that the English envoy at Vienna (Sir Morton Eden) was informed, that Austria viewed with apprehension the Russian armaments against Turkey, a proof of the inadmissibility of Sybel's conjecture (*Oesterreich u. Preussen, &c.*, p. 53), he had, if Sybel's present view be correct, proved nothing against the *eventual* intention of Thugut to support the Turkish policy of Catharine. He had only proved that Thugut was anxious to prevent its premature execution: for which purpose a hint to the English Envoy was obviously the step most naturally recommending itself to the Austrian minister.

matter.

matter.* If England and Holland chose to undertake the whole subsidy for their own sake, Thugut would make no objection: but herein lies no proof of his having been prevented only by want of money from allowing Austria to contribute to the payment.

England, however, proved tenacious in the cause which she had espoused. In spite of this refusal on the part of Austria, and notwithstanding the issue of the order to the Prussian troops to withdraw from the Rhine, Lord Malmesbury, encouraged by the personal unwillingness of King Frederick William II. to relinquish the French war, made one more attempt to keep the Prussians in the field. The result of his zeal was the Treaty of the Hague, in which Prussia promised to furnish a force of 62,400 men, in return for a monthly subsidy of 50,000*l.*, besides additional sums, amounting to 400,000*l.*, at the commencement and close of the campaign. The first article of this treaty stipulated that this force should be employed, *d'après un concert militaire*, between the Prussian, English, and Dutch Governments, where it might be judged most convenient for the interests of the maritime Powers; and the sixth added that all the conquests made by this force should be made in the name of the maritime Powers, and should remain at their disposal during the war and at the peace.† Now, there is no doubt whatever but that the English Government intended the troops in question to be employed in the Low Countries; 'but,' writes Lord Grenville, on the 28th of March, 'as this point cannot, of course, be matter of public treaty, it may be sufficient to express in the Convention that the troops furnished as the contingent, or subsidised by the maritime Powers, are to act in the Low Countries; and that a concert shall immediately be entered into on that subject respecting the most effectual mode of carrying on such operations against the common enemy.'‡ It is allowed by Sybel that the Prussian negotiator, Count Haugwitz, personally agreed that the troops were to be employed in Belgium. But when the revolt, of which Kosciusko soon assumed the guidance, broke out in Poland, and when the Prussian King repaired to its scene in person, the Prussian army was not moved from the Rhine to Flanders, England demanded in accordance with the terms of the treaty. Not only, however, were the Prussian troops kept on the Rhine but they were kept there in inactivity. Thus the left bank of the river was lost by the seeming apathy of Prussia, at the same

* 'Oesterreich u. Deutschland,' &c. p. 39.

† We quote from the text of the Treaty in Martens' 'Recueil des Traités' vol. v. pp. 610-614.

‡ Lord Malmesbury's 'Diaries and Correspondence,' vol. iii. pp. 86-7.

time that Belgium fell into the hands of the French through the mysterious conduct of Austria.

Here, again, it is hard to conceive a wider divergence of opinion than that obtaining between Sybel and his opponent. The former attributes the evacuation of Belgium, in 1794, to a preconceived plan on the part of the Austrian Cabinet, which had resolved to abandon Belgium after all prospects of territorial gains in that quarter seemed to have come to an end; but this is vehemently denied by Hüffer, and it must be admitted that Sybel has no direct proofs to offer in support of his strange hypothesis. The controversy has little interest for English readers; but one thing comes out clearly—that Prussia, in violation of every principle of good faith and political integrity, persisted in her refusal to execute the treaty which she had concluded with Great Britain and Holland. Though Lord Malmesbury tried to impress upon Baron Hardenberg ‘what a disgrace it would be for his Prussian Majesty to have received such immense sums of money as those already in his possession, and afterwards to hesitate as to the part he was to act,’ he could produce no effect upon the Prussian Government. Having received the money, they continued to elude, under various pretexts, the performance of the obligations they had contracted. Of the many acts of faithlessness of which Prussia has been guilty this is one of the most flagrant. Well might Lord Malmesbury exclaim in a despatch to his own Government, ‘that no experience or habits of business, no prudence or care, could read so deeply into the human mind as to foresee that a great sovereign and his confidential advisers could be so regardless of their personal honour, and so forgetful of their public interests and glory, as to refuse to be bound in June by the stipulations of a treaty ratified with their full consent and approbation in May.’

But we must pass on to the difficult questions which still remain. Russia had overthrown the great Polish revolt; the patriotic efforts of Kosciusko had succumbed before the genius of Suwaroff; and after her victory, Russia had the decision of Poland's fate in her own hands. We hold that, if hereupon a change became perceptible in the relations of Russia to the two German Powers—if Catharine now began to favour Austria rather than Prussia, and to enter upon further schemes of aggrandisement in reliance on the co-operation of the former Power, Prussia had herself to thank for the results of her own conduct. For though she had shared with Russia the spoils of the Second Partition, the aid which she had given during the revolt under Kosciusko had been halting and ineffectual. Russia owed Prussia no gratitude for the result of the

the struggle which made a Third Partition possible; and it is, therefore, easily explicable why, in the negotiations concerning it, Russia should have from the first manifested an almost cynical disregard to the Prussian claims.

On the other hand, Catharine was as desirous as ever that Prussia should vigorously carry on the French war. That on this head there was no cause for Prussia to defer to the peremptory advice of Russia, will be readily conceded. Against Russia, at all events, there was no treason in the peace of Basle. We further agree with Sybel that it is mere childishness to speak of that peace as an act of treason against the Germanic Empire. As against Austria it was treacherous, unless, indeed, it be possible to substantiate the bold endeavour to turn the tables, and to prove that it was not Prussia who betrayed the Austrian alliance by concluding a separate peace with France, but Austria who forced Prussia to preserve herself by abandoning a treacherous ally.

On the policy of the peace of Basle it seems superfluous to dwell. The sacrifice of the left bank of the Rhine, even allowing it to have been unavoidable as a temporary concession, was indisputably deplorable. For though we are ready to grant the responsibility of the Prussia of those days to the Germany of those days to have been infinitesimal, yet Prussia was preparing for her future politics a source of difficulties which seems destined never to dry up. At the same time, the fact that Hanover was not without effect dangled by the French before the eyes of the Prussian Cabinet, proves the latter to have been as disloyally disposed towards political ties as it was blind to national ideas. Lastly, the best evidence of the insufficiency of this peace, even for strengthening the position of Prussia as towards the Eastern Powers, lies in the circumstance that she was, after all, obliged to accept the Austro-Russian settlement of the Polish question, against which she had so long struggled. The peace of Basle has been universally condemned by historians, even by those who, like Häusser, deem it unfair towards the Prussian statesmen, above all towards Hardenberg, who rejoiced in its conclusion, to judge it apart from its connexion with concomitant events.*

But the point to be determined at present is a different one. Was the peace of Basle, however we may regret or condemn it as a transaction of German or Prussian history, substantially a measure of self-defence? Was peace with the French Republic whether or not Prussia might have obtained better terms for herself and Germany and herself than those which she actually secured indispensable for her, whether on these terms or on others?

* Häusser, vol. i. p. 597.

Nothing could again be simpler than the answer of Sybel to this question; but it is based upon evidence which calls for careful consideration, and which has been disputed in nearly every point. Austria, he argues, had, under Thugut's administration, acted treacherously towards her ally. It was not that, in her treaty with Russia concerning the Third Partition of Poland, she had claimed territorial concessions against which Prussia was in her own interest bound to protest: but she had arrived at a secret understanding with Russia, amounting to an offensive alliance against Prussia; and the latter had grounds for a suspicion, that if she did not herself make her peace with France, Austria would anticipate her by purchasing the friendship of the Republic by the sacrifice of the left bank of the Rhine.

The text of the second (secret) part of the Treaty of the 3rd of January, 1795, was not given to the world till the year 1852, when it was published by the Russian historian Miliutin, in his 'History of the War of 1799.'

"Since the Empress," it began, "has declared herself ready to assist the Emperor, to the full extent of her power, in obtaining the new compensations to which, after the costs and sacrifices of the present war, he has a full right, and which he has brought to the knowledge of the Russian Court, the Emperor hereby declares that he joins in the Russo-Prussian treaty of January 23rd, 1793, in so far as it concerns the interests of the two Imperial Courts, the Belgian-Bavarian exchange, and the Russian acquisitions in Poland, which last he henceforward guarantees." In the next place, the secret article of the Austro-Russian treaty of alliance respecting the Ottoman Porte was now to be extended to Prussia, *so that each of the two Courts bound itself to help the other with all its forces in case of an attack by Prussia.* Lastly the Emperor promised, in case of a new and joint war against the Turks, to co-operate with all his power in realising the agreement made between Catharine and Joseph II., in their autograph correspondence of the year 1782; and especially to make Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bessarabia, into an independent Principality for a member of the Imperial House of Russia. The Empress then promised, on her part, that Austria should receive the Turkish provinces formerly destined for Joseph II. She further engaged to do her utmost to procure additional compensation for Austria, and consented beforehand—in case the fortune of war should not allow the Emperor to make up his losses at the expense of France—to his appropriating, to the full extent, all the lands wrongfully possessed by Venice, or acquiring some other suitable and sufficient compensation. Finally, Catharine bound herself to aid the Emperor with all her power, if Prussia should proceed to hostile demonstrations, or acts of open war.*

* 'History,' vol. iv. pp. 176-177. Cf. Hüffer, 'Politik d. d. M., pp. 235-238, where the French text of the 'Déclaration Secrète' is given *in extenso*.

This agreement is regarded by Sybel as an offensive alliance between the two Imperial Courts against Prussia, whereby the latter was forced, in self-defence, to conclude the peace of Basle. To this it was answered that, inasmuch as the secret declaration remained unknown to Prussia for more than half a century, it could not possibly have influenced her conduct in her negotiations with France; moreover, that the alliance was not, technically speaking, an offensive one, and would probably remain a dead letter after the death of the Empress Catharine. The technical objection, we confess, seems to us utterly futile. In reply to the former observation, Sybel suggests the dilemma that the declaration either implied the adoption of a definite line of policy by Austria, or not. If it meant nothing, it can only be regarded as a proof of stupid thoughtlessness on the part of Thugut; if it meant what it averred, it must have influenced his actual policy, whether it remained unknown or not. Now, Hüffer has since found in the Vienna archives evidence that the anti-Turkish designs of Russia caused apprehensions to arise in Thugut himself, or at all events to find expression from him; and that the secret declaration was signed by the Austrian envoy Cobenzl, in excess of his instructions from Vienna. This discovery, while it certainly tended to weaken the suspicion attaching to Thugut as the original author of the plan, failed to remove his responsibility for having accepted it. Already in his answer to Hüffer's first comments, Sybel had allowed the time to be doubtful when Thugut first entered upon a definite scheme of Oriental policy, and had acknowledged an occasional discrepancy between the spoken words, and what Sybel believed to have been the intentions, of the Austrian minister. And Sybel has now convinced himself, from the Vienna archives, that it was not Thugut, but Catharine herself, who introduced the settlement of the Eastern question as a new element into these negotiations. The idea was entirely the Empress's own, and surprised her ministers as much as the Austrian envoy Cobenzl.* Thugut, however, accepted the new clause, merely insisting upon the Turkish war being postponed till after the conclusion of the French. The fear of Prussia, and not the hope of Eastern acquisitions, was his motive in agreeing to this treaty; and it was for this reason that he massed 80,000 troops in Bohemia, to guard against the Prussian attack, which he apprehended would take place upon the Austrian frontier, were Russia to send her forces to the East.

* 'History,' vol. iv. p. 176. The discussion concerning the treaty and its effects will be found in Hüffer, 'Oesterr. u. Preussen,' p. 135 ff; Sybel, 'Oesterr. u. Deutschl.' p. 102 ff; Hüffer, 'Politik, d. d. M.,' p. 129 ff; and finally Sybel, 'Polens Untergang,' &c., p. 125 ff.

Inasmuch,

Inasmuch, however, as the secret declaration remained actually unknown to the Prussian Government, it was only the former part of the treaty which, being known at Berlin in substance, if not in terms, by the close of the year 1794,* could have influenced the conduct of Prussia in her peace negotiations with France. She was, undoubtedly, aware of the existence of an intimate understanding between the two Imperial Courts, and justly apprehensive of a postponement of her interests in the Polish settlement by Russia to those of Austria. At the same time it is obvious that this suspicion, however well-founded, could in no sense have furnished a palliation for her conduct in concluding a separate peace with France.

But Sybel has yet another arrow in his quiver; and if this has hit the mark, it is fatal to any pretension being maintained of Austria having been betrayed by Prussia, and not *vice versâ*, in the year 1795. For, if Prussia had well-founded suspicions that Austria was contemplating a separate peace with France by the sacrifice of the left bank of the Rhine, then Prussia, whose responsibilities to the Germanic Empire were, technically at all events, less than those of Austria, may fairly stand excused for having anticipated her rival. It may not be amiss to recall the fact, that this year, 1795, was one of a general scramble for peace. The power of the war-party in France seemed likely to be broken; and it was only by a most unexpected turn in the relations of French parties, that the foreign policy of the Terror was not overthrown together with the tyranny of the Jacobins. Tuscany made her peace with France before Prussia. Spain followed her example shortly after the Treaty of Basle. Even the *Emigrés* would have been condemned to permanent inaction, had it not been for the fatal error of Mr. Pitt in supporting the one element of opposition to the Revolution, which the French people as a whole were resolved to repel. But it was to the conduct of Austria that the attention of Prussia was, of course, primarily directed. Is there any proof of Austrian peace-negotiations at this time; and is there good reason to believe that a strong suspicion of such negotiations inspired the policy of Prussia? For it need hardly be pointed out, that nothing is proved by the fact of Thugut's having merely *contemplated* the necessity of concluding peace with France, in the event of his anti-Russian policy not being vigorously supported by Russia, and of the Austrian acquisition of Cracow being jeopardised in

* This is very candidly pointed out by Hüffer, in opposition to Vivenot's attempt to deny any connexion between the Russo-Austrian Treaty and the Peace of Basle, 'Oesterreich u. Preussen,' pp. 140-1.

consequence.

consequence.* Even the suspicion of the Russian minister Markoff, that Austria was engaged in negotiations with France, may have only been a passing apprehension; and it certainly has no bearing upon the conduct of Prussia.† What requires to be demonstrated, is that Austria was actually endeavouring to make peace with France, and that Prussia had fair reason to suspect these endeavours.

As to the former point, Sybel himself allows,‡ that the evidence which he can bring forward is only circumstantial; but he asks, with some show of reason, how any other kind of evidence could be furnished, or expected, in such a case? It is certainly remarkable, that no trace of any kind is discoverable in the Vienna archives (as their director positively assured M. Hüffer)§ of any overtures in this direction from Austria to France before October, 1795. The question therefore turns on a different kind of proof; and, above all, on the authority which the Tuscan envoy at Paris, Chevalier Carletti, had for advising the French Government to make peace with Austria, by securing to the latter the possession of Bavaria, in return for her allowing France to take the left bank of the Rhine. We are bound to say, after a careful examination of the evidence on the point (which want of space alone prevents us from discussing in detail), that in our opinion the 'solidarity' between the negotiations of Carletti and the designs of the Austrian Government, remains to this day nothing more than a suspicion; and that the bearing of the former upon the conclusion of the Treaty of Basle has not been demonstrated.

In conclusion, it is evident that upon a judgment of the whole policy of Thugut will be based the final conclusion as to the nature of the transactions in which Austria and Prussia were involved during the years 1794 and 95. Sybel and Häusser have displayed neither hesitation nor inconsistency on this head; and herein lies the strength of their position. Their opponent, on the other hand, has been obliged to reserve his general view of the guiding principles of Thugut's policy, or, to use his own language, has preferred to abstain from 'confuting conjectures by conjectures.' We have no scruple in avowing that our own view generally inclines to the result of Sybel's arguments on these subjects; but the evidence adduced by him, on particular points, seems to us hardly sufficient to justify the adoption of all his conclusions

* That Thugut had such thoughts in his mind, is proved by the extracts from his despatches to Cobenzl given in 'Polem Unterergang,' &c., p. 133 ff.

† Sybel only touches upon it; but further citations on this head may possibly be considered requisite in future editions, *ib.*, p. 136.

‡ 'Oesterreich u. Preussen,' &c., p. 149.

§ 'Politik,' &c., p. 239.

as established facts. Of this, however, we feel assured: that after the inquiries of these historians, the hope must be abandoned of clearing Thugut's memory from the charge, that his intrigues originated an Austrian policy, which, instead of a safeguard, became a standing danger to the peace of Europe. For it was Thugut who, while contemptuously neglecting the internal affairs of the monarchy, created for it that anomalous condition of existence, which bore in it the seeds of future decay. And this he effected, not because he steadily pursued fixed aims, or persistently defended his sovereign's throne against real dangers. The Secret Declaration was not his own work; and it remained in nearly every point a dead letter. His fear of a Prussian invasion was nothing less than a nightmare. His scheming activity brought to Austria no real accession of strength, while it led her back into the dangerous paths out of which she had been kept by the wiser self-restraint of Leopold II. He revived the worse half of the policy of Joseph II.; and his restless efforts to make Austria reap the results of a confusion which he had helped to foster, produced as their ultimate result, the exclusion of Austria from Germany. That exclusion is one of the deplorable fruits of the misconducted Revolutionary War. Deplorable because, although *Kleindeutschthum* may have its historical justification, even its partisans, if they are the true patriots which we believe them to be, can hardly regard it as other than an unhappy necessity. On the other hand, it has been once more proved by this narrative, that, while in the Revolutionary War, Germany was abandoned by Austria, Prussia did less than nothing towards establishing a claim to the hegemony forfeited by her rival. If her Government 'indulged the hope of developing the Treaty of Basle into a general peace, and yet retaining the whole of the territory of the Empire,'* that hope was frustrated, not only because Thugut regarded this treaty as a sign that Prussia was concocting 'the broadest and blackest schemes against Austria,'† but because Prussia was trembling for her ill-gotten Polish gains, and was half-hearted in every cause that did not concern her own immediate aggrandisement. Suffering and sacrifice alone were to make her worthy of the destiny which awaited her, but which she had as yet failed to recognise.

In taking leave, for the present, of this remarkable work, we trust we need say no more to commend it to the attentive study of English readers. The welcome which they will accord to this 'History,' will not be diminished by the satisfaction, which they

* 'History,' vol. iv. p. 289.

† 'Polens Untergang,' &c., p. 140.

will derive from its justification of the conduct of England in the earlier passages of the war. Professor von Sybel, as he has proved in his parliamentary, as well as in his literary career, is no blind worshipper of English institutions; and this gives a double value to his vindication of the sincerity of the great English minister who, more fully perhaps than any of his predecessors or successors, represented the nation whose affairs he directed. Were space left us, we would endeavour to show wherein he seems to us to have done justice to Mr. Pitt, and wherein to have passed with singular leniency over his political errors. We would attempt to indicate how he has insufficiently marked the results of the conversion of a just war for the defence of English interests and the peace of Europe into an unjustifiable interference with a foreign nation's settlement of its own destinies—an omission dangerous in days when Lord Macaulay's antithetical platitude still finds acceptance, that if Pitt 'did not choose to oppose himself, side by side with Fox, to the public feeling, he should have taken the advice of Burke, and should have availed himself of that feeling to the full extent.' But these points will naturally attract the attention and consideration of English readers. We may therefore conclude by congratulating the latter on the circumstance, that Professor von Sybel should have found so competent an interpreter as Dr. Perry. The highest praise to be bestowed upon a translator is that of *bene latuit*; and an acknowledgment of the extreme rarity of the occasions on which we have found it necessary to contrast Dr. Perry with his original,* is the sole tribute which we need pay to the former, and, we dare say, the only one which he has desired in return for his arduous labours.

* The translation of a remarkable passage, vol. iv., p. 73, is marred by a doubtful version of the author's expression: 'Der gegenseitige Hass lag hier seit vier Jahrhunderten in den Seelen.' This passage is rendered by Dr. Perry: 'Mutual hatred had glowed in the minds of Poles and Prussians for centuries.' Of what *Prussians* is Dr. Perry speaking with reference to the first of the four centuries thus vaguely indicated? Of the members of the Prussian League of 1440, which led to the peace of Thorn, or of the Knights of the German Order, whom that peace reduced to vassals of the Polish Crown? Again (vol. i. p. 264) the English Translator, but not his original, has antedated the creation of the *electorate* of Hesse-Cassel, which only took place in 1803, three years before the extinction of the Empire.

- ART. VII.—1. *Deutschland's Kampf- und Freiheitslieder.* Illustrirt von Georg Bleibtreu. Leipzig, 1865.
 2. *Lieder zu Schutz und Trutz.* Berlin, 1870.
 3. *Gedichte.* Von Ernst Moritz Arndt. Berlin, 1860.
 4. Theodor Körner's *Sämmtliche Werke.* Berlin, 1842.
 5. *Gedichte.* Von Ludwig Uhland. Stuttgart, 1863.
 6. *Lieder für das deutsche Volk in Waffen.* Darmstadt, 1870.

GERMANY has at every period of its history been rich in national songs. Tacitus notices the war songs of the Germans as a peculiarity too striking to be overlooked. We should find little difficulty in putting together the whole history of Germany, so far as it is known, in all its boldest and most striking outlines, in contemporary patriotic songs; that is to say, in songs inspired by the great crises, whether of misfortune or triumph, through which the race has been called to pass, and familiar to the men whose doings or whose dangers made the history of their times.

But the present is not the place or the time for giving our readers, even in the most interesting succession of ballads, a *résumé* of the history of nearly half the continent of Europe. Our eyes are too intently fixed on the immediate theatre of the great events of 1870, to care very much for the history of bygone ages, except so far as it may serve as a commentary on, or supply an explanation of, some of the peculiarities we may notice in the times themselves, and more notably, in accordance with the title of our article, in the patriotic songs of the period.

The works, titles of which we have placed at the head of our article, are, with the exception of those by individual writers, collections, large and small, of patriotic and war songs. '*Deutschland's Kampf- und Freiheitslieder*' is a very beautifully illustrated work, the date of which shows it to be anterior to the German war of 1866, but it is notwithstanding, in its whole scope and execution, most appropriate to the present time. The campaign of 1870 will render necessary a much enlarged edition, but will by no means put the present one out of date. The second publication on our list, the '*Songs of Defence and Defiance*,' has been prepared in aid of the German Sick and Wounded Fund, and consists of contributions from a vast number of the living poets of Germany, inspired by the circumstances of the time, and printed, for the most part, in facsimile from the autographs of the song-writers themselves. We shall allow our extracts to speak for themselves as to the spirit of these productions. There is naturally a prejudice against 'charity contributions,' in a literary sense. They are often given, like the doubtful shilling or sixpence at a

church collection, as the only way of getting rid of a sort of incubus which is felt to be too nearly bad to circulate boldly, and too nearly good to throw quite away. In fact, as we shall have occasion to see, there are some very good songs, among a number that are fairly respectable, though not specially interesting to English readers. The 'Lieder für das deutsche Volk in Waffen' is the most comprehensive of a vast number of similar compilations in the pamphlet form which have come under our notice, containing almost every song which is to be found in any of its smaller rivals.

In all these collections, Arndt and Körner, by the best of rights, take the chief and most prominent places; and though the former has been dead ten years, and the latter died a hero's death in 1813, a few hours after writing his most famous 'Battle Song,' the national ideas which both entertained have been so mighty in their influence on the men and the songs of to-day that we cannot leave them altogether without notice.

Arndt's song of the 'Fatherland' is too well known to be quoted here. But we pass on to the one which he wrote when Thiers was stirring up the French to war, in 1841. It is an advance on the 'Fatherland' song of 1813: the former was a call to his fellow-men to break the yoke of an intolerable slavery; the latter is a mustering of united Germans to invade France, and breathes a spirit of vengeance, which the conquest of Paris and the hostile occupation of France had not assuaged.

KRIEGSLIED GEGEN DIE WÄLSCHEN.

WAR-SONG AGAINST THE FRENCH.

Und brauset der Sturmwind des Krieges
heran,

If the Frenchmen again must provoke us to
fight,

Und wollen die Wälschen ihn haben,
So sammle, mein Deutschland, dich stark
wie Ein Mann

And the storm-wind of war sweep our
land,

Und bringe die blutigen Gaben,
Und bringe das Schrecken und trage das
Grauen

Assemble, my Germany, rise in thy might
And give them the gifts they demand.

Von all' deinen Bergen, aus all' deinen
Gauen,

Surround them with terror, pursue them
with fear,

Und klinge die Losung: 'Zum Rhein!
Uebern Rhein!

From hill and from valley, from far and
from near,

Alldeutschland in Frankreich hinein!'

And shout: 'To the Rhine, cross the river,
advance!

All Germany, on, into France!

Sie wollen's: So reisse denn, deutsche
Geduld!

They choose it. Then, patience of Ger-
many, break!

Reiss' durch von dem Belt bis zum
Rheine!

From the Belt to the Rhine beat the drum!
The debt they have owed us so long we
will take,

Wir fordern die lange gestundete Schuld—
Auf, Wälsche, und rühret die Beine!

Up, Frenchmen, bestir you, we come!

Wir wollen im Spiele der Schwerter und
Lanzen

To the singing of swords and the tilting of
lances,

Den wilden, den blutigen Tanz mit euch
tanzen,

We'll lead you the wildest, the bloodiest
dances,

Wir klingen die Losung: 'Zum Rhein!
Uebern Rhein!

And shout: 'To the Rhine, cross the river,
advance!

Alldeutschland in Frankreich hinein!'

All Germany, on, into France!'

Mein einiges Deutschland, mein kühnes, heran!— Wir wollen ein Liedlein euch singen, Von dem, was die schleichende List euch gewann, <i>Von Strassburg und Metz und Lothringen!</i> <i>Zurück sollt ihr zahlen, heraus sollt ihr geben!</i> So stehe der Kampf uns auf Tod und auf Leben! So klinge die Losung: 'Zum Rhein! Uebern Rhein! Allddeutschland in Frankreich hinein!'	My own Fatherland, my brave Germany, on! We'll sing them a terrible strain Of what ages ago their vile policy won— <i>Of Strasburg, and Metz, and Lorraine!</i> <i>They shall hand it all back, to the utter- most mite,</i> Since for life or for death they compel us to fight. So shout: 'To the Rhine, cross the river, advance! All Germany on, into France!'
Mein einiges Deutschland, mein freies, heran! Sie wollen, sie sollen es haben! Auf! Sammele und rüste dich stark wie Ein Mann Und bringe die blutigen Gaben! Du, das sie nun nimmer mit Listen zer- splittern, Erbranse wie Windsbraut aus schwarzen Gewittern! So klinge die Losung: 'Zum Rhein! Uebern Rhein! Allddeutschland in Frankreich hinein!'	My own Fatherland, my free Germany, on; They must, they will trouble our land— Rise! marshal in might all thy thousands as one, And give them the gift they demand! They have failed to divide thee; up, dash on their track, As the hurricane leaps from the thunder- cloud black! And shout: 'To the Rhine, cross the river, advance! All Germany, on, into France!'

Our readers will not fail to notice, from the words printed in italics, that the present popular demand in Germany for the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine, which presents such formidable obstacles to the conclusion of peace, dates from an earlier period than the existing war. The very word restoration has a plausible sound, and serves to cover a great injustice. There can be no doubt that the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine are Frenchmen to the back-bone, and view with horror and detestation the idea of being annexed to Germany. It would be an outrage upon modern civilisation, an affront to the whole of Europe, and a perpetual disgrace to Germany herself, if she annexed to her dominions an alien population, against their will, simply by the right of conquest. It appears to us that a possession of two hundred years gives nearly as good a title as one of two thousand; and if nations are to demand back territory, of which they have been deprived in former ages, the French might, with almost as much justice or injustice, claim the whole of the left bank of the Rhine on the plea that it had once belonged to the Gauls before Ariovistus and the Germans crossed the river.

This period also gave birth to Arndt's additional verses to his 'Fatherland' song, written on the occasion of the great Arminius-fest, in the summer of 1841. We venture to give them as being little known even to English readers who are familiar with the song itself:—

Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein !
 Das sei der Ruf, der Klang, der Schein,
 Der junge und der alte Schluss,
 Der Blücher, der Arminius !
 Das soll es sein,
 Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein !

Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein !
 So klingt's vom Belt bis übern Rhein.
 Der Römer sank, der Röm'ling sinkt,
 Wo Stahl in deutschen Fäusten blinkt.
 So soll es sein !
 So war, so soll mein Deutschland sein.

Our Fatherland all Germany !
 Let that our cry, our motto be ;
 Resolve on which the die was cast
 By Hermann first, by Blücher last !
 So shall it be,
 Our Fatherland all Germany.

Our Fatherland all Germany !
 Shout it from Rhine to Baltic Sea.
 Rome's sons shall sink as sank their sire
 When German broadswords flash their fire.
 So shall it be
 Again, as once, one Germany !

We add one more sample from Arndt, this time from his 'Catechism for German Warriors,' as showing how he fostered in his countrymen a bold religious spirit :—

AUFRUF.

Frisch auf, ihr deutschen Schaaren !
 Frisch auf, zum heil'gen Krieg !
 Gott will sich offenbaren
 Im Tode und im Sieg :
 Mit Gott, dem Frommen, Starken,
 Seid fröhlich und geschwind,
 Kämpft für des Landes Marken,
 Für Eltern, Weib und Kind.

Frisch auf ! Ihr tragt das Zeichen
 Des Heils an Eurem Hut ;
 Dem muss die Hölle weichen
 Und Satans Frevelmuth,
 Wenn ihr mit treuem Herzen
 Und rechtem Glauben denkt,
 Für wie viel bitt're Schmerzen
 Sich Gottes Sohn geschenkt.

Drum auf für deutsche Ehre,
 Du tapf're Deutschgeschlecht !
 Der beste Schild der Heere
 Heisst Vaterland und Recht ;
 Als schönste Loosung klinget
 Die Freiheit in das Feld ;
 Wo sie die Fahne schwinget,
 Wird jedes Kind ein Held.

Drum auf, ihr deutschen Schaaren !
 Frisch auf zum heil'gen Krieg !
 Gott wird sich offenbaren
 Im Tode und im Sieg ;
 Und wenn die ganze Hölle
 Sich gösse über euch,
 Ihr spült sie, wie die Welle
 Das Sandkorn, weg von euch.

CALL TO ARMS.

Arise, ye German legions,
 Draw forth the sacred steel !
 To you in death or victory
 Himself will God reveal ;
 With all His might beside you,
 Take cheerfully your stand,
 And fight for parents, children, wife,
 And German Fatherland.

Arise ! Upon your helms ye bear
 Salvation's sacred sign,*
 To this the powers of hell must yield
 And Satan's fierce design ;
 If only with believing hearts,
 With earnest faith and true,
 Ye think of all the bitter pains
 The Saviour bore for you.

Then up ! for German honour,
 Brave German race, to fight ;
 The noblest cause our host can have
 Is Fatherland and right ;
 The noblest war-cry we can sound
 Is glorious Liberty,
 Where she the banner waves around
 Must children heroes be.

Then rise, ye German legions,
 Draw forth the sacred steel !
 To you in death or victory
 Himself will God reveal ;
 And though the very hosts of hell
 Should overrun the land,
 We'll drive them forth, as rising waves
 Sweep on the shifting sand.

Theodor Körner was a poet of actual battle. He could stir his comrades to follow his own glorious example of self-sacrificing valour, but, unlike Arndt, he was no politician. Germany was

* The cross with a sword, worn as a badge by many volunteer bands in the War of Liberation.

enslaved ;

enslaved; her sons were called to work her deliverance; he spread the cry, rushed forward shouting it, fell with its echo on his lips. His best-known songs (sung still to-day by many a man before the battle), 'Vater! Ich rufe dich!' 'Hör' uns, Allmächtiger!' two earnest battle-prayers, 'The Song of the Sword,' and 'Lützow's Wild Hunt,' all appear again as favourites in the multitudinous collections to which we have referred. We will quote one of the less-known songs, premising at the same time that, in the specimens which we give, our purpose is rather to show the effect of such songs upon the German national character, and their sufficiency for national needs, than to call attention to the most striking poetic productions which we might have laid before our readers:—

MÄNNER UND BUDEN.

Das Volk steht auf, der Sturm bricht los,
Wer legt noch die Hände feig in den
Schoss!

Pfui über dich Buben hinter dem Ofen,
Unter den Schranzen und unter den Zofen,
Bist doch ein ehrlos erbärmlicher Wicht!
Ein deutsches Mädchen küsst dich nicht,
Ein deutsches Lied erfreut dich nicht,
Ein deutscher Wein erquickt dich nicht!
Stosst mit an,
Mann für Mann,
Wer den Flammberg schwingen kann!

Wenn wir die Schauer der Regennacht
Unter Sturmespfeifen wachend vollbracht,
Kannst du freilich auf üppigen Pfühlen
Wollüstig träumend die Glieder kühlen.
Bist doch u. s. w.

Wenn uns der Trompeten rauher Klang
Wie Donner Gottes zum Herzen drang,
Magst du im Theater die Nase wetzen
Und dich an Trillern und Läufern ergötzen.
Bist doch u. s. w.

Wenn die Gluth des Tages versengend
drückt,
Und uns kaum noch ein Tropfen Wassers
erquickt
Kannst du Champagner springen lassen,
Kannst du bei brechenden Tafeln prassen.
Bist doch u. s. w.

MEN AND CRAVENS.

When the storm-wind of freedom sweeps
over our lands,
Where is the dastard that foldeth his
hands?

Shame on thee, craven, that sittest behind
The stove, in the shelter of weak woman-
kind.

A base and contemptible wretch thou
must be,

No German maiden kisseth thee,

No German song delighteth thee,

No German wine refresheth thee.

But man for man,

We'll drain the can,

All whose hands can wield the sword.

When by rain and by tempest though
beaten and tossed,

We wake long nights through at our seu-
tinel post,

Canst thou calmly on down pillows cushion
thy head,

And roll in sweet dreams on a soft feather
bed?

Then a base, &c.

When the trumpets' harsh call, or the
drums' sudden roll,

Like the thunder of God, shakes our inner-
most soul,

Canst thou, at the opera spending the night,
Find joy in a trill, in a cadence delight?

Then a base, &c.

In the fierce noonday heat, with our throats
parched and dry,

When we'd welcome a drop of cold water
with joy,

Canst thou quietly drink the rich wine as
it's poured,

Enjoying the feast at a bountiful board?

Then a base, &c.

Wenn

Wenn wir vor'm Drange der würgenden
Schlacht
Zum Abschied an's ferne Treuliebchen
gedacht,
Magst du zu deinen Maitressen laufen
Und dir mit Golde die Lust erkaufen.
Bist doch u. s. w.

Wenn die Kugel pfeift, wenn die Lanze
saus't,
Wenn der Tod uns in tausend Gestalten
umbraus't,
Kannst du am Spieltisch dein Septleva
brechen,
Mit der Spadille die Könige stechen.
Bist doch u. s. w.

Und schlägt unser Stündlein im Schlachten-
roth,
Willkommen dann, seliger Wehrmanns-
tod !—
Du mußt dann unter seidenen Decken
Winselnd vor der Vernichtung schrecken,
Stirbst als ein ehrlos erbärmlicher
Wicht !
Ein deutsches Mädchen beweint dich
nicht,
Ein deutsches Lied besingt dich nicht,
Und deutsche Becher klingen dir nicht.—
Stosst mit an,
Mann für Mann,
Wer den Flamborg schwingen kann !

While we each, tolling fierce in the man-
derous fight,
Think a hasty farewell to his darling treth-
plight,
Canst thou in a shameful security move,
And waste manhood and gold on some
vile light-of-love ?
Then a base, &c.

When the lances gleam bright, and the
shrill bullets sound,
And quick death in a thousand forms
threatens us round,
The dice canst thou rattle, the main canst
thou call,
And count how the tricks at the card table
fall ?
Then a base, &c.

And if in our strife we but sink to the
grave,
We can welcome with joy the blast death
of the brave,
Whilst thou in the midst of thy tapestried
room
Shalt wail and shalt quail at the coming of
doom.
In thy death thou shalt base and con-
temptible be,
For no German maiden shall sorrow for
thee,
In no German song shall thy death be
deplored,
And no German wine to thy memory
poured.
But man for man,
We'll drain the can,
All whose hands can grasp the sword.

The name of Friedrich Rückert holds a very high place among the German patriotic singers of the present century, and his songs abound in all the collections. That touching one, entitled 'Die drei Gesellen,' applies strikingly to the present state of German feeling. It is printed with an admirable illustration in 'Deutschland's Kampf- und Freiheitslieder,' but befits the present time of union far better than the period when that work was published, namely, the year before Germany was convulsed by that terrible struggle between brother and brother, which had for its immediate result the victory of Sadowa, and for remoter consequence the present humiliation of France. A later working out of a similar idea is to be found in a very spirited anonymous song, 'Die Mainbrücke' (written after the battle of Wörth and already very widely known), beginning 'Es war zu Wörth, der heisse Tag:' but we can only afford space for the earlier one of Rückert:—

DIE DREI GESELLEN.

Es waren drei Gesellen,
Die stritten widern Feind
Und thäten stets sich stellen
In jedem Kampf vereint.

Der ein' ein Oesterreicher,
Der andr' ein Preusse hiess,
Davon sein Land mit gleicher
Gewalt ein jeder pries.

Woher war denn der dritte?
Nicht her von Oestreichs Flur,
Auch nicht von Preussens Sitte,
Von Deutschland war er nur.

Und als die Drei einst wieder
Standen im Kampf vereint,
Da warf in ihre Glieder
Kartätschensaat der Feind;

Da fielen alle Dreie
Auf einen Schlag zugleich.
Der eine rief mit Schreie:
'Hoch lebe Oesterreich!'

Der andre, sich entzückend,
Rief: 'Preussen lebe hoch!'
Der dritte, ruhig sterbend,
Was rief der dritte doch?

Er rief: 'Deutschland soll leben!'
Da hörten es die Zwei,
Wie recht und links daneben
Sie sanken nah dabei;

Da richteten im Sinken
Sich beide nach ihm hin,
Zur Rechten und zur Linken,
Und lehnten sich an ihn.

Da rief der in der Mitten
Noch einmal: 'Deutschland hoch!'
Und beide mit dem dritten
Riefen's, und lauter noch.

Da ging ein Todesengel
Im Kampfgewühl vorbei
Mit einem Palmenstengel
Und liegen sah die Drei.

Er sah auf ihrem Munde
Die Spur des Wortes noch,
Wie sie im Todesbunde
Gerufen: 'Deutschland hoch!'

Da schlug er seine Flügel
Um alle Drei zugleich
Und trug zum höchsten Hügel
Sie auf in Gottes Reich.

THE THREE COMRADES.

Against the foe went marching
Three comrades staunch and good,
Who side by side together
In many a fight had stood.

The first a sturdy Austrian,
The next a Prussian brave,
And each one praised his country
As the best a man could have.

And where was born the other?
No Austrian was he,
Nor yet of Prussian rearing,
But a son of Germany.

One day together, side by side,
As fought those comrades true,
Amidst their ranks the enemy
A storm of grape-shot threw.

It smote them all together
As they stood side by side,
'Hurrah! hurrah! for Austria!'
The first, death-stricken, cried.

'Hurrah for Prussia,' cried the next,
His life-blood ebbing fast;
Undaunted by his mortal wound,
What cry escaped the last?

He cried, 'Hurrah for Germany!'
His comrades heard the sound
As right and left beside him
They sank upon the ground.

And as they sank, they nearer came,
And close together pressed,
At right of him and left of him
As brothers, breast to breast.

And once more cried the centre one,
'Hurrah for Germany!'
The others echoed back the cry,
And louder still than he.

As through the tumult of the fight
Death's angel swiftly sped,
Palm-bearing, he beheld the three
Brave comrades lying dead.

And on their lips the traces still
His piercing eye could see
Of what their last joint cry had been—
A prayer for Germany.

He spread his wings above the three,
He raised them from the sod,
And led them to their lofty home
Within the realms of God.

Max von Schenkendorf is another of those poets of the Liberation War who could smite as well as sing, and whose songs are still popular.

popular. We give a portion of one of the most spirited, the 'Student's War Song':—

Ich bin Student gewesen,
Nun heiss ich Lieutenant,
Fahr wohl, gelahrtes Wesen,
Ado, du Büchertand.
Zum König will ich ziehen,
In's grüne Waffenfeld,
Wo rothe Rosen blühen,
Da schlaf ich ohne Zelt.
Ihr guten Kameraden
Bei Büchern und beim Mahl,
Seid alle mitgeladen
In diesem grossen Saal.

Frisch auf, wenn solche Stimme
Zum Ohr und Herzen geht!
Es rege sich im Grimme
Nun jede Fakultät,
Die ihr euch weise Meister
Im stolzen Wahn genannt,
Auf Regeln für die Geister,
Für die Gedanken sannt.—
Hier ist die hohe Schule,
Die freie Künste lehrt,
Und für die Federspule
Schärf ich mein gutes Schwert.

A student I was yesterday,
A subaltern to-day;
Farewell, farewell, O learned life,
Ye worthless books, away!
To serve my king on battle-field,
My willing footsteps go,
And I can sleep without a tent
Where war's red roses blow.
All you who have my comrades been
At desk and board, I call,
There's room for every one of us
In that great banquet hall!

Wake, every man, whose ear and heart
Such sound of strife can pierce!
Rouse, every learned faculty,
And join the combat fierce.
Ye who with zeal have hitherto
The fame of wisdom sought,
Defining rules of reasoning,
And fixing laws of thought;
Here is the university
That teacheth best to think,
And makes us whet our trusty swords,
Instead of spilling ink.

The song proceeds through a number of other verses addressed respectively to the different faculties of law, physic, and divinity, and concludes as follows:—

Das heiss ich rechte Fehde,
Wenn jeder tüt die Kraft,
Zur Waffe wird die Rede,
Zur Waffe Wissenschaft.
Die Harf' in Sängers Händen,
Den Meissel scharf und fein,
Das alles kann man wenden
Zu Feindes Trutz und Pein.

I call the warfare worthy
Where all their utmost do,
Where wisdom is a weapon,
And speech a weapon too.
Where tuneful harp in minstrel's hands,
Or chisel's skilful blow,
All thoughts, all things, are turned to work
Confusion on the foe.

This is one of the more familiar songs of Schenkendorf. His 'Soldier's Morning Song,' which is now a great favourite, will show how the German soldier has not ceased to foster the religious spirit which the trials and dangers of the Liberation War gave birth to:—

SOLDATEN-MORGENLIED.

Erhebt euch von der Erde,
Ihr Schläfer, aus der Ruh!
Schon wiehern uns die Pferde
Den guten Morgen zu!
Die lieben Waffen glänzen
So hell im Morgenroth;
Man träumt von Siegeskränzen,
Man denkt auch an den Tod.

SOLDIER'S MORNING SONG.

Now rise up from your earthy couch,
Ye sleepers, with the day!
A ready all our tethered steeds
Their early greeting neigh!
Our weapons glisten brightly
In morning's rosy breath,
As we wake from dreams of laurels,
And pass to thoughts of death.

Du reicher Gott in Gnaden,
 Schau her vom Himmelszelt!
 Du selbst hast uns geladen
 In dieses Waffenfeld.
 Lass uns vor Dir bestehen
 Und geib uns heute Sieg!
 Die Christenbanner wehen,
 Dein ist, o Herr, der Krieg.

Ein Morgen soll noch kommen,
 Ein Morgen mild und klar;
 Sein harren alle Frommen,
 Ihn schaut der Engel Schaar.
 Bald scheint er sonder Hülle
 Auf jeden deutschen Mann;
 O brich, du Tag der Fülle,
 Du Freiheitstag, brich an!

O God, in grace abounding,
 Look down from heaven afar!
 Thou callest forth our legions,
 Thou marshallst our war.
 Uphold us by Thy presence,
 This day beside us be;
 For Thine, O Lord, the banners are,
 And Thine the victory.

A morning yet of joy shall come,
 A morning fair and bright;
 Which all Thy faithful folk shall see,
 And angels share the sight;
 Which, unobscured, each German true
 In glory shall behold.
 Break, break, thou dawn of freedom, break;
 Thou noon of joy, unfold!

The 'Evening Song,' a companion to the foregoing and an equal favourite, has some very striking stanzas, and shows the reality of its inspiration by its loving reference to the general under whom Max von Schenkendorf was actually serving, and to the foe before whom he was arrayed. We give an extract only:—

SOLDATEN-ABENDLIED.

Ihr fernern theuren Seelen,
 Wir wünschen gute Nacht;
 Wir wollen euch empfehlen
 Der ew'gen Liebesmacht.
 Wir grüssen, ach, wir grüssen
 Viel tausend tausendmal,
 Und unsre Blicke küssen
 Sich wohl im Mondenstrahl.

Schlaf ruhig, Vater Röder,
 Du lieber General;
 Das betet wohl ein jeder
 Aus deiner Krieger Zahl.
 Du bist uns Lust und Segen
 In Schlacht und Ungemach;
 Du schläfst in Sturm und Regen
 Wie wir oft ohne Dach.

Auch du im Lager drüben
 Magst ruhig schlafen, Feind;
 Wir ha'n mit Schuss und Hieben
 Es ehrlich stets gemeint.

SOLDIER'S EVENING SONG.

To you, ye distant dear ones,
 We wish a fond good night,
 Your souls in love commending
 To God's eternal might.
 We greet you, oh! we greet you
 A thousand thousand fold,
 And wish our glance your glance could meet
 Within the moonbeams cold.

Sleep sweetly, father Röder,
 Our well loved general;
 This wish for thee is echoed by
 Thy soldiers, one and all.
 Thou art our joy and comfort
 In combat and in care,
 Who bravely with us storm and rain
 And homelessness dost share.

Sleep sweetly, e'en in yonder camp,
 Although ye be our foes;
 We have no private cause for hate,
 Our blows are honest blows.

There is something admirable in the spirit of the last four lines. How they bring before us the actual line of thought in a brave soldier's mind as he lies by the watchfire in the silent moonlight, and thinks of the past and the present, the friends he has left, the comrades around him, and even the foes to his front! It is a beautiful thought of peace amidst the din of conflict, and of generous love amidst the tumult of hate. The brave soldier-poet can honour his enemies, can wish them the rest which his own weary

weary limbs can appreciate, can imagine Frenchmen lying by their watchfire opposite and feeling just in their French hearts the same thoughts swelling as swell in his German heart, and can lay him down in peace and take his rest, glad to think no evil and wish no harm to any fellow-man on earth. We know but little of the personal history of Max von Schenkendorf except that he was a soldier, a poet, and a scholar, and that he died in 1819, at the early age of thirty-five.

These Morning and Evening Songs of Schenkendorf, however, do not so fully exemplify the moral courage of the Germans in giving prominence among their war songs to compositions depicting the sad and mournful side of war as others we shall lay before our readers. The following one, for instance, is to be found without exception in *every* collection, great or small, and doubtless engraved also in the heart and memory of a vast majority of the German soldiery. It is 'The Good Comrade,' of Uhland. Surely there is some chord in the German heart, of which we are unable to feel the vibration, to make a little mournful ditty such as this so universal a favourite:—

DER GUTE KAMERAD.

Ich hatt' einen Kameraden,
Einen bessern find'st du nit.
Die Trommel schlug zum Streite,
Er ging an meiner Seite
In gleichem Schritt und Tritt.

Eine Kugel kam geflogen,
Gilt's mir, oder gilt es dir?
Ihn hat es weggerissen,
Er liegt zu meinen Füßen,
Als wär's ein Stück von mir.

Will mir die Hand noch reichen,
Derweil ich eben lad'!
Kann dir die Hand nicht geben,
Bleib' du im ew'gen Leben
Mein guter Kamerad.

THE GOOD COMRADE.

I had a faithful comrade once,
No better could there be.
The drum was beat, the charge was led,
Together to the strife we sped,
And he kept step with me.

A bullet came, and who could tell
For which of us 'twas bound?
Alas! for him the missile flew;
My second self, my comrade true,
Lay dying on the ground.

He tried to clasp my hand once more,
I had my piece to load!
'I cannot grasp thine hand, adieu!
I bid thee, O my comrade true,
Farewell, and rest in God.'

The picture is a touching one, drawn by a master's hand in a few bold outlines; but the subject is one of absolute sorrow. The complex misery of an utter and instant separation has perhaps never been depicted with more pathetic conciseness.

Let us now take another morning song, of a more romantic character, the 'Reiterlied,' of Georg Herwegh:—

REITERLIED.

Die bange Nacht ist nun herum;
Wir reiten still, wir reiten stumm
Und reiten in's Verderben.
Wie weht so scharf der Morgenwind!
Frau Wirthin, noch ein Glas geschwind
Vorm Sterben, vorm Sterben.

CAVALRY-SONG.

The anxious night is nearly past;
We ride so silent, ride so fast,
To sure destruction flying.
The morning breeze is blowing chill,
Ho! dame, we'll drink a goblet still,
Ere dying, ere dying.

Du junges Gras, was stehst du grün,
Musst bald wie lauter Röslein blühn:
Mein Blut ja soll dich färben!
Den ersten Schluck, am Schwert die Hand,
Den trink ich, für das Vaterland
Zu sterben, zu sterben.

Und schnell den zweiten hinterdrein,
Und der soll für die Freiheit sein,
Der zweite Schluck vom Herben!
Dies Restchen—nun, wem bring ich's gleich?
Dies Restchen dir, o römisch Reich,
Zum Sterben, zum Sterben.

Dem Liebchen—doch das Glas ist leer,
Die Kugel saust, es blitzt der Speer,
Bringt meinem Kind die Scherben!
Auf! In den Feind wie Wetterschlag!
O Reiterlust, am frühen Tag
Zu sterben, zu sterben!

How green the young grass is to see,
Yet soon as roses red 'twill be:
Its blades my life-blood dyeing!
This draught of wine, with sword in hand
I quaff it, for my fatherland,
Ere dying, ere dying.

And quickly fill the cup again.
To liberty this draught I drain,
For which we all are sighing—
And what remains?—whose shall it be?
A toast to thee, all Germany,
Ere dying, ere dying.

To love—nay, empty is the glass,
Then send its fragments to my lass!
I hear the bullets flying;
Like lightning on the foe I ride!
At dawn of day, O joy and pride
Of dying, of dying.

This, as our readers will note, is a very different sort of song from those of Schenkendorf we have quoted. It has indeed a fine rhythmical swing, and much of what the newspapers call *élan*, as an elegant foreign equivalent for our native expression 'dash'; but it possesses no sort of moral grandeur. What does its utterance amount to? A great deal of personal and patriotic sentimentalism; a great deal of self-pity, as if to catch that of others; a great deal of affected desperation. In short, the rhythm is the main merit of the poem. We cannot feel that it sets forth in any sense the inspiration of a thoughtfully brave man. Though in this we may be doing 'the poet of radicalism,' as Herwegh has been called, an injustice, beguiled thereto by the impossibility of forgetting the merry Nadler's lines describing Herwegh's escape from the Hecker insurrection in which he had intended to be very prominent, but found in time discretion to be the better part of valour:—

Heiss fiel es dem Herwegh bei,
Dass der *Hinweg* besser sei.*

Wilhelm Hauff's 'Morgenroth' is truly beautiful and touching, and as a song of simple resignation is admirable; but still we must wonder at the spirit which makes it so familiar as a soldier's song. For its entire atmosphere is that of despondency; a mist of melancholy pierced by no sun-ray of hope. It is such a song as an innocent man might sing who has been condemned to die at day-dawn, and feels he is past help; such a song as might have

* Nadler's 'Fröhlich Pfalz,' Frankfurt, 1860, a volume of poems, chiefly humorous, and so exceptionally witty as to make it worth the while of our readers to take the trouble of understanding the dialect of the Palatinate, in which they are written.

suited the feelings of that squadron of each cavalry regiment in the battle of St. Privat the other day who drew the lots which doomed them to a post of almost certain death :

Morgenroth, Morgenroth !
Leuchtest mir zum frühen Tod ;
Bald wird die Trompete blasen,
Dann muss ich mein Leben lassen,
Ich und mancher Kamerad.

Dawn of day, dawn of day !
To death thou showest me the way ;
For when the bugles loudly blow,
Full soon shall I be lying low,
With many a comrade true.

Certainly in the assurance that the singer *must* die, we have the spirit of the forlorn hope, that is, strictly speaking, 'Eine verlorne Hoffnung,' a hope that is lost and gone, a synonym for despair. And we should utterly condemn, even on the commonest grounds of policy, the wailing of so melancholy an utterance by soldiers in a war, were it not that most of us have known of men who went to battle already half slain with deep-rooted and well-grounded presentiment of death, and yet did prodigies of valour, though dying in the midst of victory. And so such a song may in a sense be right, nay, must be right, though it may not suit our feelings. For though the singer may despair, it is of his life, not of his cause—of himself, not of his country ; and the very thought of such magnanimous self-sacrifice is ennobling.

Nor is it only the cultivated mind which dwells so tenderly on the sad side of warfare ; we find it also in the simple Volkslied, the utterance, pathetic in its very rudeness, of the parting peasant as he leaves his home, which is, after all, a dirge as truly as the sweetest death-song of the stateliest swan. We trust our readers will take interest enough in the subject not to despise such rude Volkslieder as we set before them in illustration of our statements ; and above all, we ask those unfamiliar with the German language, to look indulgently on the English dress in which we offer them. It is just the Volkslied which is most difficult to render, and the sort of song in which native pathos is most likely to be lost in a covering of commonplace. Here is one which has cost us trouble enough, and which still leaves a great deal to be desired. It is a song placed in the mouth of the last of Schill's soldiers before execution : *—

* Some of our readers may need a reminder of Schill's history and valour, never to be forgotten in Germany, however irregular his conduct may be deemed. In the year 1809, while Prussia was groaning under the French yoke, he marched his regiment out from Berlin, ostensibly for exercise. He then proposed to them a tremendous task of undertaking the liberation of Germany on their own account, and called on all who would follow him to volunteer. Not a man failed him. His band increased to about 1300 men, who fought bravely and obtained many successes ; but they were brought to bay at last in the streets of Stralsund, where their gallant leader received his deathwound and most of his followers were slain. The rest were brought to Wesel, tried by court-martial as not being regular commissioned troops, and shot.

Zu Wesel auf der Schanz,
Da stand ein junger Knabe:
Lebt wohl, lebt wohl, ihr Lieben,
Die ihr daheim geblieben!
 Mich scheid't von aller Noth
 Der bittre Tod.

Wer's mit dem Tapfern hielt,
Der war da bald gefangen,
Wie Räuber und wie Mörder
Geworfen in den Kerker;
 Das Leben war ihm gar
 Gesprochen ab.

Mit meinem Führer zog
Ich aus für Deutschlands Ehre;
Doch, es war Gottes Will',
Erschlagen lag der Schill;
 Bei Stralsund auf dem Wall—
 O harter Fall.

Ich will, Napoleon,
Von dir gar kein Erbarmen;
Mit meinen Brüdern allen
Soll gleiches Loos mir fallen.
 Schliess zu, du Schelm-Franzose!
 Mein Herz ist bloss.

Verblutet liegen da
Schon alle meine Kameraden;
Es ist schon frei von Schmerz
Ihr tief durchbohrtes Herz.
 Mir nur ward Gnad' gegeben
 Für mein Leben.

Mein Säbel und Gewehr
Und alle meine Waffen
Wird man auf's Grab mir henken;
Da soll man lang gedenken,
 Dass hier ein treuer Knap'
 Ruht tief im Grab!

At Wesel in the trench
A brave young soldier stood:
'Ye dearest ones, farewell, farewell!
Who in my distant home do dwell;
 Bitter death parteth me
 Soon from all misery.'

The last who stood by Schill
Too soon were captive made,
And into prison-dungeon fast
As thieves and murderers cast;
 So they and I
 Are doomed to die.

To help my Germany,
With my brave chief I rode;
Alas! 'twas Heaven's will
The French should slaughter Schill;
 On Stralsund's rampart wall,
 That he should fall.

From thee, Napoleon,
No quarter I desire;
Glad that my lot should fall
With my dear comrades all.
 Now, villain French, aim fair,
 My breast is bare.

Around me in their gore
Now all my comrades lie;
Each pierced heart is free
From grief and misery.
 'Twas little grace that I
 The last should die.

My carbine and my sword,
The arms I used to wear,
Let them hang above my head;
Let them say when I am dead,
 A German true and brave
 Rests in this grave!

Before leaving this part of our subject, we will call attention to another Volkslied of the mournful sort, and show from the treatment it has lately received that the remarks we have made as to the possibly depressing influence of such songs on the minds of soldiers are justified by the opinions of some at least who prepare them for publication. The following is the best known 'Soldier's Farewell,' in its original minor key, so to speak:—

SOLDATEN-ABSCHIED.

O du Deutschland, ich muss marschiren,
O du Deutschland, ich muss fort;
 Eine Zeitlang muss ich scheiden,
 Eine Zeitlang muss ich meiden
 Mein geliebtes Vaterland.

Nun ade, herzlichste Mutter,
Nun ade, so leb' sie wohl!
 Hat sie mich mit Schmerz geboren,
 Für die Feinde auferzogen?—
 Scheiden das bringt Herzeleid.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

I have to march, my Germany;
My Germany, I must away;
 And I must wander many a mile,
 And I must leave my home awhile
 In darling Fatherland.

Goodbye I bid my mother dear;
Goodbye, well may she fare!
 Hath she but borne me, in her pain,
 To lie by hostile bullet slain?—
 O! parting bringeth care.

Nun

Nun ade, herzlichster Vater,
Nun ade, so leb' er wohl!
Will er mich noch einmal sehen,
Steig er auf des Berges Höhen,
Schau' herab in's grüne Thal!

Nun ade, fahr wohl, feins Liebchen,
Weine nicht die Aeuglein roth!
Trage dieses Leid geduldig,
Leib und Leben bin ich schuldig,
Es gehört dort oben Gott.

Die Trompeten thun schon blasen
Draussen auf der grünen Haid;
Länger darf ich nicht verweilen,
Muss zu meinen Brüdern eilen;
Horch, die Trommeln wirbeln drein.

Grosse Kugeln hört man sausen,
Aber kleine noch viel mehr.
O, so gebe Gott im Himmel,
Dass ich aus dem Schlachtgetümmel
Glücklich zu euch wiederkehr'!

Goodbye I bid my father dear;
Goodbye, well may he fare!
And if he would see his son once more,
He must climb the mountain side, and o'er
The valley green look down.

O weep not so, my own sweetheart!
My sweet sweetheart, goodbye!
And try to bear thy heavy sorrow,
Since life and limb we only borrow
From God up in the sky.

The buglers are already blowing,
On yonder plain they stand;
And listen, there, the drums are beating,
And we've no longer time for greeting,
For I must join their band.

The rush of cannon-balls we hear,
And bullets raining round.
May God in heaven grant I come
To father, mother, sweetheart, home
From battle safe and sound.

But several of the little handbooks have a new version of this poem, better suited to the general purpose of a military song, and likely to become more popular, because more hopeful and cheery than the other, in spite of the difficulty which always must lie in the way of supplanting an old song by a new version. The following is, in fact, a spirited transposition of the former from its natural minor to its relative major key:—

O du Deutschland, ich muss marschiren,
O du Deutschland, du machst mir Muth!
Meinen Säbel will ich schwingen,
Meine Kugel, die soll klingen,
Gelten soll's Franzosenblut.

Nun ade, fahr wohl, feins Liebchen!
Weine nicht die Aeuglein roth.
Trage dieses Leid geduldig,
Leib und Leben bin ich schuldig,
Es gehört zum Ersten Gott.

Nun ade, herzlicher Vater!
Mutter, nimm den Abschiedskuss!
Für das Vaterland zu streiten
Mahnt es mich nächst Gott zum Zweiten,
Dass ich von euch scheiden muss.

Auch ist noch ein Klang erkungen
Mächtig mir durch Herz und Sinn:
Recht und Freiheit heisst das Dritte
Und es treibt aus eurer Mitte
Mich in Tod und Schlachten hin.

O wie lieblich die Trommeln schallen,
Und die Hörner blasen drein!
Fahnen wehen frisch im Winde,
Ross und Männer sind geschwinde,
Und es muss geschieden sein.

I have to march, my Germany,
For thee I march in fearless mood!
My sabre I will brandish high,
And ringing shall my bullets fly,
And shed the Frenchmen's blood.

O weep not so, my own sweetheart,
My sweet sweetheart, goodbye;
And try to bear thy heavy woe,
The first to whom our lives we owe
Is God in yonder sky.

A farewell kiss, my mother dear,
Farewell, my father true;
A second debt of life we owe,
To guard our country from the foe,
For this I part from you.

And yet there is another cry
That echoes through my heart;
Our third life-debt is this, to fight
For freedom and for German right,
And therefore I depart.

And oh, how glad they sound the drum,
How clear the trumpets blow!
And high in wind the banners wave,
And steed and man are brisk and brave,
And with them I must go.

O du Deutschland, ich muss marschiren,
O du Deutschland, du machst mir Muth!
Meinen Säbel will ich schwingen,
Meine Kugel, die soll klingen,
Gelten soll's Franzosenblut!

I have to march, my Germany,
For thee I march in fearless mood!
My sabre I will brandish high,
And ringing shall my bullets fly,
And shed the Frenchmen's blood.

Let us turn now for a little while to another point often to be noticed in German patriotic songs; we mean the legendary element. One of the most universally known legends of Germany represents the Emperor Friedrich Barbarossa as not dead, but enchanted, waiting underground for the appointed moment when he shall be recalled to sway the destinies of an united German empire.

Rückert's version of this legend is the best known:—

BARBAROSSA IM KYFFHÄUSER.

Der alte Barbarossa,
Der Kaiser Friederich,
Im unterird'schen Schlosse
Hält er verzaubert sich.

Er ist niemals gestorben,
Er lebt darin noch jetzt;
Er hat im Schloß verborgen
Zum Schlaf sich hingesezt.

Er hat hinabgenommen
Des Reiches Herrlichkeit
Und wird einst wiederkommen
Mit ihr zu seiner Zeit.

Der Stuhl ist elfenbeinern,
Worauf der Kaiser sitzt;
Der Tisch ist marmorsteinern,
Worauf sein' Kopf er stützt.

Sein Bart ist nicht von Flachse,
Er ist von Feuersgluth,
Ist durch den Tisch gewachsen,
Worauf sein Kinn ausruht.

Er nickt als wie im Traume,
Sein Aug' halb offen zwinkt,
Und je nach langem Raume
Er einem Knaben winkt.

Er spricht im Schlaf zum Knaben:
'Geh' hin vor's Schloß, o Zwerg,
Und sieh, ob noch die Raben
Herfliegen um den Berg!

'Und wenn die alten Raben
Noch fliegen immerdar,
So muss ich auch noch schlafen
Verzaubert hundert Jahr.'

BARBAROSSA IN THE KYFFHÄUSER.

Great Friedrich Barbarossa,
The emperor of old,
In a subterranean castle
Doth long enchantment hold.

For death hath never touched him,
But only for a space
He's laid him down to slumber
In that deep hiding-place.

The glories of the empire
Along with him he's ta'en,
And when the time is ripe, he'll rise
And bring them back again.

The throne on which the Kaiser sits,
Of ivory is made,
The table hewn of marble stone
Whereon his chin is laid.

His beard, no flaxen flowing,
Like flame of fire, is red;
It has grown down through the table
Whereon he rests his head.

He nods, as if in dreaming,
His eyes, half open, shine,
And now and then in centuries
He gives his page a sign.

And murmurs to him in his dream,
'Go forth and see if still
The ravens, as in days gone by,
Are flying round the hill.

'For I, if still the ravens
Be flying round and round,
Must sleep another century
Enchanted underground.'

The general desire for an united Empire of Germany of course leads the Germans now to look upon the King of Prussia as the representative of Barbarossa, in which case, also, of course, the interpretation of the ravens as the French is quite intelligible.

Accordingly

Accordingly we find the following verse in one copy, appended within the last few weeks, to Rückert's original :—

Deutschland ist einig; wie Sturmeswehn	Now is Germany one; like the bursts of
Erschallet die jubelnde Kunde.	the storm
Nun, deutscher Kaiser, kannst auferstehn,	The glad tidings echo around.
Die Raben, die gingen zu Grunde.	Now, emperor, rise from thy tomb again, The ravens are underground.*

This is a general interpretation of the legend, which other bards of the present war have also declared to be fulfilled. See, for instance, the following extract from a poem entitled 'Vor dem Kampfe,' by Alexander Kaufmann, the historian, and bearing the date of July 20, 1870 :—

Es ist der Geist, den die Geschichte	The spirit 'tis which History's sun
Lang reifen liess; es ist der Geist,	Took long to ripen; though of old
Den mit prophetischem Gesichte	Its rise the legends of the land
Uralte deutsche Sage preist.	In far prevision oft foretold.
'Zieh'n noch die Raben um die Berge?'	'Still round the hill do ravens fly?'
'Sie sind verschwunden!'—Leuchtend	'They've vanished, sire.'—And at the
schaut	sound,
Der Kaiser bei dem Wort der Zwerge.	Bright flashes his awakened eye;
'Ich hab's gewusst und Gott vertraut.	'Not vain,' he cries, 'my trust is found.
'Das deutsche Volk ist einig, einig!	'At last the German race is one!
O bleib' auch einig,' ruft dein Held,	O thus united still remain,
'Und mit dem weissen Schild erschein' ich	And soon my bright shield shall be shown
Zur Völkerschlacht im Walserfeld.'	Beside you on the battle-plain.'

So much for the Barbarossa legend. And this is not by any means the only one which has foretold the future rise of a new Empire of Germany. Here is another piece of poetry written on the very same day as the one just quoted: it offers a very ingenious interpretation of an ancient oracular prophecy familiar to all students of German literature. It is entitled 'An Old Saying,' and written by W. Jensen :—

EIN ALTES WORT.

Eine halb verschollene Sage,
Was wacht sie heute auf?
Was nimmt über Leichen der Zukunft
Sie heut' den Walkyrenlauf?
Wer gedenkt's noch? 'Ea wird ein Kaiser
Auf's Neu um Germania frein,
Wenn zum letztenmale die Türken
Ihre Rosse tranken im Rhein.'

Zweideutig seit grauen Zeiten
War stets der Orakel Wort;
Lang wälzen die Türken gen Westen
Nicht mehr den Völkermord.

AN OLD SAYING.

What waketh the ancient legend,
So long forgotten, to-day?
Why now, o'er the doomed ones of battle,
Doth it take its Valkyrior-way?
Thus it runs: 'For an emperor's choosing
Germania again shall combine
Whene'er for the last time the Turks
Shall have watered their steeds in the
Rhine.'

Equivocal words at the best
Are all answers of oracles known,
For the Turks to make war on the west
Is more than can ever be done.

* Literally, 'destroyed,' more literally still, 'gone to ground,' a figure of speech, however, too much savouring of fox-hunting to be used by an otherwise conscientious translator.

1 mit schwirrender Geißel
die Völker ein Tamerlan,
, an seine Fersen,
ten die *Turcos* sich an.

: Erfüllung dem Worte—
blitzen die Schwerter zum Streich,
ben schon reitet der Kaiser—
auf, du heiliges Reich!

zu flattern, ihr Raben,
s Kyffhäusers Gestein!
n trünken die Rosse
tztente male im Rhein!

But eastward, to battle, a nation
Is urged by a new Tamerlane,
And see, crowding close on his footsteps,
The *Turcos* form part of his train.

So fulfilment is near for the saying—
As the sword from the scabbard out flies,
Our emperor rides to election—
Rise, Empire of Germany, rise!

Round ruined Kyffhäuser, ye ravens,
Your wearisome flight may resign,
Since now for the last time the Turks
Shall have watered their steeds in the
Rhine.

may observe in the lyrics of the war a very constant
ce to the older representatives of German valour, to
r, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and such of the mighty men
men of renown. But none of them are more characteristic
respect than this old short piece of Kopisch, 'Blücher at
ine,' referring to the period of the Liberation War:—

: blieben am Rheine stehn:
hinein nach Frankreich gehn?
te hin und wieder nach,
alte Blücher sprach:
arte her!
nkreich gehn ist nicht so schwer.
t der Feind?'—Der Feind—
!—
ger drauf, den schlagen wir.
Paris?'—Paris—dahier!
ger drauf, das nehmen wir!
agt die Brücken übern Rhein!
, der Champagnerwein
er wächst, am besten sein.'

When they came to the river, they halted
the line,
To consider the question of crossing the
Rhine,
And one man said this, and another said
that,
But old Blücher disposed of the matter
pat;
'Where's the map?' (It was spread on
the top of a drum.)
'Where's the enemy?' 'Here, marshal,
under your thumb.'
'Then we'll beat him; where's Paris?'
'Here, general, here.'
'Then we'll just go and take it; the matter
is clear.
To work pontoneers! We'll go over the
Rhine,
For the wine of Champagne, I suppose,
Will taste best where it grows.'

is a gem in the rough, but none the less a song of a soldierly

we must pass on from songs which have been popular
n origin and circulation during many years to songs
r date by later singers. We have just now referred inci-
y to more than one written by poets who knew nothing
ally of the men and doings of 1813; but perhaps we can-
much better than use for a stepping-stone between the
reat dates of 1813 and 1870 the famous Rhine song of
Becker, 'Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, Den freien deutschen
' This is, like Arndt's 'Alldeutschland in Frankreich
' another of the songs for which, with all the resolution it
129.—No. 258. 2 L enkindles,

enkindles, and all the actual injury it has done to France, the preparations and menaces of Thiers, in 1840, must bear the blame.

'Sie sollen ihn nicht haben,' at the time of its appearance, produced a marvellous effect. We suppose no poet before or since could say, as Becker might, that a song of his had been set to music by no less than seventy different composers! And yet, though spirited enough, we cannot give the praise of high poetic merit to Becker's song. The first two lines contain the gist of the whole, the rest is mere amplification, with a constant repetition of the same idea. But the time of its appearance was opportune, and as in it the public mind was emphatically and rhythmically expressed in flowing and easily remembered words, it soon took the position of an established national lyric. The author's fortune in one sense was made by it, as he was sent to study at the University of Bonn, and provided for at the royal expense, and the song itself was so heartily welcomed that the great Arndt himself addressed a stirring poem of congratulation to its author, in which he testifies that

Sein heller Wiederklang
Vom Süden fort zum Norden
Ist gleich wie Wehrgesang
Des Vaterlands geworden.

At once from north to south
Its echo clear and strong,
Became in every German mouth
The nation's charter-song.

Although the sudden advance of the Prussian armies and the immediate removal of all fear as to the integrity of the German Rhine has made this song much less appropriate now than it was at the first opening of the war, our article would be incomplete if it failed to set so important a specimen of German patriotic song before our readers. It is singular enough to observe that this, of all songs of the kind, is omitted from Bleibtreu's collection:—

DAS LIED VOM RHEIN.

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben,
Den freien deutschen Rhein,
Ob sie wie gier'ge Raben
Sich heiser darnach schrei'n.

So lang er ruhig wallend
Sein grünes Kleid noch trägt,
So lang ein Ruder schallend
In seine Wogen schlägt.

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben,
Den freien deutschen Rhein,
So lang sich Herzen laben
An seinem Feuerwein.

So lang in seinem Strome
Noch fest die Felsen steh'n,
So lang sich hohe Dome
In seinem Spiegel seh'n.

RHINE SONG.

Our Rhine, free German river,
They ne'er shall take away,
For all their hoarsest shouting
Like ravens for their prey.

While by its verdant borders
The tranquil stream shall glide,
And while the sounding oar-blade
Shall smite its waters wide.

Oh no, they ne'er shall have it,
The free and German Rhine,
While heart of man it kindles
With rich and royal wine.

While rocks within its current
Stand firm as e'er they stood,
While noble spires beside it
Are mirrored in its flood.

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben,
Den freien deutschen Rhein,
So lang dort kühne Knaben
Um schlanke Dirnen frei'n.

So lang die Flosse hebet
Ein Fisch auf seinem Grund,
So lang ein Lied noch lebet
In seiner Sängers Mund.

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den freien deutschen Rhein,
Bis seine Fluth begraben
Des letzten Mann's Gebein.

And ne'er shall be our river
To foreign rule betrayed
While German youth, brave-hearted,
Shall woo fair German maid.

As long as float of angler
Betrays a fish, as long
As lips of German minstrel
Can sound a German song.

Our Rhine, our German river,
Shall never be betrayed,
Till the last brave German warrior
Beneath its stream be laid.

By the side of this we shall place the song which seems by universal consent to have become the great lyrical watchword of the present war, the famous 'Rhine Watch;' for it is due to the same source as Becker's, and was evoked by the same circumstances, the war-threatenings of Thiers, as long as thirty years ago. At first it failed to produce the same national effect as Becker's. The latter was a song written in more general terms than the 'Rhine Watch.' The declaration, 'O no! they ne'er shall have it, The free and German Rhine,' was one adapted to all ages, ready to be echoed at all times by every German throat; while a reference, such as that in the refrain of the 'Rhine Watch,' to men actually in arms for the defence of their country naturally is limited in its effect to such a crisis as the one which has called all Germany to actual combat. But for that very reason the song is sung with infinitely greater enthusiasm now. Another element of its popularity is the splendid music to which it is set. Seventy different melodies have made Becker's song fail of any one decided and general musical interpretation; but the 'Rhine Watch' has but one, and that a glorious musical soul for its lyrical body, thrilling the heart while it delights the ear. Of course it may be said that parts of the music are not altogether original: notably a resemblance is found in the opening phrases to passages occurring in Haydn's 'The Heavens are telling,' and in Mendelssohn's march from 'Athaliah;' but this indeed is but a small objection.

As to the writer of the words, there has been much controversy; but we learn on the authority of Dr. Hundeshagen, of Bonn, that it was written at the time of Thiers' provocation of Germany, by Max Schneckenburger, of Thalheim, in Würtemberg, and recited by him to a circle of friends with whom he was accustomed to meet in a social way in the so-called 'Stadthaus' of Burgdorf, in the Canton of Bern. As Dr. Hundeshagen, at that time professor in the University of Bern, was himself a member of the society, we may consider the question as set entirely at rest. Max Schneckenburger is described by him as a merchant of very energetic

getic habits, highly gifted and very well educated. His death is stated to have occurred in the year 1851. So much for the author. The composer, more fortunate, is still alive to witness and to enjoy the well-merited triumph of his work, and, by a singular freak of fortune, to find it raise him from comparative seclusion and penury to a position of honour and comfort. Karl Wilhelm was born in September, 1815, at Smalkalden, in Thüringen, and received his first musical instruction from his father, who was organist there. From 1834 to 1836 he studied at Kassel under Baldewin, Bolt, and the celebrated composer Spohr, whose kind encouragement greatly stimulated the young artist's zeal. He settled in 1841 as a teacher of music in Crefeld, where his powers were highly appreciated, and where before long he was made director of the Singverein and other choral societies. Here he remained for twenty-four years, during which he published about a hundred compositions; but continued ill-health and a longing for his native mountains induced him, though with very scanty means, to retire in 1865 to his native place, Smalkalden, where he still resides.

And now it is time for us, having said so much about the author and the composer, to place the song itself before our readers:—

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.

Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall,
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen
Rhein;

Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein?
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!

Durch Hunderttausend zuckt es schnell,
Und Aller Augen blitzen hell,
Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark,
Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!

Er blickt hinauf in Himmelsau'n,
Da Heldenväter niederschau'n,
Und schwört mit stolzer Kampfeslust,
Du, Rhein, bleibst deutsch, wie meine Brust!
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!

So lang ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,
Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
Betriff kein Feind hier deinen Strand.
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!

THE RHINE-WATCH.

Loud sounds a shout like thunderpeal,
Like crashing wave, like clashing steel—
'Defend my Rhine!' cries Germany;
And who shall its defenders be?
Fear not, beloved Fatherland,
Thy Rhine Watch firm and true doth
stand.

Through myriad souls the summons flies,
And lightnings flash from myriad eyes.
Brave, faithful, strong, the Teutons stand,
To guard the marrow of their land,
Dear Fatherland, untroubled be,
Thy Rhine Watch stands true, firm, and
free.

As up to heaven each turns his gaze,
Whence each a patriot-sire surveys—
Each plights his oath that Rhine shall roll
As German as his German soul.
Dear Fatherland, untroubled be,
Thy Rhine Watch stands true, firm, and
free.

Thy Rhine is safe while German hand
Can draw and wield the battle-brand;
While strength to point a gun remains,
Or life-blood runs in German veins.
Dear Fatherland, untroubled be,
Thy Rhine Watch stands true, firm, and
free.

Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind,
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,
Wir Alle wollen Hüter sein.

Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!

The wind-tost banners proudly fly;
While runs the river, sounds the cry:
'We all will guard, with heart and hand,
The German Rhine for German land.'

Dear Fatherland, untroubled be,
Thy Rhine Watch stands firm, true, and
free.

Let us turn now to a few of the lyrics which are the immediate result of the present war-time. Taking first the poets of a former generation, we would direct attention to a very spirited song in 'Schutz und Trutz,' by the famous Hoffmann von Fallersleben,* now seventy-two years of age, and dated from Schloss Corvey, 20th July, 1870. Its title is, 'Wir sind da,' and its character in the highest degree martial and defiant. He is one of the band of professors who at one time or another have been turned out of their posts for excess of patriotism, but the only one of them who can say he was displaced for writing 'Unpolitical Poems,' such being the title of the work which caused his removal in 1842. In the same work we find a short witty piece, 'Hiebe auf Diebe,' full of play upon words (which we regret to be unable for this reason to translate), by Karl Simrock, one of the best known and most valued German poets in his special line, who, now sixty-eight years of age, was also expelled from a government post for a poem which displeased the powers that then were. Another old soldier and professor, writing on the same day as Hoffmann von Fallersleben, and so many more as we have noticed (the 20th July, 1870), publishes a stirring address to the memory of Arndt and Jahn. This is Professor H. F. Massmann, whose name many of our readers must know as the author of the fine old patriotic song:—

Ich hab' mich ergeben
Mit Herz und mit Hand
Dir, Land voll Lieb' und Leben,
Mein deutsches Vaterland!

But it is not alone the works of singers whom all the world has heard of which are brought before us in 'Schutz und Trutz.' The plan of the work, as we have before shown, enlists many contributors, who, though less known than some whose names and works we have quoted, are still well worthy to be listened to.

The 'Tagelied,' of Wilhelm Herz, is a spirited Bavarian utterance, written in July, 1870:—

* Well known as author of the beautiful song which space alone prevents our inserting—

'Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles,
Ueber Alles in der Welt.'

TAGELIED.

Wohlauf, schon will es tagen ;
Die Wolkenberge glühn ;
Verjüngt vom Frühlicht schlagen
Die Herzen frisch und kühn.
Es rauscht ein mächtig Wehen
Durch Stadt und Flur und Tann.
Die wälschen Hähne krähen
Den deutschen Morgen an.

So lang mit stillem Grame,
Mit heil'gem Grimm genannt—
Wie süß klingt nun dein Name,
Mein deutsches Vaterland !
Der alte Zwist verschwunden—
Hell ruft's vom Fels zum Meer :
Wir haben uns gefunden,
Wir lassen uns nicht mehr !

Mag seinen Hass verschwenden
Der übermüth'ge Feind,
Er hilft uns nur vollenden,
Was er zu stören meint.
Er schlich, uns auszuspähen,
Er bot uns schnöden Kauf,
Er wähte, Trug zu säen—
Da ging die Treue auf.

Nun laßt den Prahler dräuen !
Mag, was da will, geschehn—
Ein Volk vereint in Treuen
Wird jeden Sturm bestehn.
Dem fremden Räuber werde
Als höchster Lohn im Streit :
Sechs Fuss von deutscher Erde
Und die Vergessenheit.

A DAY-SONG.

Awake, the day is dawning ;
In red the clouds are rolled.
Refreshed, at early morning,
Our hearts beat brave and bold.
Through field and city blowing,
The gathering breezes play,
And Gallic cocks are crowing
The dawn of German day.

How long in whispered sorrow,
How long with knitted brow,
'My German Fatherland,' thy name
Was named—how proudly now !
All old disunion past away,
Shout, shout from shore to shore,
We've found our Fatherland at last ;
We'll never lose it more.

However fierce the hatred be
That stirs our haughty foe,
It only helps to build what he
Desired to overthrow.
In vain, with shameful bribes, he tried
Our honesty to cheat,
And truth abundant sprang where he
Had thought to sow deceit.

Then let him waste his boastful breath ;
Whate'er may come, our land,
Our people, one in hearty faith,
Can every storm withstand ;
Can give the foeman, as his spoil,
The utmost he can win—
Just six feet space of German soil,
To be forgotten in.

For its merit's sake, as well as for the name of its author, M. Moltke, though he be not *the* Moltke, we insert his

KRIEGERTELIED.

Das Korn ist reif, die Ernte winkt ;
So mähenst du die Sense blinkt ;
Wer zwingt das Schwert in Schnitters
Hand ?

Wer schwingt des Krieges Feuerbrand ?

Es ist der Corse über'm Rhein,
Er gönnt dem Deutschen kein Gedeihn ;
Sein Korn missieth ; vor Neid und Zorn
Nimmt er nun Deutschlands Korn auf's
Korn.

Einmüthig, wie noch nie zuvor,
Strömt Deutschlands Volk aus Thür und
Thor,
Und stellt—Ein Herz, Ein' Seel', Ein Heer—
Für's Ein'ge Deutschland sich zur Wehr.

Die Stämm' und Fürsten allesamt,
Was nur aus deutschem Blute stammt,
Ganz Deutschland von der Alp zum Belt
Kennt nur den Ruf: Zu Feld ! Zu Feld !

SONG OF THE WAR-HARVEST.

The corn is ripe, and rich and blythe
The harvest beckons to the scythe ;
Who forces on each reaper's hand
The sword, and fires the battle-brand ?

The ruler of the French, 'tis he
Who grudges our prosperity ;
His harvest fails ; in jealous shame
At Germany's he taketh aim.

As ne'er before, united, come
Germania's sons from house and home ;
One heart, one soul, one host they stand,
For one united Fatherland.

Comes every man of German blood,
Both prince and peasant, poor or proud ;
One war-cry sounds from every mouth
In Germany from north to south.

Ja, auf zu Feld! Die Ernte winkt;
So mähe's froh die Klinge blinkt;
Das Korn ist reif von Waterloo!
Nicht wieder mäh'n wir leeres Stroh!

Das Korn ist reif von Waterloo!
O deutsches Schwert, so mähe's froh,
Nun heimse ein den Erntestand:
Das Elsaß und Lothringerland.

Afield! afield! The harvest blythe
Is beckoning to the battle scythe;
Our Waterloo is ripe again;
This time we shall not reap in vain.

Our Waterloo is ripe again;
Mow, eager German sword, amain,
Nor hold thy glorious harvest done
Till Alsace and Lorraine be won.

We conclude with one of the most celebrated patriotic songs
by one of the greatest poets of modern Germany, Ferdinand
Freiligrath's 'Hurrah! Germania!':—

HURRAH, GERMANIA!

Hurrah, du stolzes schönes Weib,
Hurrah, Germania!
Wie kühn mit vorgebeugtem Leib
Am Rheine stehst du da!
Im vollen Brand der Juliglut,
Wie ziehst du rasch dein Schwert!
Wie trittst du zornig frohgemuth
Zum Schutz vor deinen Herd!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Hurrah, Germania!

Du dachtest nicht an Kampf und Streit:
In Fried' und Freud' und Ruh'
Auf deinen Feldern, weit und breit,
Die Ernte schnittest du.
Bei Sichelklang im Aehrenkranz
Die Garben fuhrst du ein:
Da plötzlich, horch, ein andrer Tanz!
Das Kriegshorn über'm Rhein!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Hurrah, Germania!

Da warfst die Sichel du in's Korn,
Den Aehrenkranz dazu;
Da fuhrst du auf in hellem Zorn,
Tief athmend auf im Nu;
Schlugst jauchzend in die Hände dann:
Willst du's, so mag es sein!
Auf, meine Kinder, alle Mann!
Zum Rhein! zum Rhein! zum Rhein!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Hurrah, Germania!

Da rauscht das Haff, da rauscht der Belt,
Da rauscht das deutsche Meer;
Da rückt die Oder dreist in's Feld,
Die Elbe greift zur Wehr.
Neckar und Weser stürmen an,
Sogar die Flut des Mains!
Vergessen ist der alte Span:
Das deutsche Volk ist Eins!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Hurrah, Germania!

HURRAH! GERMANIA!

Hurrah, thou proud and lovely dame,
Hurrah, my German land!
As o'er thy river bends thy frame,
How boldly dost thou stand!
How flashes back thy swift-drawn blade
The fierce rays of July,
As wrathful, in defence arrayed,
The foe thou dost defy.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Hurrah, Germania!

Nought deemedst thou of strife and war,
Of battle-fear or pain,
As peaceful o'er fields broad and far
Thou gatheredst the grain.
The sickles through the ears rang round,
As down the sheaves were laid,
When o'er the Rhine, a different sound,
War's sudden trumpet brayed.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Hurrah, Germania!

Down fell thy sickle to the earth,
Down were thy garlands laid,
And instant, panting, stoodst thou forth,
Indignant, undismayed.
Thy hands were clasped, thy clear voice
cried,
'Up! all ye sons of mine;
If fight we must, we'll bravely fight,
On, on! on to the Rhine!'
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Hurrah, Germania!

Upswells the Belt, the Baltic Sea,
Upswells the German wave;
Elbe runs to battle merrily,
And Oder grasps the glaive.
Neckar and Weser tarry not,
And Main flows eager on!
All old disunion is forgot:
'The German race is One!'
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Hurrah, Germania!

Schwaben

Schwaben und Preussen Hand in Hand;
 Der Nord, der Süd, Ein Heer!
 Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?—
 Wir fragen's heut' nicht mehr!
 Ein Geist, Ein Arm, Ein einz'ger Leib,
 Ein Wille sind wir heut'!
 Hurrah, Germania, stolzes Weib!
 Hurrah, du grosse Zeit!
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 Hurrah, Germania!

Mag kommen nun, was kommen mag:
 Fest steht Germania!
 Des ist All-Deutschlands Ehrentag:
 Nun weh' dir, Gallia!
 Weh', dass ein Räuber dir das Schwert
 Frech in die Hand gedrückt!
 Fluch ihm! Und nun für Heim und Herd
 Das deutsche Schwert gezückt!
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 Hurrah, Germania!

Für Heim und Herd, für Weib und Kind,
 Für jedes theure Gut,
 Dem wir bestellt zu Hütern sind
 Vor fremdem Frevelmuth!
 Für deutsches Recht, für deutsches Wort,
 Für deutsche Sitt' und Art—
 Für jeden heil'gen deutschen Hort,
 Hurrah! zur Kriegesfahrt!
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 Hurrah, Germania!

Auf, Deutschland, auf, und Gott mit dir!
 In's Feld! der Würfel klirrt!
 Wohl schnürt's die Brust uns, denken wir
 Des Bluts, das fließen wird!
 Dennoch das Auge kühn empor!
 Denn siegen wirst du ja:
 Gross, herrlich, frei, wie nie zuvor!
 Hurrah, Germania!
 Hurrah, Victoria!
 Hurrah, Germania!

Prussia and Swabia hand in hand;
 North, south, in one array.
 'What is the German's Fatherland?'
 None needs to ask to-day.
 One soul, one arm, one mighty frame,
 One stedfast will sublime;
 Hurrah! Germania, glorious dame!
 Hurrah! Tremendous time!
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 Hurrah, Germania!

And let there come what come there may,
 Firm standeth Germany
 On this her glorious union day:
 Woe, Gallia, woe to thee!
 Woe that within thine hand the sword
 A daring robber laid.
 We curse him! And for Fatherland
 We draw the German blade.
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 Hurrah, Germania!

For wife and child, for hearth and home,
 For all things dear below,
 To guard them all we gladly come,
 And dare the furious foe!
 For German speech, and German right,
 And homely German life,
 For all we hold good, dear, and bright,
 Hurrah! We court the strife.
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 Hurrah, Germania!

Up, Germany! And God with thee!
 The die is cast! We go;
 Heartrending though the thought must be
 Of all the blood must flow!
 Yet heavenwards let thy glances soar,
 Victorious shalt thou be:
 Great, glorious, free as ne'er before;
 Hurrah, my Germany!
 Hurrah! Victoria!
 Hurrah! Germania!

In the preceding survey we have purposely confined ourselves chiefly to extracts from the songs themselves, as most interesting to our readers at the present time, without entering into discussions upon their merits and defects. The task of exclusion has been more difficult than that of selection. But we have tried to give specimens of the various branches of the subject, and to note the various ways in which German patriotic songs are evolved from, act upon, or illustrate, German national character.

ART. VIII.—1. *Modern Warfare as influenced by Modern Artillery.*

By Colonel Macdougall. London, 1864.

2. *Report of the Royal Commission on the Volunteer Forces.*

3. *Memorandum upon the Present Military Resources of England.*

By Henry Brougham Loch, C.B. London, 1870.

THE bill of indictment which we have elsewhere brought against the Admiralty is a weighty one; we wish that it were possible to temper it by making a better report of the War Department and its doings. Not that it would be fair to throw the whole blame of the confusion into which everything connected with the army and its administration has fallen upon the present chief of that department. Mr. Cardwell, when he came into office, accepted a heritage of blunders. He is but one in a series of statesmen, whom the miserable policy of fifteen years ago thrust successively into a position, for which neither their education in early youth, nor the habits of their maturer years, furnished them with a single qualification. Overwhelmed with details about matters entirely new to them, how could these unfortunate persons ever find time to give a single serious thought to the principle on which all army administration ought to be conducted? And how, still more, could they hope to grasp the faintest idea of the mode by which this general principle might best be applied to the specialities of an English army? Nor is this question answered, when we are told that our Ministers of War, however ignorant they may themselves be of the business which they are set to transact, can at any moment obtain, when necessary, the best military opinions in the empire; and that they have constantly near them the Commander-in-Chief with whom to advise. The facts may be, and, indeed, are so. But it is one thing to meet in consultation persons with whom we are able to give and take, as the discussion goes on; it is quite another, to be closeted with those from whom we must learn everything. Conclusions, be they ever so logical, make little impression upon a mind which cannot take in the premises on which they rest, and advice received on trust, as it never reaches the understanding, so it invariably operates in one or other of two ways. Either the party advised accepts the recommendations offered, and acts upon them unhesitatingly, in which case he ceases to have any real control in the matter; or else he disguises his own ignorance, and, seeking advice elsewhere, sets up an inferior against a superior judgment greatly to his own, or it may be to other people's hurt.

How

How far the latter of these two principles of action may have brought our army and its administration to the state in which we now find them, it is not for us to say. But one thing appears to be certain, that ever since a single Minister of State had thrown upon him the responsibilities of six,—indeed earlier still, ever since the Cabinet ceased to include among its members at least one soldier of acknowledged ability and high standing, who had a right to give an opinion on military subjects, and to whom his colleagues would listen, nothing has gone really well with the army,—in its administration, in its discipline, in its efficiency, in the personal content of the men and officers, and of the classes in civil life, from which they chiefly come. Plenty of experiments have been tried, plenty of changes brought about, almost all of them very costly, some ridiculously so, yet the general effect has been, neither to add to the relative strength of the body operated upon, as compared with other armies, nor to make its members more satisfied with their condition. These are strong assertions, for which, before we leave the subject, sufficient reasons will be assigned. Meanwhile, other and not less important points demand our attention.

If the solitary Minister, who has had all this weight of responsibility thrown upon him, were of necessity a soldier from his youth—if an Act of Parliament had determined, that the place of Minister for War should never be filled, except by an officer of high rank and large practical experience—even in this case, with a War Office mounted as ours is, and a restless and ill-instructed House of Commons to deal with, the task of rightly constructing the military machine, and keeping it at all times in a state of efficiency, would overtax the strength of the ablest and most patient administrator that England can produce. As matters stand, it would appear that against military men of high rank and large practical experience the doors of the War Office are virtually closed. Just consider who the gentlemen were, and are, and what their qualifications, to whose management this most important and complicated branch of the public service has in succession been entrusted. Two, and only two out of the whole number—and seven have held office within the space of barely fifteen years,—ever served in the regular army at all. Lord Dalhousie, we believe, attained to the rank of Captain in a Highland regiment, and was for a short time on a General Officer's personal staff. General Peel was a Major in the Rifle Brigade, and Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Guards; but neither, unfortunately for himself, ever did a day's duty except in times of profound peace. They never, therefore, saw an army in the field, nor had the opportunity of observing how a corps,
a division,

a division, a brigade, a battalion, or even a company is managed and supplied, while a campaign goes on. Had they been differently circumstanced in this respect, even in a slight degree, or had they been well known as careful students of military history and strategy, we should have been ready to repose in either of them as large a measure of confidence as could honestly be given to any individual in such a false position; for they are both able men, and equally possess the inestimable qualities of decision and firmness. But they had no such experience, and often, we venture to say, acknowledged to themselves how very much, through the absence of it, their powers of usefulness were hampered. At the same time it is just to add that, limited as their knowledge of military affairs might be, it gave them a prodigious advantage over all who preceded or came after them at the War Office. Their mistakes, and they made many, were errors of judgment only; of a judgment, that is to say, which had some ground of reason to go upon. The blunderings of their collaborators were, in every instance, such as men might be expected to commit, who, knowing nothing whatever about the most important of the questions which they were day by day called upon to decide, found themselves on every difficult occasion under the necessity of leaning for guidance upon others. What else could Sir George Cornwall Lewis do, or Lord De Grey, or Mr. Sidney Herbert, or Sir John Pakington? What else can Mr. Cardwell do at the present moment? Nor let us be suspected of undervaluing in the smallest degree, the general ability, much less the honesty of purpose, of any of these gentlemen. They are, and were, all of them men of mark. Sir George Cornwall Lewis and Mr. Sidney Herbert were much more. But not one among them all had a right to give an opinion,—through lack of special training, not one among them all was capable of forming an independent opinion on a subject at once so vast and so technical as the organisation and administration of armies. Mr. Sidney Herbert, the kindest and most generous of men, sacrificed his life for the soldiers' comfort, in labouring to elevate whose moral and physical condition he never grew weary. But he could not be made to understand how much of time and care are necessary to convert a single raw recruit into an effective soldier, far less what troops can and what they cannot do, when brought together as an army into the field. And as to Sir George Cornwall Lewis, we believe that we quote his own confession, if not in words certainly in substance, when we say that, when he first entered the War Office, he did not know the difference between the butt-end and the muzzle of a musket.

These are truths obvious to the common sense of all men
capable

capable of reflection, and they are melancholy truths; yet others, not less melancholy, remain to be told. The maddest project ever entertained in a country, entirely governed as England is by party, was the setting up of a special Secretary of State to be Minister for War; and investing or trying to invest him with the powers, not less than with the responsibilities appertaining to the office. Continental nations, even the freest and most constitutional among them, as for example Belgium, or Holland, or Switzerland itself, cannot afford to indulge in such a luxury. They know what they are about, and commit the supreme management of their armies to practical soldiers, who are so far taken out of the whirlpool of faction, that they need not be, and often are not, members of the legislature at all. It is, of course, required that their general views in politics shall agree with those of the party in power; but beyond this they are never expected to go. We, on the contrary, make it a point—*sine qua non*—that whoever undertakes the management of the army shall likewise be a member of the legislature; and that for every act performed—not by himself alone, but by any one of his subordinates—he shall be prepared, at the shortest notice, to give an account to Parliament. It is true, at least, so we have been given to understand, that when this supreme act of administrative folly was determined upon, a sort of half-formed scheme was devised for keeping the new Secretaryship of State in the hands of a Peer of the Realm. The House of Lords, it was assumed, would be considerate and forbearing—the Commons are notorious for their irrepressible curiosity, especially about points connected with public expenditure. Keep the War Minister in the House of Lords, and he will be comparatively at his ease. But the wise heads which entertained this idea forgot that if the Secretary of State himself be in one house, the parliamentary Under Secretary, of whom every office has one, must be in the other; and the parliamentary Under Secretary for War soon found himself badgered so far beyond his powers of endurance, that he ceased to be any buffer at all between his chief and the Commons. The consequences were precisely such as ought to have been anticipated. The Secretary of State for War is now, has been for some time past, and will continue to be, till the machine breaks down altogether, a member of the House of Commons. Thus, besides the inconvenience to which he is personally subject, a great obstacle is interposed in the way of providing the right man for the right place. Thanks to our successive Reform Acts, there are no close boroughs left, through which gifted men, possessing special qualifications for serving the State,

State, may be brought into public life. Hence, each Premier must, when forming a new administration or seeking to supply a vacancy in an old, consider, in the first instance, whether the seat of the individual whom he destines for the War Office be secure; and then, and only then, whether or no the minister designate be fit for the place. Thus the Army has become with us, and must continue to be, so long as the present order of things shall remain, a sort of shuttlecock to be tossed from one constituency to another; a body in constant danger of losing its head, just as some glimmerings of knowledge are beginning to enter into it, when of course the care of it must pass over to a novice, who has everything to learn, with perhaps no particular disposition to learn anything.

We turn now to the Army itself; not exclusively to the Standing Army, but to the whole military force of the nation, in order to ascertain how far it has been rendered more or less capable of performing its proper functions, since it became, what at length it must be admitted to be, if not in name certainly in fact, a parliamentary army. That it costs the country much more than it did before it changed its constitution we took occasion to show in a recent number. We cannot therefore say of the military administration of the present Government what we have said of their naval administration, that with them retrenchment means low estimates, without regard to efficiency. This would be bad enough; but matters are worse than even this. Retrenchment in military affairs means at this moment, neither low estimates nor efficiency. The army estimates, as originally proposed for 1870-71, fell little short of ten millions; with the addition of the two millions voted just before Parliament rose, they will approach close to twelve millions. During the height of the Crimean War they barely exceeded thirteen millions; when the great Duke was First Minister of the Crown they scarcely reached six millions. Now twelve millions, though it be a larger sum than the most warlike of our neighbours ever expended upon their armies in time of peace, would not be grudged if there were anything to show for it; but there is absolutely nothing. Mr. Cardwell, to be sure, affirms, that never since 1815 has England been so well prepared as she is now to play a becoming part in war if it be forced upon her. And painfully and elaborately he details the extent of our available resources—which he puts at something like four hundred thousand men under arms, with field artillery enough to equip an army of sixty thousand men. But this only confirms the statement which it was our painful duty to make a few pages back, that Mr. Cardwell is as little qualified to express an opinion on military subjects as the least instructed of his predecessors.

decessors. The four hundred thousand men whom he enumerates resolve themselves into some seventy or eighty thousand troops of the line—of whose efficiency more by and by—with two thousand, or thereabouts, belonging to the reserve of the first class; the rest are a hundred and twenty thousand militia, imperfectly trained, and still more imperfectly armed; a hundred and fifty thousand volunteers—admirable material out of which to make soldiers, but at present neither disciplined nor properly equipped; fourteen thousand pensioners—capable, perhaps, of doing duty in fortresses, but quite incapable of marching; and fifteen thousand yeomanry cavalry. Is this an effective army? Does it justify the terms of Mr. Cardwell's boast? Would any general, in his senses, who knows what war is, take the field at the head of it, entertaining the smallest hope that he would be able to stop the march of fifty thousand good troops upon London. Why, their very numbers would tend to make such a crowd of ill-appointed, undisciplined men the more unmanageable. And as to the administration, meaning thereby a practical system of transport and supply—there is no reason to believe that for the service of a multitude like this, or of a fifth of the number, we are advanced one whit beyond the point to which we had attained ten years ago. We have, to be sure, regularly installed at the War Office, a Surveyor-General of the Ordnance and a Finance Secretary, both able men and willing; and under them a Control Department, arranged on the model of the Intendance Militaire of France. But to the shortcomings of their Intendance the French attribute in no small degree the miserable break down of their own army. What reason is there to anticipate that the copy, when fairly put to the test, will prove more trustworthy than the original? But we are anticipating.

To understand aright both our actual condition and the opportunities which have been thrown away of making it different from what is, it will be necessary to look back a few years in military history and to trace rapidly the downward course of events as they fell out. Take as our starting-point the last six months of the Crimean War, and observe how we were then circumstanced. In point of numbers the armed power of the country was at that time more than respectable. Vast had been the outlay of money, ceaseless the labour used, to bring matters to this state; and the results certainly cannot be spoken of as in any point of view satisfactory. Rapid enrolment was then, as it has always been with us in modern times, a mere scramble under pressure. The gaps caused in our regiments before Sebastopol were, to a considerable extent, filled up with boys and old men, whom we had shipped off most of them less than half-drilled, as fast as they could be got together.

Indeed,

Indeed, so sedulously had this been done, that Sir Edward Codrington, we believe, when he assumed the command, had a daily state presented to him which vouched for the presence, on paper, of sixty or seventy thousand men of all arms in his camp. Perhaps forty thousand of these—we doubt whether there were more—might have been fit to enter upon a campaign. But forty thousand British troops were regarded, at that time, as a formidable array; and we had in reserve, wherewith to keep them up, ten or twelve thousand foreigners in England—a German legion, an Italian legion, and what not; besides weak second battalions of British infantry—weak depôts of cavalry and artillery—all busy morning, noon, and night, licking into shape the raw material as it came in. If it had been possible for an English War Office so to learn a lesson as that it should abide and prove fruitful in good for all time, such a lesson ought to have been learned then. The reinforcements of infantry despatched by batches in every ship, were unpromising enough; the cavalry and artillery were a thousand times worse. Of the foreign legions no practical use was made, and perhaps it was better that the case should be so. There was considerable difficulty in keeping order among them at Shorncliffe and Aldershot. They would have been just as likely as not, when brought face to face with the Russians, to desert; for they were the very sweepings of the continent. Still, there were the men,—in numbers sufficient, counting armies in the field, as we were then accustomed to count them; with a machinery of supply and transport very incomplete, no doubt, and very expensive, because managed by the rule of thumb; yet getting into form somehow, according to the natural abilities of the individual officers appointed to take charge of it. In a word, we had done the old work over again in the old way, bribing the scum of the earth with large bounties to join the ranks, enlisting for short periods, either because it suited our convenience to do so or that we could not get men on any other terms, and improvising very hastily horses, guns, waggons, all the implements and appliances of war, to be used up as fast as they came to hand, under the direction of leaders who had all their professional knowledge to acquire.

Meanwhile the Militia, which after a long sleep of death, had been resuscitated, was called out somewhat late in the day, to take the duties of the home garrison. Even this matter could not be arranged without a blunder. The mistake, however, was rectified at some expense and with the loss of the services of a good many men partially trained; and then the residue proved eminently useful. Indeed it was both surprising and satisfactory to notice
how

how systematically and well—under officers all of them most zealous, though in very many instances new to the work—after a few months' training Militia regiments got into order. We speak from personal observation when we say that the relations which established themselves from the first between men and officers in many of these local corps, resembled more those of kindly employers with their workmen, than anything else. The consequence was that they exercised over all ranks an influence for good, to which articles of war, and the common rules of discipline were subsidiary only. Better regiments than most of the Militia regiments became in the course of two years, a General Officer, taking the field, would never desire to have under his command, and we make no distinction, in thus expressing ourselves between English and Scotch or between English and Irish regiments.

In order to get together a force of four or five and twenty thousand infantry, and to put battalions in the field respectable in point of numbers, we had been driven on the first out-break of the Russian war to a course which cannot be sufficiently condemned. Regiments not under immediate orders for the East, were invited to furnish volunteers for such as were, and a terrible crash in the esprit de corps, which is the very life and soul of our little army, was the consequence. Nor was our mode of dealing with the Militia, after we got it together, more statesmanlike or more judicious. The Militia is and ought to be strictly a domestic force. It was always so considered, both wholly and in part, till the demand for men in the war of the first French Revolution induced Parliament to pass a bill, enabling a proportion of the force to enter, from year to year, by a process of individual volunteering, into the line. Not only was this old law acted upon freely between 1854 and 1856, but another bill was passed which legalised the employment of entire regiments of Militia in the foreign possessions of the Crown, provided they were willing to take garrison duty abroad. The immediate effect of this measure was to set free for the Crimea certain line regiments from Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, Militia corps taking their place. Its more remote consequences have not yet developed themselves. This much, however,—thoughtful men—not being either in the War Office or members of Parliament—learned from it; that military service when fairly begun, and judiciously directed, is by no means so distasteful to the youth of England as old England had been apt to imagine. The corollary to be drawn from the proposition is obvious enough.

By and by came the peace, bringing with it such an opportunity of reconsidering, and to a certain extent recasting our entire
military

military system, as no English Government ever had presented to it in modern times. The war, in spite of the sufferings and privations induced by it, had been popular. The army never stood so high in the respect and affections of the people. The House of Commons itself was in the mood to vote whatever sums the Queen's minister might ask for—on the plea that the honour and safety of the realm required them. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent—there was every conceivable motive to induce—the putting together of some comprehensive scheme, whereby, without deviating too widely from old constitutional usages, the military resources of the country might be made more available, on sudden emergencies, than recent experience had shown them to be. Where, however, was the man of genius, combining in himself the qualities of a great statesman and a great soldier, to give the impulse to a wise policy like this, and guide it in its progress? We had none such among us, and the consequence was, that while with the same recklessness as heretofore our Militia was disembodied under its old conditions, our foreign legions were at great trouble and expense got rid of, and the regular army cut down to a peace establishment. Nobody seemed to grasp the idea, that the Europe of 1856 was not the Europe of 1815, that our own long peace once broken, there was nothing to guarantee that we might not at any moment be dragged again into a repetition of the game which we had just been playing.

It is hard to say whether even the regular army would have escaped in 1856-57 a more sweeping reduction than overtook it, except for two incidents—one of them entirely unlooked for, the other arranged, not without difficulty, beforehand. First, in point of importance, was the Indian mutiny, which, by the by, may in great measure be attributed to the radical defects inherent in our unelastic system of recruitment. The next was the adoption of a plan of organisation at home, which originated, we have reason to believe, with the late Prince Consort, and which continued in full force till the other day. Of the Indian mutiny we need not say more than that, as one provocative to its occurrence was the over-weakening of the European garrison, in order to meet in succession the exigencies of the Persian and the Crimean wars; so it constrained us to ship off, before there was time otherwise to dispose of them, every soldier who could be spared from home, and very many who could not. How the struggle ended, and to what general consequences it led up, we need not stop to explain. The one point which mainly concerns us is the amalgamation of the local with the Imperial army, and the necessity thenceforth laid upon England to occupy India

entirely with Imperial troops. To make this service effective by thoroughly overawing the Native regiments, it was held that seventy thousand Europeans, at least, must be provided—a heavy drain upon the youth of the country—and the more so that through casualties it must of necessity be reckoned at a still higher figure. We must confess that the measure, as it did not command our approval at the time, so the more closely it is looked into, the less and less, to us at least, it appears to be inviting. It did, however, command the approval of the Government, and it still remains in force.

The amalgamation of the two armies, while it gave us for general service three regiments of cavalry and nine of infantry, with a good force of artillery, imposed upon us the necessity of keeping up at home an extensive depôt system, wherewith to feed not these corps only but the entire Indian garrison. This was the more easily attended to, however, that, owing to the second of the incidents to which reference has been made, the whole army took, so to speak, a new organisation. It was settled that henceforth the practice of scattering troops by detachments and maintaining order by their means in the manufacturing districts should cease; that the three arms should, as much as possible, work by brigades, and that here and there, as at Aldershot and the Curragh, divisions should be formed for the purpose of practising both the men and officers in still larger operations of war. But with a view to make these operations more instructive and interesting, it was deemed advisable to keep the troops engaged in them locally apart from elementary drill, which could only be done by separating the recruits of each corps from its perfected soldiers. Hence arose depôt battalions of infantry, a depôt regiment for cavalry, depôt brigades of artillery. A battalion of infantry, consisting of twelve companies, was to keep ten with head-quarters, two at the depôt. A regiment of cavalry, with its eight troops, kept only representative officers and non-commissioned officers to work up its recruits at the depôt. The depôts of artillery worked up and prepared for general service in the horse artillery and field batteries all the recruits that joined the service. Thus it was assumed there would be ready for embarkation, at the shortest notice, an army, which though small, would be complete, while the machinery for feeding it was ready prepared, and might under every conceivable emergency be depended upon.

Men, horses, and guns are essential ingredients in an army. They do not of themselves make an army. An army must have the means provided of moving from place to place and of carrying about with it food, ammunition, and whatever else is considered
necessary

necessary to its efficiency. The Army Transport Corps or Military Train was got up in the most expensive manner to provide for one of these contingencies. It came to us as a legacy from the Crimea, and never did work enough to pay for the keep of the horses. How other matters were dealt with we have in part explained elsewhere, and cannot now, within the space at our disposal, fill up what may there be wanting. We content ourselves, therefore, with observing that this organisation, if it effected no other good end, gave us, while it lasted, a handful of well-drilled soldiers, with whom camp life soon degenerated into the ordinary routine of life in large barracks, with its division, brigade, and regimental field days, where little or nothing applicable to real warfare was or could be learned.

Our camps were well nigh empty when the Orsini plot occurred. It was followed by a not unnatural demand on the part of the French Emperor that steps would be taken to render the concocting of another similar plot in England impossible. And the Emperor's request, the colonels of his regiments backed up by requesting leave to march upon London and there settle the controversy. How far this extraordinary proceeding was or was not connived at, perhaps prompted by authority, must for ever remain doubtful. On the one hand there is presumptive evidence against such prompting in the fact that however the project might originate, the Emperor gave to it no active encouragement. On the other hand, it seems extraordinary, almost incredible, assuming the spontaneity of the proceeding, first, that such a breach of military discipline should have failed to be visited with condign punishment, and next, that a press, muzzled as the French press then was, should have been allowed to make it public. Be this, however, as it may, the effect of the two occurrences in combination—the Emperor's demand and the petulance of the colonels—was very remarkable upon the English people. They would not allow Lord Palmerston to alter the law, and they put themselves in an attitude to offer what resistance they could to any attempt at coercion from abroad. The Volunteer movement, as it has been called, is something to look back upon with pride, so far as the people are concerned. It is something to look back upon with surprise and no little disgust, so far as our Liberal Government put a hand to it. The people were ready to take up arms; the old military spirit was astir within them. The Government did not know what to do with such an unlooked-for contingency. They shilly-shallied, giving praise, but declining to give weapons; and at last, as weak men are apt to do, went with the stream instead of guiding it. Had there been one man of military genius among them, he might have laid

the foundation of such a system in 1859 as would have caused us to feel perfectly secure, so far at least as our hearths and homes are concerned, in 1870. Again, that was lacking without which all else goes for little. The Volunteers were left to create themselves, and they are at this moment, though useless as an army, a great deal more like an army than under the circumstances we could have had any reason to expect.

Time passed, and there came upon Europe, in addition to the war for the liberation of Italy, the war for the dismemberment of Denmark, and the war between Prussia and Austria. The war for the liberation of Italy taught England very little, except that her near neighbour had views of his own which she did not altogether share with him. It was a contest after the old-established principle of army against army; both raised by conscription in their respective countries, and both separated by caste-feelings, and habits, from the ordinary populations. France prevailed. Her regular army proved superior to that of Austria, and her generalship was less in fault. One point, and only one, seemed to be note-worthy, viz. that the French artillery was far superior to the Austrian; and the fact came to light, upon inquiry, that their guns were rifled. As had been done some years previously when the secret of the Minie rifle disclosed itself, so our Minister of War did in 1859 with respect to the rifled cannon. Founders were invited to turn their attention to the subject, and experiments began to be made. We were but little benefited by them, however, when the infamous raid of Germany against Denmark attracted attention, and elicited from us more bluster than quite redounded to our dignity. France would not join us to protect the little State, and we were too conscious of our own weakness to rush single-handed into the arena. But we acquired some information during the progress of the struggle which startled us. Our improved Minie, which we had accustomed ourselves to regard as the queen of weapons, would not bear a moment's comparison with the Prussian needle-gun. For one shot which a soldier armed with our rifle could fire, a soldier armed with the Prussian needle-gun could fire three. Here was a dilemma, and a fresh reason why we should keep the peace. We had no rifled cannon, we had no breech-loading muskets. Our troops, though excellent—at least so we said—were few. Nothing was left for us except to lower our tone and to behave with exceeding civility to all the world. To be sure we might, if we thought fit, re-arm both our infantry and artillery. We were quite rich enough to do so, and perfectly understood the possible results of failing to do so. But, then, what about the estimates? A Liberal

Government

Government cannot afford to spend money—no matter how urgent the call—and to replace a million or two of muzzle-loaders with breech-loaders, and to put rifled guns in the place of the good old-fashioned smooth-bores,—such a thing must not be thought of; it would raise army expenditure above the Tory level. We contented ourselves, therefore, with doing in the matter of muskets as we had done in the matter of big guns. We invited gun-makers to propose plans for giving us, whenever we might require them, really good new breech-loading muskets, and in the meanwhile to try their hands at converting old muzzle-loaders into breech-loaders.

Thus from 1859 to 1866 we rested on our military oars. We talked of reducing the numbers of men and horses in our cavalry and infantry regiments. We got tired of seeing batteries fully horsed and manned; but we did nothing to supply either of the three arms with a really effective weapon.

In 1866 Lord Derby came into office, and General Peel went to the War Office. He found in store either sixteen or six-and-twenty, we are not sure which, converted infantry rifles, without a single piece of artillery except a smooth-bore. One of his first acts was to order the conversion of twenty or thirty thousand muskets and to bring the mechanical skill and energy of Sir William Armstrong into play. And time it was that these things should be done, for another and still more startling drama of war was about to open upon Europe. The old feud between Prussia and Austria came to a head, and the seven weeks' campaign began. We were so occupied at the War Office in watching the effect of the new weapon, that we lost sight of the military organisation which gave to it in the hands of the Prussians its real importance. The re-armament of our troops was pushed forward with all possible despatch, but there was little time to think of more. Indeed, the Government was too weak to think of more to any good purpose. Any proposal, involving both a considerable outlay of public money, and a change in the habits of the great body of the people, never would have been listened to coming from a Minister who was in an admitted minority in the House of Commons. General Peel did what he could in an office where the greatest confusion prevailed. He attempted nothing on a grand scale; he can hardly be blamed for attempting nothing. He had no support to look to in Parliament, and he knew it. But he did a little more than re-arm both the infantry and artillery. He made the first move towards the establishment of a disciplined reserve; and if we find ourselves constrained to dissent from some of the details of his measure, the principle commands our hearty approval. Never discharge trained soldiers lightly. Keep them,

them, if you please, a comparatively short time under their colours; but let their engagement hold till the years for which they have enlisted expire. But to invite twenty thousand Militiamen to enter for that service, constituted as it then was, with a proviso that, in case of need, they shall be drafted into the line,—this was not quite fair either upon the individual or the country. But more of this anon.

On the retirement of General Peel—a grievous loss to the public service—Sir John Pakington became War Minister. He has the merit, whatever it may be, of pushing forward that control system which assumed its full proportions under his successor. In other respects his reign was not remarkable for much. Consolidations of command over both Militia and Volunteers took place in his time; and the clearing out of civilian functionaries from the office, which his predecessors had begun, he carried further. It remained for Mr. Cardwell to bring about changes which, for good or for evil, should make their influences really felt, not merely at home and throughout the army, wherever stationed, but in the colonies. A word or two descriptive of these changes are all that we can spare.

The idea of withdrawing our peace garrisons from such of the colonies as exercise the rights of self-government is not a new idea, neither can it be regarded in the abstract as an unsound idea. The policy, also, which suggests it, is, in point of fact, nothing more than a return to what was the colonial policy of England long before such facilities of intercourse existed between the mother-country and her offshoots as exist now. Not a British soldier of the line had ever been seen in British America previously to the seven years' war, and, perhaps, had none appeared then, or had all been recalled as soon as the war came to an end, what are now the United States might still have been a portion of the great British empire. Apart from considerations of this sort, however, it is obvious that, in concentrating her military strength at home, England by no means throws off the duty of protecting her colonies when real danger arises. On the contrary, she is better prepared to strike with effect in defence of any one point which is threatened, if she keep her troops massed in Great Britain, than if she disseminate them in dribblets over the whole empire. Now such places as Australia, Ceylon, the Mauritius, and, to a certain extent, the Cape of Good Hope, lie quite out of the reach of prompt molestation from either Europe or America, and danger from Asia nobody apprehends. The West Indies also, if defended at all, must be defended by the fleet. And the Dominion of Canada itself is surely strong enough to hold its own till reinforcements arrive from England, were the United States

States so ill advised as to aim at annexation by violence. As to the Boors and Caffres, and even the copper-coloured warriors of New Zealand, these are hardly the sort of enemy whose movements, under ordinary circumstances, it is advisable to watch with regular troops. Troublesome, perhaps formidable, neighbours to districts sparsely peopled, they doubtless are. But a good local police is the best force to employ against them; at all events till they come down in such numbers as no police can resist. The early settlers in Virginia and Maryland kept watch and ward against whole nations of red warriors, and gained ground upon them. The settlers at the Cape, in Australia, and even in New Zealand, are numerous enough, and sufficiently provided with military stores, to keep their savage neighbours at a distance.

There is nothing essentially wrong, therefore, as far as we can see, in the proposal to withdraw the Queen's regular troops from all these dependencies; and a great deal can be said in support of the arrangement on military grounds. But the step itself ought not to be taken in a hurry, if our Government desire to preserve the union between England and her colonies unbroken. Now the conduct of the English Government to the people of New Zealand was harsh and injudicious in the extreme. No great positive hurt has accrued to the colonists in consequence, but they have not forgotten, they are not likely to forget in a hurry, that their petition to retain even a single battalion—themselves defraying the costs of its maintenance—was rejected; and that they were left at a very critical moment to take care of themselves. In like manner, there is some reason to believe, in spite of official assurances to the contrary, that the people of the Dominion are extremely displeased with the treatment which in regard to this matter has been awarded to them by the Imperial Government. Not that they ever professed to rely absolutely upon the Queen's regular troops to defend them. They are too proud, too manly, to rely on any arms except their own. But the sight of the British uniform was pleasant to their eyes, and they feel as if the mother-country had thrown them off, now that it is disappearing abruptly from among them. We have lying before us a private letter from a gentleman, resident for some years in British America, who has excellent opportunities of knowing what the state of public feeling is. Writing from Quebec he thus describes it:—

‘You are, I presume, interested in the state of feeling here. The whole of Canada is becoming dreadfully exasperated against England. The removal of the troops—the general neglect—is the moving cause. Everywhere the cry is Independence. I have not yet talked with one
man

man who is in favour of remaining *in statu quo*. I believe annexation will be the inevitable end of the present policy.'

Our correspondent writes feelingly, and like a colonist. Our business is with the professional part of the policy which Mr. Cardwell has pursued. He defended himself when attacked for it, by explaining that it would tend rather to increase than to diminish the military power of the empire, inasmuch as, with her home garrison greatly increased, England would be far better able to hold her own against all comers, and in all parts of the world, than she was before. And so she would have been, had the regiments recalled from the colonies been kept up at their full strength. But Mr. Cardwell had a second scheme in hand, theoretically considered quite as much to be commended as the former. He brought a Bill into Parliament enabling the authorities to enlist recruits on new terms, and to turn over to the reserve a certain number of soldiers annually, whose service with their colours should have been not less than three years complete. An excellent idea as regards infantry soldiers, and good as regards artillery and cavalry also, provided the minimum of service for each of these arms be fixed at five years, instead of three. But how were his promises of increased military strength fulfilled? Thus. Having got home twenty thousand seasoned troops, Mr. Cardwell discharges not fewer than twenty-three thousand, and does so by a process accurately calculated to make the residue as little available as possible for service in the field. Without waiting his three years, without keeping a man in the reserve, by the retaining fee provided for in his Enlistment Act, he issues an order which fixes the establishment of each battalion of infantry at five hundred rank and file, of each regiment of cavalry at four hundred and eighty-three men, with three hundred horses, of each battery of field artillery at a figure which renders it for all practical purposes helpless. What followed?

The effect upon the non-commissioned officers and men, especially of infantry, was very bad. The men discharged went away furious with the Government which had broken faith with them. The men retained felt that there could be no more security of tenure for them than for their discharged comrades. The men discharged did more. They spread abroad, wherever they wandered, penniless and in rags, evil reports of the service, and the result has been an indisposition among their class of society to enlist. Among the officers, also, whether on full or half-pay—and we speak now of all the three arms—an uncomfortable spirit prevails. We have had long experience of the British army, and we do not hesitate to say that never since we first knew it did there prevail among the officers of all ranks and arms

arms such a degree of irritation as prevails now against the powers that be and the system which they have inaugurated. Nor have the cavalry been less painfully worked upon in their organisation and efficiency than the infantry. We quote from the private letter of one of the best cavalry officers in the army—words which will be read, we suspect, everywhere, except at the War Office, with dismay. The date is the 11th of August last:—

‘With regard to the cavalry, though the men are good, individually, better than any foreign cavalry I have seen, and though the horses are also good, yet I cannot consider that arm of the service efficient, because the regiments are so miserably weak. They turn out, on an average, about 240 strong. Our Minister of War appears to think that as infantry in time of peace can be kept up with small cadres, provided there is a reserve (which we have *not* got), that the same system can be pursued with cavalry and artillery. There is no such mistake as that, and no other country attempts to do it. Since 1866 the Prussians have increased their cavalry by one-fifth, by adding a fifth squadron to each regiment. We cannot train men to be *really* efficient dragoons, much under a year, though you might force some men in the ranks in half that time, but it would not be much good.’

Much good!! Shall we ever forget the effect produced upon ourselves when on a visit, during the Crimean War, to Maidstone. Day and night the officers and non-commissioned officers of the dépôt regiment there laboured to teach the recruits as much as they could learn; and the result was that out of a draft, numerically strong, which was about to march for embarkation in our presence, not a few of the men found some difficulty in getting into their saddles. Scarlett and Hodge, gallant and true as they are, must have stared when such reinforcements reached them. We question whether even they would have cared, so supported, to repeat the dash which won for them such lasting renown on the day of Balaclava.

We come now to the artillery with which, as with the cavalry, it seems best to deal, rather by quoting high professional authority than by any observations of our own. The following is the account given of this arm of the service by one who has the best right to speak:—

‘As regards our field artillery, we have at this moment (13th of August last), ten batteries of horse artillery, and twenty field batteries in the United Kingdom. But we could not entirely denude the country of every field-gun, especially Ireland; and therefore I do not think we could put more than half that number in the field. That would be fifteen batteries—ninety guns—or say, artillery for 30,000 men at three guns per thousand. We are adding about 800 horses to twenty-four
of

Meanwhile, in order that a brave show might be made when Parliament met, old stores were sold, the process of manufacturing new ones was suspended, establishments were cut down, work-people were sent adrift, and every expedient was tried—all that the genius of cheese-paring could devise to keep down the estimates. France had devoted herself ever since the war of 1866, to the re-organising and re-arming of her troops. She raised her standing army to four hundred thousand men (the exact official returns in 1867 put it down at 389,604 men). She established a system of reserves which would enable her, it was said, to raise this force to six hundred thousand in a week; and she further created, in her *Garde Mobile*, a defensive army of six hundred thousand more. The Chassepot took the place of the Minie with all the infantry, and rifled guns alone did duty in the field artillery. Our Government could not sufficiently admire all this; yet the single point which was fixed upon for imitation was the *Intendance*; and considering how that machinery has worked in the army which invented it, we have some reason to be thankful that we did not look beyond it. For formidable on paper as the French army became, subsequent events have shown that the entire fabric was rotten to the core. Our Government, however, was not of that opinion. It heard with wonder of the exertions which France was making. It saw, or believed, that these 1,200,000 men were all armed—or could all be armed in a day—with the best weapons which science and art could produce. What more was done?—Nothing.

Meanwhile Prussia, not satisfied with the military institutions which had stood her in such excellent stead in her war with Austria, was introducing into them just such modifications as raised them to a still higher level. As we have spoken fully elsewhere upon this subject, we need only observe here that, while the Prussian system is perfect as regards Prussia, no statesman at all acquainted with the temper or habits of the English people would think of introducing it in its integrity into this country. But what are we to say of a Government which, having the examples of both France and Prussia before its eyes, and not blind absolutely to the signs of the times, could go the lengths which our present rulers have done in an exactly opposite direction. Apart from the condition in which we are, as regards men, it is not less astounding than alarming to reflect that if we had the men we have not the weapons to put into their hands. Our fortresses—positively we might as well be without them—not one of them is armed. We believe that we speak the truth when we say that, in Dover, there are not six guns mounted which would hinder an enemy's squadron from
passing

passing within a mile and a half of the shore. As to Portsmouth, Plymouth, Sheerness, the approaches of the Thames and of the Medway, only smooth-bored cannon command and protect them at all. And, unless we be very much deceived, neither Malta nor Gibraltar is better provided. As to the infantry—including under that head the Line, the Militia, and the Volunteers—the proportion of that arm which could take the field, carrying breech-loaders, and knowing how to use them, is disgracefully small; and, worse still, there are no breech-loaders to give them. It was a poor boast on the part of Mr. Cardwell three months ago that he had three hundred thousand Sniders in store. At the time when he gave utterance to the statement there were nothing like 300,000 Sniders in store. The total amount manufactured may have reached that figure. But 80,000, or thereabouts, were in use with the Line, and 100,000 at least had been shipped off to Canada. No doubt arsenals and factories are busy enough now, because the cheese-paring of June sowed the seed of enormous expenditure between July and October. But is it to be endured that we, who hold ourselves to be the first of manufacturing nations, should on a point so essential to our very existence be so far behind our neighbours? Shall we never be able to escape from periodical panics, and their sure consequences, the most extravagant outlay when the fit is on, the most shameful neglect of everything which common prudence would suggest when it passes away again? What a figure are we not cutting at this moment in the sight of the whole world!

Is it not astonishing that in the presence of all these facts, our rulers cannot bethink them, while yet the opportunity is within their reach, of looking elsewhere than to a standing army for a second line of defence, in case the fleet, which is our first line, should fail us? Is it not marvellous that in manipulating the standing army itself, they should lose sight of the difference that separates our military system from that of every other nation under heaven. Mr. Cardwell defends his late reductions upon a principle, which applies with tolerable exactitude to Prussia, but has no connection whatever with us. Prussia may, with impunity, make skeletons of line regiments, keeping up the cadres of officers and non-commissioned officers. Why? Because her entire male population consists of trained soldiers; and from her first reserves, her Landwehr, and even her Landsturm, she can call in at a fortnight's notice veterans enough to expand her skeletons into stout battalions. Prussia may even reduce her cavalry and her artillery if so disposed;—though she certainly has not done so—because she has horses for both, lent to the farmers till they shall be needed, and in every town and village,

village, expert cavaliers and practised gunners, whom he can call into service when they are required. We have just discharged absolutely twenty-three thousand men; and we are trying to fill their places with raw recruits, of whom less, we are told, than seven thousand have been got together. Meanwhile our battalions could not respectively bring four hundred men into line, if every man not sick or otherwise engaged in indispensable duty were ordered out. But battalions numerically so weak as this are quite unfit to take the field. They who know what war is will understand us when we say that the very sight of their own numbers, if they be adequate, encourages battalions as they go into action; and that one battalion, with its thousand rank and file, is more than equal to three, we had almost said to four battalions, which can each of them put only four hundred rank and file under arms. And if this be the case, the strength of each corps being entire, what may we look for after both have been weakened in a campaign? So also is it with regiments of cavalry and batteries of artillery. Complete, they are like individual men in sound condition; incomplete, they may have all the good will, but they lack the stamina and the nerve of the more perfect agent. If Mr. Cardwell had been well advised, he would have kept at least 40,000 infantry in forty battalions, however low he might have fixed the establishments of the rest; so as, with cavalry and artillery in the same proportion, to have been able, if a sudden call came, to put a force, respectable though small, in the field.

It is idle, however, to look to our standing army, exclusively, as our second line of defence. That, therefore, for which we chiefly blame not the present Government only, but all which preceded it for the last fourteen years is this,—that none of them have given a moment's serious attention to the subject of adequately supplementing the standing army; that none of them have taken the trouble to ascertain what in this respect the country would bear, or how the country could be brought to bear, what has become an absolute necessity. Most of them perfectly well understand what is done in other countries. All our public men know that the admirable system, introduced into Prussia after the battle of Jena, has been in force ever since; and hence that she really is a nation of soldiers, generation after generation of her youth, so to speak, being brought under arms. They know also that in filling her ranks she recognises no difference between the noble and the peasant. All must serve, and serve as private soldiers. And this it is which has given to her army, both in the present and the late war, that enormous superiority in intelligence, which it exhibits over the armies both of
France

France and Austria. It is very true that every child in Prussia goes to school; that every boy is compelled by law to be able to read and write. But Mr. Chadwick very much mistakes the matter, when he points to that circumstance and says, 'You see what it is to have an educated army. Make our non-commissioned officers and privates as conversant with books as the Prussians soldiers are, and they will do what the Prussians do. Meanwhile, where will you find four English dragoons, who, like the four Uhlans at Nancy, would manage by their intelligence to make a whole population believe that an army was upon them.' The four Uhlans who rode into Nancy and took it, were four gentlemen; two of them noble—bearing the title of Graf—one the son of a banker, the other of the keeper of a large hotel, in Berlin. When we see young English nobles and bankers' sons, and hotel-keepers' sons, serving side by side as privates in a regiment of horse, we shall expect, and have a right to expect, quite as much of them as these four gallant Prussian gentlemen rendered to their country.

It was the sheer necessity of conquest which drove Prussia into her present military system. Forbidden by France to keep on foot more than forty thousand men—yet secretly determined on the first favourable opportunity to rebel—her able ministers passed one set of her youth out of the ranks at the end of two years, and filled their places with another. The process has been going on, with slight modifications ever since, and the world sees with astonishment what it has made of her. We do not require this—nor could we persuade our people to bear it. For military service in Prussia is a very different thing from military service with us. Prussia has neither an India to govern, nor colonies to defend. Her regiments—whether they be of horse, or foot, or artillery—are nothing more than militia regiments till war comes. Then they must all go wherever they are ordered, within the realm or across the border as they have just done—their ranks swelled with reserves—perhaps even more to be trusted than the young soldiers round whom they gather. We do not need this. We are not, like the French or Prussians, an aggressive people—or if we were, our insular situation, which protects us from being easily invaded, would throw an insuperable obstacle in the way of our invading and keeping possession of the territories of our neighbour. But we have homes and hearths to defend, institutions to maintain of which we are justly proud, a certain place to hold in the comity of nations, from which we cannot descend without both shame and sorrow. In order to keep us in our proper place, as a great power, we must have a certain amount of military force disposable for service all over the world. In order to make

our

our homes and hearths safe, and to maintain our domestic rights and liberties, it is absolutely necessary that we should have a secondary army, and have it in the best possible order. In plain language, for us the severance of the regular army from the militia is so far a necessity, that no House of Commons would ever consent to see them fused into one. And it is so far an advantage, also, that the hardship of requiring the whole male population, without distinction of ranks, and within certain ages, to be enrolled, armed, disciplined, and exercised for their own defence, and the defence of their country, need not be other than very light. Indeed, we may go further. When we find a Government wise enough and vigorous enough to understand these truths, and to act upon them, we shall know that the noblemen and gentlemen of whom it is composed, are both from study and practice constitutional statesmen. Our readers will, we are sure, forgive us if we stop one moment to prove our own words.

The laws which deal with the militia force of the realm have undergone so many changes, and are so complicated and confused, that their tendency is to darken, rather than enlighten us, in regard to the duties which every Englishman owes to his country. If we took our ideas exclusively from them, we should believe that with Parliament it rested from time to time to determine how many men shall be enrolled, and to enrol them either by the clumsy process of the old-fashioned ballot, or, as is done now, by beat of drum. But a greater mistake than this never was committed. The militia laws, with the cumbrous machinery for working them, are innovations upon the fundamental law of the land—not abrogating, nor even noticing it, but simply overlaying it with a machinery, which did well enough in times when steam and the electric telegraph were unknown, but which is obsolete now. Looking beyond these, however, we find that from time immemorial—from a period so long back as the days of the Saxon kings, every Englishman between the ages of fifteen and sixty was liable, in case of need, to military service. The constitution of English society is, therefore, in its origin, as completely military as that of Prussia was rendered by the tyranny of Napoleon. The *trinoda necessitas*, which was binding on our forefathers, constrained all free men, between the ages just specified, to three special services. If not in holy orders, or physically disqualified, every Englishman was bound, when duly summoned, to appear in arms, and to take an active part in suppressing riots, putting down rebellion, and resisting the attacks of a foreign enemy. Whether capable of bearing arms or not, he was constrained—the priest equally with the layman—to aid in the construction of fortresses and other works for the defence of the realm. And lastly, it was his duty
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to contribute, in person or otherwise, towards keeping the King's highways and bridges in repair. Nor did the introduction by the Normans of their own customs innovate further upon this state of things, than that the King acquired through them what he had not before, the services of the feudal array, which he claimed the right, when the occasion arose, of carrying with him to his wars, whether these were foreign or domestic. But the conditions under which the feudal array assembled, and the limits imposed by law upon the compulsory service of the levies, as they tended more to strengthen than to relax the bond of union between the vassal and his lord, so they stood in the way rather than promoted the creation of a class apart from other classes, whose special business should be war. Even when tempted by the offer of pay, or the prospect of plunder, to keep the field with his retainers beyond the stipulated number of days, or—as in course of time came to be a common occurrence—when contracting with the sovereign for a contingent of armed men to follow the royal standard, the chief had no means of establishing between his people and the State, relations similar in any respect to those which subsist in our day between the State and its standing armies. The war ended, officers and men alike returned to their homes, and resumed their pacific occupations, becoming again cultivators of the soil, or mechanics or traders, as the case might be. And they all fell back at the same time into the old Saxon militia—the *posse comitatus*, or strength of the county, on whom rested the obligation to maintain the King's peace, though they were not compelled, except in case of foreign invasion, to pass beyond the limits of their respective shires.

We draw from these premises two conclusions: first, that the constitution of this country has from time immemorial entrusted the defence of the realm to the sovereign; and next, that the military forces of the Crown are, and always have been, kept together for defensive purposes only. For offensive wars—wars of foreign conquest—the law of England has never made provision. Now, as in old times, after war has been declared, the Crown may send its forces abroad to carry on hostilities in the enemy's country, or in the country of an ally. But the sole object of every foreign expedition is, and always has been, in the eye of the law, to guard the realm from hurt. This is clearly shown in the tone of all the appeals made by the Plantagenets and the Tudors to their parliaments, when about to carry their arms into foreign parts; indeed so recently as the great Civil War, when Charles collected a force in the north, with a view to put down actual rebellion in Scotland, he was obliged to justify the proceeding by alleging that the Scots were preparing to invade

invade England, and that it was necessary to anticipate their attack.

We have referred to these old customs, not under the idea that they can ever be revived in their integrity; but only to show that, by the law and constitution of this realm, every able-bodied man is due, in the hour of danger, to the State. Indeed, the *posse comitatus* is still an institution among us; of which use was made not longer ago than 1828, when rick-burning and machine-breaking were the rage in Kent and Hampshire. If we look abroad also, among other free nations, we shall find that the same obligation is binding on their citizens. The militia-service in the United States is obligatory. Militiamen or volunteers, they were—both alike in time of trouble bound by military law—who waged and completed the war of North against South. In Switzerland, every man between the ages of 18 and 25 spends three months annually under arms; not as our militia do, in billets or quarters, but for the most part under canvas. Indeed, the military training of the Swiss begins even earlier than this; for their boys, as they are compelled by law to attend school, so at school they are regularly drilled. And finally from 25 to 40 all the male population is held to belong to the reserve; not turning out as their juniors do, for two or three months' training, but liable to be called up in case of war; and in peace inspected a certain number of times in the year, when they appear in uniform, and show that their arms are in good order. So also Belgium has its militia, attached by battalions to line-regiments, wearing the same uniform, and joining them at the annual summer trainings; just as the Prussian Landwehr turn out to take part in the autumnal manœuvres. Is there any reason at all why some such custom should not be introduced into England? None that we can see. England, as she is the richest country in the world, so she has more to lose than any other by unsuccessful war; and, though her policy be undoubtedly a policy of peace, experience has shown that the peace of nations is never safe, unless they be able to assert it for themselves. Neither let it be said that the English people will not submit to military discipline, nor be prevailed upon to give up their valuable time for the purpose of acquiring military proficiency. The English people will neither submit to military discipline nor give up their time to the acquisition of proficiency in military exercises, if these things be demanded of them, with discrimination. But pass a law rendering all classes alike—the noble, the knight, the squire, the burgess, the artisan, the peasant—liable in person to service in the militia, and the nation will accept the obligation, not only without repining, but cheerfully. And to something of this sort

we must come, if we desire to combine safety with economy. For steam has, to a great extent, bridged the ocean over, rendering war in Lincolnshire or Kent or even in Surrey scarcely more improbable some day than war at the gates of Paris was considered to be a year ago. For us, then, not less than for our continental neighbours, there seems to be but a choice of two evils. Either we must keep on foot largely increased standing armies, without regard to the fact that the standing armies both of Austria and of France failed them in the hour of need: or, contenting ourselves with a moderate force of professional soldiers, we must so deal with the male population of the country as that a defensive army, well appointed, well organised, and adequately disciplined, shall be ready, on the first appearance of danger, to take the field in numbers equal to the occasion. What we require is something like this:—

Every able-bodied man, between the ages of 18 and 24, being a native born subject of the Crown or a naturalised Englishman, provided he be not in holy orders, nor engaged in the education of youth, nor a member of either House of Parliament, ought to be by law held liable—himself personally, not by substitute or deputy—to domestic military service. This liability in the first or active class of militia should extend over six years, during which the services of the militiaman ought to be at the disposal of the Government at any moment, and in any place within the limits of the three kingdoms. At the end of six years his name should be transferred from the list of active to that of local militia, of which he should continue to be a member throughout six years more; which, mustered, say once a year to insure that its numbers are forthcoming, should not be required except in case of actual invasion to take up arms or to be moved beyond the county in which the men are settled. There can be no difficulty in getting accurate lists of both classes of men, through the overseers of parishes, or the clerks of unions; nor in keeping, and from time to time revising, and assorting them at the War Office, whence the whole machine must be worked.

The total number of young men fit for military service in Great Britain and Ireland, between the ages of 18 and 24, must be very great; of those between 18 and 36, enormous. We should never find it necessary to embody them all, unless the enemy were upon us. There could be no need for more than a moderate proportion of them, in times of peace, actually under arms. Take three hundred thousand men as the extreme limit of this proportion, and deal with it thus:—The youth of each county assemble in their respective parishes, or where these happen to be very populous, as in large towns, at various points

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in their respective parishes, and draw from an urn cards—some marked 1, some 2, some 3—the rest being blank. All the youths drawing cards marked No. 1 pass into one category. All who draw cards No. 2 into another. All who draw cards No. 3 into a third. The rest are for this turn free. They have drawn blanks, but will be ballotted for again at a future time. Here, then, are three hundred thousand men at our disposal, and we proceed to distribute them. All youths holding No. 1 tickets must regard themselves as actually embodied, and pass at once into the charge of officers and non-commissioned officers told off to receive them. They are formed into squads, companies, battalions, according to their counties, and at some convenient place or places in each county begin their military instruction. It will be continued, and the garrison duty of the three kingdoms taken, at least in part, by a hundred thousand embodied militia, throughout some specified period, which ought on no account to cover less than twelve months. At the termination of this interval, class No. 1 return to their homes; and their places are taken by class No. 2. These again make way in their turn for class No. 3, during the progress of whose training a second ballot takes place. Finally, for one fortnight before each class breaks up the whole ought to be gathered into corps, say of five-and-twenty thousand each, and practised with troops of the line of all arms in military movements on a large scale.

Of course there are difficulties in the way of this, as there are of all reasonable proposals, but they need not be regarded as insuperable.

First, Lords-Lieutenant of counties, with their deputies, must surrender their most valued privileges; and the home, like the active, army take orders from head-quarters. Next, manœuvres on a large scale, to be useful, must not be executed at fixed localities. Our farmers must be content to see their fields marched over, and, possibly, their fences somewhat damaged year by year when the crops are gathered in; and Parliament must provide the means of making to them a just compensation. Finally, a militia, such as we require, must be effectually officered, which cannot be brought about unless the gentlemen accepting commissions in the force have a fair prospect held out to them of professional advancement. And surely this may be done by considering all who devote their time and attention to the training of soldiers—whether these belong to the general or to the limited service army—eligible for promotion, for exchanges, and retirements. During the war of the first French Revolution Mr. Pitt raised an army of reserve

on this principle. It was not to exceed sixty thousand men. But the officers of the army of reserve were taken from the same class which gave officers to the line, ranked as these did, made constant exchanges with them, and rose, some of them, to be general officers.* Why should not the same plan be adopted with a militia, rendered as effective as the sort of militia of which we are sketching the outline must soon become. Would the country be put to intolerable charges by these means? We think not, at least not permanently so, and for the following reasons:—

When you have fairly launched a defensive force on which perfect reliance can be placed, it will be unnecessary to keep on foot a standing army, either so strong in point of numbers as that which we now maintain, or so extravagantly over-officered. At this moment, and probably for a year or two to come, we cannot afford to reduce a man even of our regular infantry. But at this moment there is not a regiment in the service, whether it be of horse or of foot, which has not very many more officers attached to it than the exigencies of the service require. The complement of officers in the Prussian army is one captain and two subalterns for two hundred and fifty infantry soldiers. With us a company of fifty men had, the other day, the same number of officers, and now that our companies are raised on paper to seventy rank and file, seventy men are as abundantly officered in England as two hundred and fifty are in Prussia. Again, the army list exhibits, independently of the foot guards, the rifle brigade, and local corps, not fewer than one hundred and nine infantry regiments. Raise each infantry regiment to a peace establishment of a thousand men, giving to it the power of expansion in war to two thousand or more, and your one hundred and nine regiments will shrink at once into something like sixty, if indeed this figure be reached. Thus you have to your hand officers enough to take charge of a hundred thousand men of the army of reserve, assuming these to be all infantry. Nor must we lose sight of those meritorious gentlemen who, under all the disadvantages of the militia system as it has hitherto subsisted, have done their country such excellent service. For not a few of them there will be vacancies if they be willing to enter the army in a junior rank. If they prefer keeping their social position, and are independent of a profession, they may be regarded as officers *en second*, ready,

* The Army of Reserve died out by degrees into garrison battalions, of which, so recently as 1813, there remained, if we recollect right, twelve or thirteen. The late General Needham commanded one of them, the third garrison battalion; and Br. Col. T. P. Nott, now a Staff-officer of Pensioners, seems to have served in the first garrison battalion.

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when more than the first hundred thousand are called out, to assume command. So far from entailing on the country an increased outlay, our belief is that, in a few years, the saving would be enormous; because the half-pay list might be almost entirely exhausted by calling up all now upon it, who are capable of serving, and giving them work to do in the militia.

What, then, is to become of the volunteers, what of the yeomanry cavalry? The latter you cannot foster with too much care. Recent events have shown that active and intelligent cavalry, so far from losing their value, have enormously increased it, since arms of precision came into use. Charges upon squares, or even upon well-formed lines of infantry, we shall never, perhaps, see again. Those that occurred in the Franco-German war proved eminently disastrous. But the Prussian horsemen have shown how prodigiously armies benefit by having an ample force of cavalry, with which to scour the country near and round the enemy—to cut off his supplies, to obtain intelligence, to complete defeats, and to keep open our own communications. Now, our yeomanry, with a little more drill and practice than they get at present, would perform all these services quite as well as they are performed by the Prussian Uhlans, and better than they probably would be performed by our regular cavalry. We cannot indeed afford to lose a man of these latter, for they must be the back-bone of our whole mounted force, to whatever figure it may reach. But the general intelligence of the yeomen and their knowledge of the country would render them invaluable in case of invasion. We venture, therefore, to suggest that voluntary service in the yeomanry, where each private provides his own horse, his own uniform;—everything, in short, except his arms—ought to exempt from liability to serve in the militia; but on condition. The yeomanry trooper once enrolled, must enrol for three years; and be prepared, in addition to his squad, troop, and regimental drills, to give up one fortnight every year to operations in manœuvre. Being a farmer himself, he will soon come to understand the importance of these operations, and be the better disposed to accept, and to recommend his neighbours to accept, with a good grace, the compensation for damages, whatever it may be, which Parliament shall vote.

In like manner, there is nothing to prevent the enrolment into battalions of volunteer infantry and artillery, of such of the well-to-do classes, especially in large towns, as are, like the yeomanry, willing to clothe and equip themselves with everything except arms. But the dismounted, like the mounted volunteers, must engage for three years; be subject, just as the militia are, all that while to military law, when embodied; and prepare themselves,

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in addition to their company and battalion drill, to take part in annual manœuvres, for whatever length of time, within fourteen days, may be required of them. Officers for both yeomanry and volunteers may not be so easily found as for the militia; but the mystery of commanding a company or a troop is scarcely so deep as that a young gentleman of average ability may not succeed in getting to the bottom of it, after one or two annual trainings. At all events, the experiment is well worth trying.

And now a word or two, before bringing this paper to a close, in reference first to the standing army, and next to the requirements, both of that and of the army of reserve, in the important matter of administration and supply. With respect to the standing army, we content ourselves by suggesting that the great object of the military authorities ought to be to make it complete in all its parts; gradually but slowly, as the force becomes effective, to reduce its numbers, provided peace be matured—not by sending trained men about their business, as was done the other day, but by transferring them to the reserve;—and to make these reductions, when they can be made with safety, exclusively from the infantry. The artillery of the British army ought to be in a far greater proportion to the other branches of the service than the artillery of any other country in the world. Instead of 180 field-guns—the utmost which, by any expedient, we could now put in the field, we should be able to turn out twice that amount at least,—better if we say thrice,—fully manned, horsed, and appointed. Our cavalry, also, should not fall short of twelve or fifteen thousand mounted sabres. With these and our home force—a portion of which might easily be rendered effective as garrison artillery, we could get on very well in time of peace, if the infantry did not exceed a hundred thousand, all told. Indeed but for India, we should feel perfectly safe with fifty thousand regular infantry under their colours, after the reserves were in such a state as would enable us to expand them to a hundred thousand in the event of a sudden call. But field artillery and cavalry you cannot make efficient, except after a year or two of training; and without continued practice the training both of the artilleryman and the trooper is soon forgotten. No doubt India, though it drain us of men, pays its own military expenses. So far, therefore, the country is not, in a pecuniary point of view, more heavily burdened by being obliged to keep on foot a hundred than if it mustered only fifty thousand infantry. But the drawback remains, that, till some steps are taken to render service in India to a certain extent distinct from service elsewhere, we really cannot see our way either to large reductions in the
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strength of the infantry or to a satisfactory working of a system of short servitude, whether in the infantry or the cavalry or the artillery.

The general principle on which the standing army of England ought to be dealt with is, however, obvious enough. An overwhelming artillery, such as shall suffice for militia, as well as regular troops in the field, a stout cavalry, and an infantry, small but perfect, and capable of rapid expansion—give us these, in addition to our domestic garrison, and panics will hereafter be things unknown among us.

And now in regard to transport and supply. We should be glad to be assured that the staff of every railway in the kingdom were in communication with the War Office; that every chairman of a company, every traffic-manager, every station-master, engineer, stoker, and porter, had received his instructions how to act in the event of certain contingencies, and understood them. We should be further glad to know that the pattern gun and pattern fuse for field artillery, the pattern waggon, ambulance, and general equipment for field hospitals, were not only settled, but in process of rapid completion. It would be a still greater satisfaction to us to learn that the armament of our fortresses was making progress; that Gibraltar and Malta were supplied with something more efficacious than the old smooth-bore sixty-four pounder; and that of breech-loaders there were sufficient to arm as they ought to be armed, the whole or even a moiety of the men that we count upon as our army of reserve. As to knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, camp-kettles, and all the appliances required when troops take the field, it is to be feared that were a sudden call made for these things, it could be but indifferently answered. Mr. Cardwell, however, is not idle; he has established schools of military instruction, which militia and volunteer officers are invited to attend. He is trying experiments with mitrailleuses. He is determined, like his predecessors, to go on experimenting till he shall have discovered the best possible garrison gun, and then, we presume, to make it.

We do not object to this; far from it. *Valeat quantum.* But in the meanwhile would it not be judicious to let Major Palliser, or some other expert, try whether or not good use might be made of the piles of ordnance which now cumber, and for years past have cumbered the Arsenal at Woolwich? Nor is this all. Often as the Government has been warned that nothing at Woolwich is really safe,—often as it has been demonstrated that an active enemy, forcing his way up the Thames, could without difficulty destroy our most important reserves, even if he attempted nothing more, we are still without that supplementary maga-

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zinc, at a safe point inland, which has been so repeatedly asked for,—we believe, projected,—and is so sorely needed. If Mr. Cardwell and his Surveyor-General of the Ordnance will but turn their attention to this matter, they may render to the country a very important service. We venture also to suggest that some such organisation of the waggons and draft cattle of the whole country as was effected during the War of the French Revolution be again matured. If arrangements were made whereby every General commanding a district could be informed where, and to what extent, the private carriages and horses within the limits of his command might be made available in case of need, a prodigious step would be taken towards rendering our reserve forces mobile, and therefore available, at a few days' notice. There is still time—thanks to the turn which events have taken on the Continent—to think of these and other matters akin to them, and to make at least a beginning in acting upon the thought. Let us express the hope that Mr. Cardwell, taking a wiser view of the situation than seems to be entertained by more than one of his colleagues, will not allow an opportunity to escape from him, such as may never come again.

ART. IX.—*Count Bismarck's Circular Letters to Foreign Courts.*
1870.

THE time has not yet come for an inquiry either into the causes or the ultimate results of the tempest that is now sweeping over Europe. We can already clearly see that the diplomatic science of modern times must be re-cast. There is no portion of the European equilibrium in which the power of France does not form an important element, and that element must now be struck out of every calculation. What will be the position of the Scandinavian Powers before Germany, or of the Ottoman Empire before Russia? These are problems with which statesmen will have to grapple before long. The insolence of 'big battalions' will not suffer them to sleep; but they do not constitute the pressing interest of the moment. In the midst of the devouring calamities of the present war men have little heart to speculate upon more distant and contingent evils. The hope of peace is the one solicitude of all who are not maddened by the bloodthirstiness of conflict. How is all this desolation to be arrested? Can no resource be found in the influence of neutrals, in the calmer judgment of the victors themselves, to bring these calamities to an end? Is it possible that

two nations so civilised, so loud in philanthropic profession, should be able to find no better way to accommodate their conflicting wishes than a butchery and a devastation which will not make agreement easier, and which no agreement can undo? Cannot we, who have nothing to lose or gain by the issue, who were strangers to the quarrel and to the rivalry out of which it sprang, do anything to bring the combatants to a more reasonable mind?

Whatever the duties of neutrality may be, men must be of stone who, in the presence of so much misery, can refrain from reflections such as these. To what extent they have found an expression in our national action it is difficult to say. No one can doubt that a strong feeling prevails in England in favour of some effort to arrest the slaughter. Whether this feeling is shared or repudiated by the Government no one can tell. The disclaimers put forth at provincial dinners by various members of the Government go for very little. Diplomatic action is not necessarily ineffectual because it is unavowed. The moment when its character should change, and its formal garb should be assumed, is a matter of delicacy, on which the outside world can arrive at no safe opinion. We have fair ground for hoping, from the known disposition of the Ministers principally concerned, that their inaction is only simulated, and that they are watching, with anxiety at least equal to that which any who are not responsible can feel, for the moment when the formal mediation of neutrals can advantageously commence. We are, however, fully aware how low the influence of England has fallen. The fictions which have been our grand device for settling all internal difficulties have spread to every part of the national affairs. We have compromised between the traditions of the aristocracy and the more prudent instincts of the middle class by a foreign policy which never acts, and by an army which is too weak to fight any civilised nation except under the wing of a military ally. If our remonstrances are to be valued by the strength which lies behind them, they are worth about as much in Count Bismarck's scales as those of Belgium or Denmark. But our self-imposed weakness does not relieve us from all responsibility. In ordinary times silence may best become the feeble. It is useless to invite rebuffs by expressing opinions that are not wanted on every passing European event. But there are calamities which transcend all ordinary rules, and to the authors of them we are bound to speak; to give advice, if it will be received—if not, at least to pronounce a judgment and record a protest. Rebuffs suffered in such a cause would not be dishonourable; they would at least save us from any moral complicity with

with acts which we abhor, and from the danger of being estopped by a seeming acquiescence at this time from the chances of action which future contingencies might offer.

We do not dispute that offers of mediation must depend for their opportunity, and for their justification to some extent, on the mood of the power to whom they are addressed. It is easy to imagine cases in which the offer would be worse than futile. The most 'benevolent' neutral would have abstained from remonstrating with Brennus in the Forum or Mahmoud at the gates of Constantinople. The homilies of the Foreign Office would have glanced off harmlessly from the moral armour of Rosas or Juarez. Conquerors of the barbaric type are as little willing to hear argument on the moral obligations of the victors to the vanquished as the cat would be to discuss her duties to the mouse. Such potentates are simply human beasts of prey. They recognise no other intervention between them and the gratification of their cupidity and their revenge than that which can make good its words by blows. Any more pacific approach they receive only with a growl of menace. An appeal to mercy is wasted on them, because it is addressed to feelings which they never had or have lost. Nothing will arrest their career of devastation but satiety or disaster.

If Her Majesty's Ministers have thoroughly satisfied themselves that the Prussians must be classed in this category of conquerors, there is nothing more to be said on the subject of diplomatic action. In that case the Prussians enjoy for the present that immunity from remonstrance, which is the privilege of triumphant brute force. But if the Government adopt this view, they must have strong grounds for doing so, of which the outside world have no conception. The Prussians do not seem in the least anxious to occupy such a position in the eyes of other European nations. They lay claim to no such immunity from neighbourly criticism and advice. On the contrary, they seem to invite it. In hypocrisy or in sincerity, they spontaneously appear at the bar of opinion to plead their cause against the people whom they are preparing to despoil. Count Bismarck's Circular Letters to foreign Courts, whatever we may think of their style of argument, are an acknowledgment that Prussia expects her doings to be judged by neutral nations, and that it is a matter of no trivial concern to her to procure a favourable judgment. If in answer to this challenge our Government expresses no opinion, we must either conclude that it has no opinion to give, or that a careful consultation with Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Childers has banished from the mind of the Cabinet every consideration except that of terror.

To what extent Prussia would defer to the opinion of the neutrals, if distinctly expressed, it is of course impossible to predict. The counsels of statesmen, the personal prejudices of the king, the rising cupidity of Germany, the clashing claims of powers who as yet have only combined for war, will all have an important influence on the decision of Prussia; and their relative strength varies from day to day. But, in words at least, she does not betray any intention to defy the opinion of Europe. Her chief care is to reassure it, and avert its hostility. Count Bismarck does not rely in argument on the rights conferred by victory, or on the precedents which he would not find it difficult to quote for treating cessions of territory as the natural prize of a successful campaign. He does not give any encouragement to the doctrines of nationality which the German Professors are now invoking to justify their schemes of annexation. He rather bases his projected policy on considerations which appeal to the self-interest of other powers. He tells them that France provoked this war without the slightest pretext, and that it is for the public interest that wanton violators of the peace of Europe should be punished. He insists that the French are essentially an aggressive people, that the Germans are essentially pacific, and that the Germans must have a frontier which will protect them against the military spirit of France. Europe has nothing to fear, he says, from Germany, but Germany has everything to fear from France. It is in the interest of European peace that he claims to bind populations to the German Confederation which are heartily French in their sympathies, and which, having been long on the frontiers of Germany, hate it with a special detestation.

It is only upon these grounds that we shall discuss the proposed terms of peace. The *Væ Victis* principle, which is not avowed by German statesmen, but is loudly proclaimed by journalists, and pamphleteers, and university dignitaries, is in its nature not one that will bear discussion. It is a challenge to the future. Those who use it must expect that it will some day be used against them; but for the present it can be indulged in with perfect impunity. France has but a poor chance of resistance within, or of succour from without. But that circumstance scarcely affects the broad considerations of public policy which the statesmen of Europe are bound to consider. The present campaign has been a wonderful example of what sagacity, helped by folly, can achieve; but sagacity and folly are, on the average, distributed with tolerable evenness upon nations of equal civilisation. A strange hazard has for once massed all the talent at Berlin and all the imbecility at Paris; but it has not always been so. Count Bismarck will hardly need to go beyond the
memories

memories of some of his older companions in order to find those conditions accurately reversed. The arrangements which statesmen ought to contemplate must be those which will tend to make two nations, equal in bravery and scarcely dissimilar in numbers, live side by side in industry and peace. They will be very blind if they base their plans on the assumption of a permanent inferiority in French military talent; and nothing but such an assumption would, even in Prussian interests, justify conditions that will act as a permanent defiance.

We have elsewhere discussed the favourite German assertion that the war was unprovoked on the side of Prussia. That it has been received with so much assent or acquiescence on this side of the Channel is due in a great degree to the peculiarities of English political thought. Secured in a great measure from attack by our insular position, we do not appreciate the susceptibility of other nations to changes that take place in the territorial and political arrangements of their neighbours. Accustomed to see all foreign policy directed in accordance with the general wishes of the nation, we ignore the importance of dynastic alliances, and laugh at those who fear them. And lending to foreign affairs only a fitful and spasmodic attention, we are apt to judge of men's actions, one by one, in an isolated manner, and to look on as farfetched any interpretation which seeks to decypher their object by a reference to those which have gone before. Yet even with these limitations our measures have not been equal in dealing out judgment to other nations. Let us conceive for a moment that it was Belgium and not Spain that was in question. Let us suppose that it was Napoleon III. and not Bismarck that had seized the ports of Hamburg, and Bremen, and Kiel, with pretexts as empty, and after campaigns as brilliant; and that subsequently he had made an effort to possess himself of Holland, which had only been saved from his grasp and converted into a neutral State with the greatest difficulty. And then let us imagine that one night we were startled with the intelligence that a Napoleon was candidate for the throne of Belgium. Should we have borne the intrigue with perfect equanimity? Even if, by the interference of some third Power, the candidature had for the moment been withdrawn, should we have been quite satisfied without some assurance that the attempt would not be repeated? That so rash and hasty a recourse to arms was justifiable, according to modern practice, no unbiassed critic could maintain. But it is not in the mouth of the plunderer of Denmark and of Hanover that such a reproach can lie. The crime against Europe at large, and against France herself, was very great and real; the crime against Prussia was little

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more than technical. Even in the greatest cause such a calamity as war should not be incurred, except as a last resource, and with a fair prospect of benefits commensurate to its appalling evils. But it can hardly be made a charge against any ruler or nation that they desired to secure themselves against duplicity and cupidity such as that which has been displayed for the last seven years by the Government of Berlin. A power that undertakes a mission, consisting of its own aggrandizement at its neighbour's cost, must expect to be the object of suspicion. How far Count Bismarck's original designs were intended to go, nobody could tell. Nothing was too large to satisfy the martial literature of Germany. This only was certain—from the precedents of 1863 and 1866—that the blow, when it came, would be vigorous, sudden, and unscrupulous. The history of those two years was in itself a menace to all the neighbours of Prussia. The imaginative professors who find out historical reasons for all the minister's robberies, were quite ready then, as they are now, to prove that any given slice of France was the inalienable heritage of a United Germany. There is no doubt that the French believed that they were threatened, and imagined that by prompt action they could avert the fate which has befallen Austria. They were bitterly mistaken. Their trust, whether it was in their own military power or in the co-operation of allies, broke under them like a reed. The moment they chose could not have been worse chosen if Count Bismarck had forced it on them himself. But their rash precipitation is very far from proving a deliberate scheme of territorial aggrandizement. If it can be admitted into the argument at all, it only proves that the crisis was more of a surprise to them than it was to the Government of Berlin. Nor does it necessarily follow that, because they were the challengers, therefore they were the aggressors. The events between 1863 and 1870 must be looked upon as one transaction—as successive acts of the great drama of Prussian aggrandizement. The peace of Northern Europe was broken in 1863 by the infamous spoliation of Denmark; and, since that time, war, or the preparation for war, has never ceased. If the loss of territory were to be impartially inflicted upon the powers to whose ambition the disturbance of European peace is due, it would not be upon France that the main penalty would fall.

The other pretext for the seizure of French territory is equally transparent. At the head of six hundred thousand men, under the walls of beleaguered Paris, Count Bismarck has the courage to pretend that peaceful, idyllic Germany needs to be protected against her formidable and turbulent neighbour. The allegiance of a couple of millions who detest her, is the safeguard which

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her feebleness requires against the overwhelming power of France. Europe will not share the Chancellor's apprehensions. Other nations will be disposed to think that there is more to fear from the intoxication of German triumph, than from distracted and revolutionized France. 'Pacific Germany' is a mere diplomatic commonplace. There is nothing in history to justify such a pretension. Are we to find it in ancient or in mediæval times? In the pages of Tacitus, or in the annals of the Hohenstaufens? Or shall we begin to look for it in the policy of Charles V.? If a love of peace was the distinguishing characteristic of Germans during the seventeenth century, it was a passion most heroically and most successfully repressed. Count Bismarck will hardly ask us to look to Tilly or Wallenstein as its exponents. Nor if, as is probable, by Germany he means Prussia, will the case be much mended. Neither Frederic William nor his greater son were remarkable for their distaste for military fame. The seizure of Silesia, without notice or declaration of war, was probably the most piratical act that has been committed by any recognised government in modern times. The Prussians cherish the memory of Frederic II., and would in no way repudiate his example. If we desire to know how they will bear themselves as a great military nation, we must go back to his reign to inquire. During the century which has elapsed between his day and ours, they have not been a great military nation. They have won no unaided victory, and have borne their part in not a few ignominious defeats. That they should have been pacific while they were weak is not unnatural; but if we wish to know the character of their disposition when left to itself, we must ask what they were when they were strong. If in the days of Frederic II. they were peace-loving and quiet; if they were respecters of treaties and tender of independent rights; if they never wantonly disturbed the peace of Europe, or gratified their lust of territory at the expense of unoffending neighbours; they may claim the glory of being a pacific nation. If they be tried by this test, we doubt whether even in the intrepid ranks of German literature, an historian will be found bold enough to sustain their claim. The seizure of Silesia and the partition of Poland were the earnest they gave of a pacific disposition at the last period of their military power. Denmark and Holland will ask, with some anxiety, whether their ineradicable passion for peace is to be illustrated by similar examples in the future.

If Europe were sufficiently united to force the belligerents into reasonable terms, its best interests would be served by absolutely prohibiting any change of frontiers. The first object of a treaty of peace should be to make future war improbable. Some

of the conditions that have been mentioned would certainly have that effect. Any provision that tended towards disarmament would be salutary in the highest degree. The razing of fortresses, and the sacrifice of ships, the infliction of an indemnity which will add materially to the national debt of France, will all be effective securities for peace. They will make war difficult and costly, and therefore onerous to the taxpayer. But though their effect will be most palpable, the causes will be disguised. The prospective budgets which will threaten the French statesman of the future, whenever he thinks of war, will bear upon them no stamp of degradation. They will wear no obvious token of their Prussian authorship. There will be nothing to ear-mark the taxation caused by the indemnity, or by the destruction of war material: it will be to the taxpayer's eyes indistinguishable from all the other burdens he has to bear. Such motives for peace would be powerful, because they would be unmix'd. They would appeal with the most cogent arguments to self-interest: they would provoke no bitter feelings of mortification and resentment which self-interest would be powerless to neutralize.

On the other hand, a ceded territory would be a constant memorial of humiliation. No Frenchman could forget it, if he would. There is no analogy between the case of Alsace and Lorraine, and the case of the districts wrested from France in 1814, to which Count Bismarck in one of his circulars refers. The Republican conquests of 1792 had been with France scarcely twenty years. The whole period of their union with it had been one of turmoil and confusion. They had become French neither in manners nor affections: and it required no compulsion to hand them over from the old conquerors to the new. But Alsace and Lorraine have been French for two centuries. Observers who agree in nothing else, at least are at one on this point, that the French sentiment is intense among the population. We are told that they were German at one time. They were German in the same sense that Burgundy was German. They were parts of the 'Holy Roman Empire.' But the Germany of which they formed part had no resemblance to the political organism which is now known by that name. It was not a State but a number of States, feebly held together by forms which time had deprived of all their force and almost of all their meaning. This Germany has left no trace in the hearts of the 'brothers' whom the Germans have been recently reclaiming by cannonade. They have been French during the two most glorious and prosperous centuries of French history; and they are as deeply attached to France as the Venetians were to Venice, or the Poles to Poland. If they
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are wrested violently from France the injury can be forgotten neither by those who go nor those who stay behind.

The idea that the patriotism of the conquered provinces will gradually subside, and that an allegiance to their new masters will gradually take its place, is contrary to all modern experience of the movements of popular sentiment. In olden times, when national feelings were less strongly developed, populations submitted placidly to be conveyed and re-conveyed as the chances of war or diplomacy might decide. But the memories of a nation grow more tenacious, its susceptibilities more tender every day. The spread of education and the increased freedom of discussion have almost destroyed the healing power of time. If the towns-people of Strasburg lived only in the common round of their daily avocations, as little distracted by newspapers or books as their fathers were two centuries ago, the memories of their French nationality, and of the wanton horrors of the German bombardment, would fade gradually away; their children would grow up in the midst of German ideas, and would learn to talk the language of German patriotism. The tendency of most men to make the best of the inevitable, and to become attached to the companions with whom their lot is cast, would heal over the sore of separation. But the irritants of modern thought make this curative process difficult and slow. Though French authority has been expelled, French ideas would penetrate; and the literature of France, grave and gay, would devote itself to the task of keeping open the wound of conquest. With the best will in the world, Count Bismarck cannot govern Alsace as Russia governs Poland. He has no Siberia to which he can deport the population; he cannot proscribe the French language; he cannot turn the frontier of the Vosges into an impenetrable wall, so that no murmur shall pass from Alsace, no echo of sympathy shall come back from France. Of such murmurs there will be no dearth. The circumstances of the annexation will keep alive a bitter and enduring disaffection. It is an outrage upon the feelings and conscience of modern Europe to subjugate and annex a population against their will. In his previous enterprises, Count Bismarck has been able to plead, with some semblance of truth, that a large portion at least of the inhabitants in the provinces he has seized have been favourable to his views. But now he is entering upon a new course. Among the people whose allegiance he is subduing he has not one friend. The subjugation of Alsace only differs from that of Poland in that the rights of brute force are more generally repudiated than they were a century ago. The recovery of Alsatian independence will be looked upon as
a holy

a holy cause, to which men will devote their lives. It will be a sacred duty with them to keep disaffection alive, and not to suffer the recollection of past injuries and sacrifices to sleep. The civil life of Alsace will be an unflagging struggle between the revolution and the police. The feverish life of the conspirator which has so much attraction for a large class of Continental minds, requires no better aliment than the treasured memory of a great historical wrong.

Nor will abundant pretexts be wanting. German officials are not adepts in the art of making themselves agreeable to subject populations. In North Sleswig, in Posen, in Hungary, in Venetia, their power of exciting detestation has been well established : and in the two latter cases has played no insignificant part in the political history of the century. A French population are likely to resent a German official's faults of manner at least as much as any of the populations who have hitherto rebelled against his yoke. Between a bureaucracy so skilled in irritation, and inhabitants so well prepared to take offence, it is impossible but that constant collisions should arise. Every cause of difference will be greedily caught up. The French press will be close at hand to publish it abroad, to reproduce it in countless exaggerated forms, to use it with scant scruple as to accuracy, for the purpose of nourishing disaffection. Their tales will be eagerly listened to by thousands, rendered sensitive by culture to sentimental wrongs, and ready to interpret in its worst light every act of their detested rulers. And then will come the demand for political equality with other German provinces. According to the political theories of the day, such a demand would be irresistible, and could only be refused at the cost of an acrimonious conflict with the Liberal politicians of Germany. If accepted, it would introduce into the North German Parliament a fresh foreign element, indifferent to German interests, bent on objects apart from the destiny of the rest of the nation, and ready for the sake of those objects to sell its Parliamentary support to either party in turn.

We are in a condition to warn Prussia of these dangers, for we are familiar with them by sad experience. No nation has studied more patiently than England, or at more cost, the trials which attend on the possession of a disaffected province. We know how hard it is to repress its resistance through a long course of years by force ; how hopeless it is to disarm its resentment by concessions or gifts. We have found by experience that education, which multiplies all moral forces, good and evil, in this case only enables the imagination to search out fresh motives for discontent, and confers an increased susceptibility to

the never-failing irritants of the platform and the press. And we know too well the confusion which is introduced into our domestic politics by the presence of a body of representatives whose patriotism has no community with our own, and who, for their own freedom and on their own terms, are ready to fight indifferently under any political flag. Yet our disaffected province has no nearer ally than America to sustain her hopes and re-echo her resentment: and we must go back more than seven long centuries before we come to the Bismarck who committed the original wrong. The evil grows worse as the world goes on. In proportion as the lowest class of a nation takes part in, or engrosses its Government, the presence of any foreign, unassimilated element in its composition becomes more dangerous. Even should we be destined to enjoy half a century of unbroken peace, Germany would, under modern conditions of Government, have cause to curse the policy which bequeathed her the political partnership of a disaffected people.

We have hitherto argued exclusively on the assumption that the immediate future is to be one of peace. Even on that improbable hypothesis, Alsace will be a troublesome heritage to Germany. But this assumption is not likely to be borne out by facts. It is, of course, barely possible that France may be so crushed, that no amount of mortification or disgrace will ever goad her into another war. It may be that France, as we have known it, will never exist again. The elements of social cohesion may have been finally destroyed, so that it may be impossible to construct a Government commanding the support of a sufficient majority of Frenchmen. With the large towns bitterly hostile to any form of monarchy, and with the peasantry, to all appearance, equally averse to any form of republic, there must be some risk of a long period of anarchy. And, of course, in such a case, Prussia will be left at peace. But these are extreme suppositions, which, as far as we can at present judge, are not likely to be realised. It seems more probable that, on the withdrawal of the Prussians, the influence of the peasantry will make itself felt, and that some form or other of social order will be established that shall not be at the mercy of the turbulent artisans of the great towns. What course will France then pursue? When social order shall have been re-established, and the wounds which commerce and industry have suffered shall have been healed, what form will the national development of the French people take? Will they learn a final lesson from their terrible experience, and, renouncing alike revolutions and wars of conquest, settle down to the pursuits of peace? Or will the future be as the past has been, and France still continue as heretofore the volcanic centre of European disturbance?

turbance? It is mainly in the hands of Prussia at this crisis to determine what answer history will give to this question. There is no reason to believe that the character of Frenchmen has been radically altered during these last few months. They will not be less sensitive to national humiliation than they have ever been. They will possess the same marvellous power of forgetting their disasters, the same unbounded trust in their own military powers. If there stands ever before them a token and memorial of their great humiliation, proclaiming it to them and to the rest of mankind obtrusively, unceasingly, they will have singularly changed their nature if their national pride submits meekly to the reproach. Alsace and Lorraine, wrested from them after two centuries of possession, by a new power, which, two centuries ago, had been scarcely heard of, is a subject of contemplation that would sting a more patient people into resentment. We know what the modern sentiment of nationality, worked up by popular literature, can do. The French youth will be brought up by countless teachers to long for the lost provinces, as Italy longed for Venetia, to look upon their recovery as the first of national duties, and to believe all means lawful, and all opportunities fitting for performing it. Whatever wounded pride and passionate longing for revenge can do to give tone and tenacity to a nation's efforts, will contribute to the strength of the resolves of France. Unless the spirit of the nation is irretrievably broken, it will suffer itself to be distracted by no temptations of prosperity, and deterred by no fear of sacrifice, until the territory lost by this year's folly has been won back.

Count Bismarck does not affect to deny that his proposed annexations will arouse the undying resentment of the French. He cynically accepts and exaggerates the idea. He replies that, in any case, he believes the French will take the first opportunity of trying over again the conclusions of this campaign, whatever the terms of peace may be; and that this vindictiveness on their part will be so certain and so keen, that no annexation of territory can make it seriously worse. In any case, be the leniency of Germany what it may, he counts on another and an early war; and he avers that his one object in demanding a cession of territory is, that he may possess a more defensible frontier to resist the invasion when it comes. In short, he professes the belief that a cession of territory will make no difference in the temper of the French, but will make a great difference in the safety of the Germans. In criticising the statements of such a man, it would be a waste of words to argue on the assumption that his language necessarily corresponded with his thoughts. Otherwise he would show less than his usual sagacity in ignoring

the special effect of a loss of territory upon a sensitive and passionate nation. Whether the feeling is exaggerated or not, it is of little use to inquire; the fact of its existence is all that concerns statesmen to know, who are devising practical measures for the establishment of an enduring peace. Prussia has profited more largely than any other power by the new-born enthusiasm of nationality. She cannot be ignorant of its power. Acting on the Italians, it gave her the victory of Sadowa: acting on the Germans, it has given her the successive triumphs of the present year. Do the Prussian Ministers believe that France alone is insensible to the contagion? Apart from its influence, the French people will have the most urgent motives for a peaceful policy. Twenty years of prosperous industry will not repair the ravages which will remain to witness these few months of folly. The destruction of private property, of houses, cattle, and horses, has extended already over a quarter of the departments of France. Commerce and manufactures have been paralysed from one end of the country to the other. Multitudes of human beings have been killed or disabled, or driven into exile; vast quantities of capital have been frightened away into other lands; and will be deterred from returning more by the Republic than by the Prussians. Costly public works—bridges, tunnels, railroads—have been recklessly destroyed along the real or supposed line of the Prussian advance; a vast expenditure in hasty but tardy preparations has been incurred by both the State and by individual towns; and, in addition to all, there will be the war indemnity. Competent judges have estimated the probable addition to the public debt of France at not less than 400,000,000*l.*; and at what kind of interest is it likely that a country, with no settled form of government, and in which every principle of social order and national honesty is called in question without rebuke, will be able to borrow such a sum? The prospect is indeed a gloomy one for the taxpayers of a nation whose commerce has been destroyed, and whose territory has been ravaged by war. Prussia may, indeed, by her terms of peace call up passions, under whose inspiration such burdens will be lightly borne. Enthusiasm will despise any sacrifices, in order that the broken unity of the nation may be restored. But, in default of some such stimulant, it is absurd to suppose that France will again willingly encounter war.

Count Bismarck is too sagacious really to believe in the probability of an immediate renewal of hostilities. Still less does he believe that Germany needs protection against them; or that any substantial protection would be afforded by the possession of Metz and Strasburg. They have proved but a feeble defence for
Paris;

Paris ; and if the conditions were reversed, and the Prussians were to be compelled to rely for their safety on a demoralised army and incompetent generals, they would not make Berlin more safe than Paris is now. The true security against future war is a peace which shall disarm France without dismembering her. If war should come, fortresses and strategic frontiers will do little to influence the result. Germany must depend in the future as she has done in the past, and as every nation must do, upon the skill of her generals, and the vigour of her military organisation. Though Count Bismarck does his best to find plausible reasons for his own harsh demands, he is probably not deceived by his own sophistry. His course is, in reality, marked out for him by the force that is behind him. The fierce passions of war have taken hold of the German mind. They desire to see the enemy humbled to the earth. The very consideration which makes a cession of territory unadvisable in the judgment of calmer bystanders, makes it desirable in their eyes. Unless they enjoy the pleasing sensation of witnessing the mortification of France, they will think that the objects of the war are only half-attained. Their passions, as is the case with many who are slow to anger, when once aroused are more ferocious and harder to satisfy than those of people who are ordinarily less good-natured. It is not defence, it is revenge that they desire ; not a strategic frontier, or the recovery of lost 'brothers'—but terms of peace which shall drive the iron well into their enemy's soul. Such a feeling, when it once arises, is all the stronger and all the more difficult to subdue because it is a highly-cultivated class that entertains it. They have been brought to believe that the war was wholly unprovoked ; they shut their eyes to Count Bismarck's previous policy, and to the aggressions and annexations which gave a terrible significance to the Hohenzollern intrigue ; and they have persuaded themselves that the gratification of their angry feelings is the measuring out of a righteous retribution against the aggressor. All the information that reaches us concerning the state of opinion in Germany tends in this direction. It may well be that the Prussian Minister may find the force too strong for him to defy. He has put a terrible strain upon the whole people ; he has carried anxiety into every family, and filled thousands of households with mourning ; he has imposed upon the nation sacrifices such as few nations have ever been called upon to bear. He has taught them to think that the French are the sole authors of all this suffering, and he dare not baulk them of their revenge. His rare skill has enabled him to summon a mighty spirit to his aid ; but he shares the common fate of such magicians, and finds that his spells are too weak to restrain the power he has raised.

Nor

Nor would the motives to induce him to make the attempt be very strong. Whether Germany is to remain at peace or not for the next half century is not a matter of paramount importance in his eyes. After the experience of the past summer he is probably slow to believe in the possibility of ever being seriously worsted in a contest with the French. War moreover, however terrible, has its compensations. It adjourns all internal controversies. It fills up the columns of the newspapers: it finds employment for the labouring classes: it gives people other things to do than going to public meetings or joining political societies: and it clips the claws of demagogues like Herr Jacoby very short indeed. Besides the unity of Germany is young and requires fostering; and war is the mother's milk of infant empires. Surprises, which may be pleasant or unpleasant, according to the mood in which they are taken, are probably in preparation for Würtemberg and Bavaria. Any little difficulty—any repugnance to the process of absorption on the part of the patient—any lingering recollection of historical traditions—is far more easily overcome in time of war than in time of peace. That gentle violence, which is absolutely necessary in order to make a great people unanimous in desiring unity, is far more easily applied, when there are great military forces ready at hand; and a state of war will furnish an excuse for any number of political arrests. The coercion of Southern Germany in time of peace would be a rather startling commentary on the alleged aspirations of Germany for union; but in time of war everything would be justified by military necessity. We can well imagine that Count Bismarck looks forward to the probability of war, and consequently of the maintenance of the Prussian army at its full force with philosophical resignation. He certainly will not, to avoid it, peril the popularity which is indispensable to enable him to carry out what still remains unfinished of his vast designs.

No man knows what an hour may bring forth; but at this moment the prospects of an enduring European peace are gloomy indeed. The Germans are showing all the symptoms of military intoxication. They will not abate a jot of demands which are repugnant to the moral sense of Europe, and have been condemned by every neutral people: they press the laws of war to the utmost limit of sternness: they do not even shrink from the unspeakable horrors implied in the bombardment of Paris. The French, meanwhile, take counsel only of despair. No gleam of hope, has, at the moment we write, brightened in any quarter the dark horizon of their doom. In a few weeks, or a few months at the outside, all resistance must be at an end. The disorganisation of society may be so complete, that a guerilla warfare

warfare, indistinguishable from brigandage, may smoulder on till the days of anarchy are over, and some firm civil authority has arisen. But the conflict, as far as it depends on regular troops and recognised governments, will have ceased. Prussia will draw up the terms of peace according to her own liking, and will need to consult no pleasure but her own. There is no reason to hope that she will be content with any other terms than those which, her statesmen know well, will render inevitable a renewal of the war. If so, for a time, France must submit; and Alsace and Lorraine will cease in name to be French. But does the most sanguine German imagine that with the signature of the treaty the contest will be at an end? France will have learnt from this campaign the same lesson that Italy learnt at Novara. She will not again attack Prussia single-handed. But until the population that have been wrested from her return under her flag, she will bide her time, as Italy did, never moving on her own behalf, but ever ready to act with any ally, in any cause, that shall procure her the restoration of what she has lost. It can hardly be, but that time will bring her revenge at last. The Germans have shown no immunity from the insolence of victory. The cravings of military vanity once aroused, especially if they have been gratified entirely at the cost of others, are not easily laid asleep. The great work of the unity of Germany is not yet achieved. Many victims have been already sacrificed; but there are still others who must bring in their unwilling offering. Count Bismarck does not betray his intentions unnecessarily; but the German people and the German army do not conceal their desires. If it be true that the man who has the composing of the national songs has the forming of the nation's spirit, Arndt's celebrated song 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland' may claim the parentage of Bismarck's triumphs. At all events from its unbounded popularity it may claim to represent the national aspirations. Its definition of the Fatherland is worth remembering:—

'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt:
Das soll es sein, das soll es sein;
Das, wackrer Deutscher, nenne Dein.'

We have no doubt the valiant Germans are perfectly ready to obey the injunction. Will Austria and Russia patiently submit to have this canon applied to them? Will Europe, which has guaranteed the neutrality of Switzerland, allow it to be applied there? If these mad pretensions were the caprice of a particular minister or potentate, they would be of small moment: they would

would be disposed of by the lapse of time. But they are the freak of a whole people, whose head has been turned with military fame, and who are displaying in this war 'for an idea' the ferocity they were wont to reserve for the wars of religion. The time must come when their ambitious dreams will cross the path of some Power strong enough to resent them : and that day will be to France the day of restitution and revenge.

We have been wont to talk of the burden of an armed peace ; but the peace with which we are threatened will more resemble the quiet of an ambushade. Europe will look on while France is watching Prussia with affected amity, but with unsleeping hatred, waiting till her enemy makes some false step, or falls into any trouble from war, or revolution, or misgovernment, sacrificing all other objects of policy to the one hope of retaliating, in some moment of weakness, upon the conqueror who has despoiled her. Is there no neutral that will make one effort to rescue Europe from such a future of chronic war ? Will England make no sign ? Has it really come to this, that the disposal of the frontiers of France and Germany is a matter to us of purest unconcern ? Is not the crisis worth some little risk, even the risk of being thought by somebody to utter an unpalatable truth ? We shall not conciliate the good will of our neighbours by refusing to contribute to the police of nations. After all, the process has not been so entirely free from danger. In the course of the last ten years we have practised an ostentatious and verbose neutrality throughout three great wars and one small war. The result is that there is no people in Christendom which does not despise or detest us. We do not venture to pass any judgment on a Government of whose entire course of action we are yet but imperfectly informed ; but we fear that they are yielding a mistaken obedience to the doctrines of a commercial school, whose foreign policy has always been detested by the nation. If their intention is to reduce England to complete isolation—to draw all the profit they can from the arrangements of the great international republic, and yet to bear no share in the cost and dangers of its government—we doubt not that they are preparing for themselves a severe condemnation from the English people. We only trust that they are not also preparing for England the national doom which always waits for the selfish and the timid.

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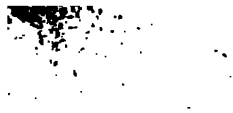
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